

1890



The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

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THE
Morning Watch,

1890.

GREENOCK :
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EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW : J. MENZIES & CO.

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January, 1890.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
LORD'S DAY SCHOOL
Hall Lane, Greenock.



Winter Roses.

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International Sabbath School Lessons.

Jan. 5.—The Forerunner Announced.—Luke i. 15-17. Text, Mal. iii. 1. Quest. 55. Psalm xxvi. 7, 8.

JOHAN was like two other great prophets, Jeremiah and Ezekiel, of a priestly family. It is remarkable that he is the only prominent man in the New Testament who was of the family of Aaron. In a corrupt age he was born in a godly house, of parents who kept strictly both the moral and the ceremonial law, for that is the distinction marked by "commandments and ordinances." John's father put his heart into his priestly work, he prayed for others and for himself. There was the man's heart under the priest's robe, and a personal cry for a child to bless his home. The first articulate word from heaven for four centuries (v. 13) was an answer to his prayer. It was a word of encouragement—"Fear not." The blessing of children that are only a joy to their parents, that make the world readier to receive Christ. It is a solemn thing to be the last of one's race; and a glorious thing when the race ends not in darkness, but, as in the case of John, in a burning and shining light.

Jan. 12.—The Song of Mary.—Luke i. 46-55. Text, Luke i. 46, 47. Quest. 56. Psalm xxvii. 4.

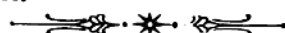
THE mother of Jesus is the loveliest figure in the Bible—the purest, the humblest, the most exalted, the highest in joy, the deepest in sorrow. All girls should learn to love her and be like her; and all boys should revere her. She was only a poor girl when God chose her to be the mother of Jesus, and made her blessed to all generations; but in God's kingdom it is the lowly that are exalted. The great honour brought great trials; the suspicion of her husband; the sword in her heart; but she accepted God's will (chap. i. 38). The highest joy is within reach of the humblest; "My spirit hath rejoiced in

God my Saviour." Who could say more than that? God wishes us all that joy. It can only come to the humble; the proud cannot rejoice in God. Mary's song shows how well she knew the Bible: it consists almost wholly of Old Testament words; and, what is more and better, how well she knew God by the Bible—the mighty, holy, merciful, faithful, Saviour of the meek. To know Him thus gives even the lowliest an unspeakable greatness and beauty.



Jan. 19.—The Song of Zacharias.—Luke i. 67-79. Text, Luke i. 76. Quest. 57. Psalm xxvii. 5, 6.

THE first news of the coming Christ came to a priest at the hour, and at the place, of public worship. Strange that one should doubt God while offering incense to Him, believing in the existence of the Invisible, but not in His truthfulness! Strange that we should pray and then reject the answer! Zacharias got the glad tidings long before Mary, but Mary was the first to sing. Zacharias had made good use of his year of silence, and makes good use of his recovered speech. His song is all about God, His love and faithfulness, and the glory and beauty of His redemption. There is not one word in it about himself.



Jan. 26.—Joy over the Child Jesus.—Luke ii. 8-20. Text, Luke ii. 14. Quest. 58. Psalm xxvii. 7, 8.

IT was to simple men that the angels came—honest and godly men at their work. These plain men were the first who saw the infant Jesus. The glory and the lowliness of Jesus—the angels and the multitude of the heavenly host proclaiming His advent—but proclaiming it to poor men. Like Zacharias they were afraid of an angel of the Lord. It is sin and wrong thoughts about God that create such fear. A greater than the angel is always beside us, seeing all our good and evil. The purpose of the Gospel in the angels' song—Glory to God, peace to man. The message a great joy to the shepherds—it led them in haste to Bethlehem. Christ was announced to them to be sought out and found and proclaimed.

1890.



IF you ever hear of the great race between three clipper ships in 1866?

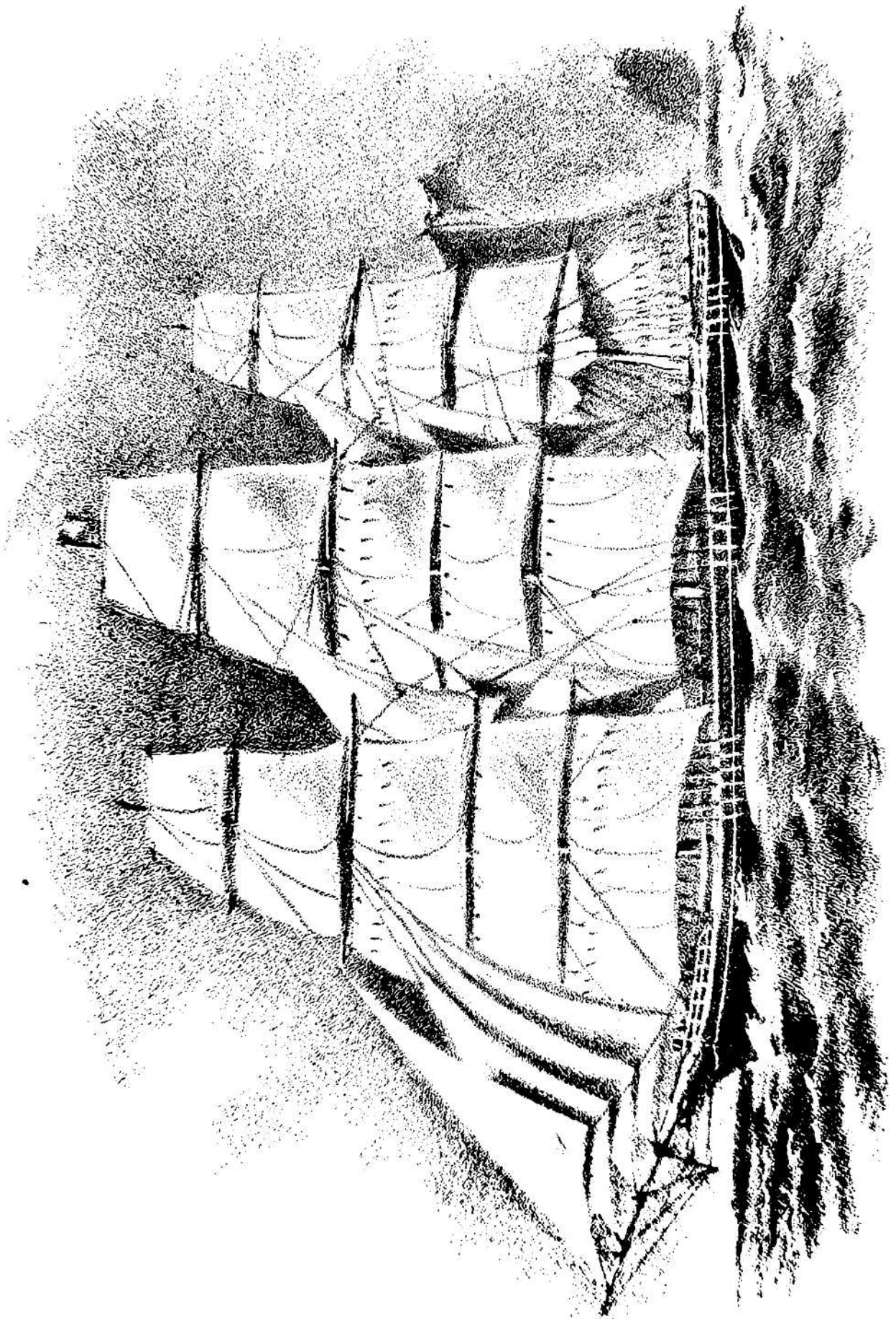
Forty years ago the trade between China and Britain had passed almost altogether out of British into American hands. American ships were bigger and faster and more beautiful. English ships would lie in Chinese harbours for weeks and weeks waiting for a cargo, while American ones came in, and loaded, and sailed immediately, as full as they could hold. But about 1854 a change took place. Our countrymen began to build a new kind of ship, and in a very few years the Americans were driven almost out of the trade. So it happened that in 1866 the ships that brought tea from China to London were all British-built.

It was of course desirable that the new tea each year should be brought to England as quickly as possible, and, in order to make the captains do their best, the merchants used to give a prize of ten shillings for every ton of tea carried by the first ship home.

Five ships started in the race in 1866, a race half round the world, the *Piery Cross*, the *Taitsing*, the *Ariel*, the *Serica*, and the *Taeping*.

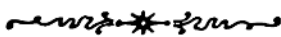
But it was between the last three, all built by Steele of Greenock, that the final struggle lay. They left Foo-chow-foo on the morning of the 30th May, the *Ariel* first, and the other two twenty minutes after her. They parted company after a few hours, and never saw each other till the voyage was ended. But the captains afterwards compared their charts and logs, and we can trace their progress day by day, and week by week. The *Ariel* and *Taeping* reached the island of Mauritius three days before the *Serica*. At the Cape of Good Hope the *Ariel* led the *Taeping* by half-a-day, the *Serica* four days behind. At St. Helena the *Taeping* led, and the *Serica* had gained two days. On the 29th August all three passed the Azores unknown to one another. They had still 1,000 miles to go, and the prize as yet was anyone's. But at length the Channel was reached, and there, for the first time since they left China, the *Ariel* and *Taeping* saw each other. The rest of the distance they raced neck and neck. Off Plymouth they were abreast of each other, and, after tearing up the Channel with every stitch of canvas set—studding-sails, water-sails, and every inch of extra sail it was possible to crowd upon them—the greatest ocean race on record ended in favour of the *Ariel* by ten minutes! She reached the Downs at 8 o'clock in the morning, the *Taeping* at 8.10, and the *Serica* four hours later, all on the 6th September, 99 days from Foo-chow-foo!

We who now read *The Morning*



Watch have a race set before us during 1890. I hope we have the one end in view, and are looking unto Jesus, the Author and Perfecter of our faith; but our courses will be very different. Many of you, I hope, will have bright days, clear nights, and favouring winds all through. And if upon others of us neither sun nor stars may shine for many days, and no small tempest lie on us, I pray God the hope of being saved may never be taken away from any one of us. We do not know and we shall not see one another till the end, but I trust we shall often be in one another's thoughts. For we strive for the same prize, the high-calling of God in Christ Jesus, and we follow in our course the Sun of righteousness.

Meantime, till we meet again when the year is done, a Happy Voyage to you every one; and an abundant entrance at the last.



The Boy who Helped Jesus.

"THERE IS A LAD HERE."—John vi. 9.

IT is pleasant that the Bible should see the lad at all. Some of you think that the Bible has been written only for men and women, and that you must wait until you are far older and wiser before it will have anything to say to you. You are quite mistaken. My text tells you that the Bible watches boys, and wishes to help them. There are good people so very busy or so very important that they cannot be

troubled with children. They get impatient, like the disciples who would have sent the little folks away from the Master. But it is different with God's Book. It is different with God Himself. He takes notice of the lads.

Where was the lad? In a good place. He was close to Jesus, in the crowd that had gathered to see and hear the great Teacher. There he was, with his basket over his arm, and in it the loaves and fishes his mother had given him that morning when he set out from home. He had been looking into the face of Christ—the face out of which such tenderness beamed. He had been listening to the words of Him who spake as never man spake; even a boy could tell the difference. All that long spring day he had been near Jesus. Perhaps somebody says, "He was a happy lad; I wish I could have stood beside him?" Perhaps somebody envies little Joses, or Simon, or Benjamin, or whatever he was called. But there is no need to do that. Jesus is here, among us, as really as He was in Galilee long ago. I have read about one of the martyrs, who was tortured on the rack, and whose face was covered with smiles all the time. His friends asked him afterwards how he could be so calm and joyful, and he answered, "There was a young man beside me who kept wiping away the cold sweat from my brow, and then the pain vanished altogether." That young man was Jesus. Yes, He is with us all the days, even to the end. He speaks

to *us* in His Gospel. He waits to enter *our* hearts by His Spirit. He is eager to be our Saviour and Friend.

But had the lad been a good while with Jesus? Of course he had. It was getting late now, it was growing dark, and still he stayed. He could not tear himself away. I suppose he felt that he was in the best company. I like him for that. I have known lads who were near Jesus once. They were impressed by His Word. His Spirit was moving them. It looked as if they were going to give themselves to Him. But then they grew careless again. They turned back and walked no more with Him. They went away once more to their old companions and their old habits. Keep near to Jesus, children; keep near Him, and He will notice you and bless you by-and-by. As the eyes of servants wait on the hand of their masters, so let your eyes wait on Him till He have mercy on you.

And did Jesus find any use for our little lad? Such a glorious use. He took the boy's five cakes of barley-bread and two small fishes, and blessed them, and multiplied them, and wrought a great miracle with them.

"For, as we know, it came to pass

That hungry thousands there were fed,
While sitting on the fresh green grass,
From that one basketful of bread.

If from his home the lad that day

His five small loaves had failed to take,
Would Christ have wrought—can any say—
The miracle beside the lake?"

So, you see, children can help Jesus

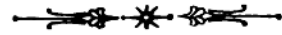
—can be His instruments. He wants you to be of service to Him. Ask Him every morning in prayer what you can do, and He will point out the way; He will give you some task to fulfil for Him.

But did the Lord really use a lad for any great and blessed end? It was very kind of Him to notice one so weak and young; but, after all, He could not do much with him. Could He not? "Five thousand men, beside women and children"—that was the vast multitude whom the lad's loaves and fishes fed. Indeed, there is no limit to what Jesus can do through children, as well as through older people, if the children will only put themselves at His disposal. Do you know the story of the little Dutch boy who saved a town from perishing? One evening, trotting home from school, he heard a sound like running water. He stood still, wondering what it could be. Then he remembered the dyke—the dyke which kept out the sea; and how, if it were broken, the water would cover the land and carry ruin and death to the poor Hollanders. Sure enough, he found a little stream trickling through. He knew that it would soon get bigger, till at last the great dyke would fall. What was he to do? He stooped down on the damp ground, and put his hand into the hole where the water was running out. It was just large enough to close it. He grew cold and hungry and sleepy; but he stayed at his post. The night became very dark, the wind blew sharply and biting; but still he

kept watch. It was only in the morning that some men, coming past to their work, relieved him. That was brave. He delivered hundreds of men and women. He saved the whole country-side. So—for such great ends—Jesus can use you.

Only you must trust and love Him. The day after the miracle at the lake-side He spoke to the people about Himself as the Bread of Life. I am almost sure our little lad was there, and heard, and believed. Have you done so? Is Jesus—His salvation, His promises, His Holy Spirit—the Bread on which your hearts feed? Then He

will be certain to employ you in His service.



I KNEW a man once who urged one of his friends to give up a pretty large income on the ground that it was got in a way God could not approve. "Give it up, man," he said, "give it up joyfully, and trust God."

"But it's a lot of money to give up, and it's so sure, and, you know, 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

"Quite so; but it is not worth the 'Good will of Him that dwells in the bush.'"

Our Winter Rose.

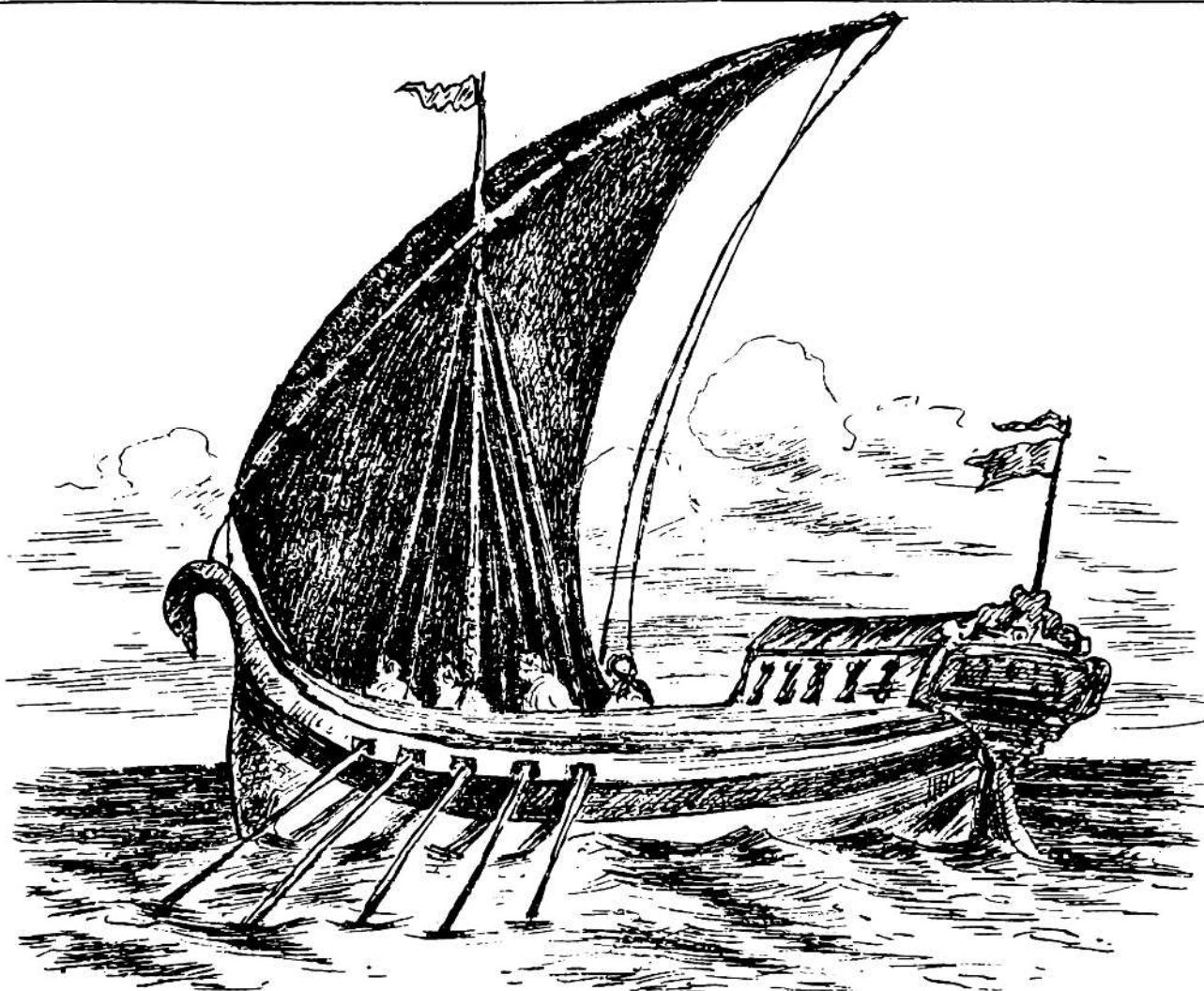
She came—when the bleak winter winds were sighing,
And the cold snows
On silent hill and field were deeply lying—
Our little Rose.

She came—when weary eyes were dim with weeping,
And hearts were sad,
A tender flower entrusted to our keeping,
To make us glad.

She brought to us a wealth of love and blessing
With quiet rest,
And hearts and home were wondrous rich, possessing
So dear a guest.

Like the fair flower its pallid blossoms spreading
In winter wild,
'Mid nature's tears and tempests meekly shedding
Its fragrance mild,

So may our child amid life's tribulation,
In coming days,
To many hearts bring sweetest consolation
Unto God's praise!



The Black Sail.

IT'S an old story this. Somewhere about the time when Gideon and his three hundred were chasing the Midianites out of Canaan, Theseus was growing up to be a young man in Athens, the chief city of Greece. His father was the king, and he was the strongest and bravest youth of his time. When he walked about the city people admired him for his height and his beauty and his strong active limbs, and hoped he would live to be their king some day.

But at the time we speak of the Athenians were in great distress. A ship had come from the island of

Crete, and when it sailed away it would carry in it seven of the finest boys and seven of the sweetest girls in Athens, never to see their homes again. There was terrible fear in every house that had young people in it, for no one knew who might be chosen.

This was how it happened. Long ago Athens and Crete had been at war, and the Athenians were beaten, and begged for peace. But they paid dearly for it. Nothing would please the king of Crete but that every ninth year seven boys and seven girls should be sent to him, and when he got them he shut them up in a dark cave, called the Labyrinth, where a prodigious beast called the Minotaur was kept.

They soon lost themselves in the windings and turnings of the cave, and were at last devoured by the monster. It was a terrible fate. Twice now the ship had come and gone, but when it came the third time, the parents who had children complained bitterly to the king, and were angry because he kept his own child safe, and sent their's to be destroyed. Theseus heard it, and could not bear to think of living in comfort at Athens while the other children were suffering such dreadful things in Crete. So he made up his mind to go in the ship and try what he could do to kill the Minotaur and bring his companions safe home again. The king was much grieved, but his son would not give in; he felt sure he would succeed. Anyway, he would try. So the king, with a sore heart, had to let him go.

When the ship sailed it used to carry a black flag because the young people in it were going to certain death. But this time the king gave the pilot a beautiful white sail; and told him that, if he brought back Theseus safe, he was to hoist it as a sign that all was well.

So the ship went away with the black sail set, and many homes were desolate in Athens. But Theseus kept up his heart. When they reached Crete the boys and girls were thrown into the cave, and would have lost their way and perished like those before them, had not some one loved Theseus and given him a clue of thread and told him how to find his way with it through the curious passages of

the Labyrinth. So, with a brave heart, he made his way, and meeting the monster put forth all his strength and slew it. As a reward, he got leave to return home and take the young captives with him.

It was a glad day when they set sail, and a still happier day when they saw the high white rocks of Athens in the far distance across the sea. Indeed they were all so glad and merry that they forgot the orders of the old king about hoisting the white sail! And so they hove in sight of their homes, the rowers standing to their oars, with the black sheet flying as usual.

For many days King Aegeus had climbed the rocks and looked out anxiously over the sea. And now at last he spied a ship far away and knew it to be the one he was waiting for. But—the sail was black! His son had perished! His heart broke; he could not bear to live to hear the dreadful news, but threw himself headlong from the rock and was dashed in pieces. So the sea is called the Egean after him to this day.

Let us be as happy as we can, for God wishes it, but don't forget the white sail. Don't let happiness make us selfish. If God has made us glad, it is that we should make others glad too. Yet many neglect this, like Theseus, just because they are so happy that they forget.

We have the best cause to be glad. God loves us, and has given us His Son to be our Friend and Helper. But there are some who do not know this. They have so many troubles that they are like to

give up heart. And, do you know, they are watching you, perhaps, to see if they cannot catch some hope in your face; and if we who know the Saviour's love do not look bright and happy, they may give way in despair. Take Christ in the boat with you, and carry always a bright white sail.



ABOUT forty years ago a merchant captain was surprised, on touching at one of the South Sea Islands, to find the people, who were heathens, asking him, the moment he cast anchor, if he could give them "The Word of God." They had heard of it, some how or other, several years before, and had been wearying for some ship to come. The captain, who must have been one of the worst of men, told them that fortunately he had a "Word of God," but that it was such an exceedingly rare and valuable article that he could not part with it, except for a large quantity of oil. An agreement was made by which the natives were to give him 120 gallons, value at least £20, for his Bible, marked 3/- on the cover. The poor people went to work with a will, and having succeeded in gathering the quantity of oil demanded, obtained their Bible, but did not know what to do with their prize when they had got it, for not one of them could read a word of it. So it was wrapped carefully up in ever so many folds of tappa mats and cocoa-nut leaves, and hung up in

the chief's house, and there it remained for years till a missionary came to the island and opened to them the Scriptures.—*New Zealand, by Hon. Herbert Meade.*



THE people of the Makololo tribe in Africa say "Good Morning" to every stranger who comes amongst them. It is a phrase their parents learned from Dr. Livingstone thirty years ago.



Forgiveness.

O man, forgive thy mortal foe,
Nor ever strike him blow for blow;
For all the souls on earth that live
To be forgiven must forgive.
Forgive him seventy times and seven:
For all the blessed souls in heaven
Are both forgivers and forgiven!

—*Tennyson.*



OUR Church had just been built when a terrific hurricane levelled it with the ground. After much wailing the principal Chief, in a great Assembly, said—

"Let us not weep like boys over their broken bows and arrows! Let us be strong, and build a yet stronger house for Jehovah."

Ten days were spent first in repairing houses and fences, and saving food from the plantations. Then we began the new Church, each village taking its own share of the work. One Chief still held back. After a while, I visited him and personally invited his help,

telling him that it was God's House, and for all the people of Aniwa; and that if he and his people did not do their part, the others would cast it in their teeth that they had no share in the House of God. He yielded to my appeal, and entered vigorously upon the work.

One large tree was still needed to complete the couples, and could nowhere be found. The work was at a standstill; there was plenty of small wood on the island, but the larger trees were apparently exhausted. One morning, however, we were awoke at early daybreak by the shouting and singing of a company of men, carrying a great black tree to the Church, with this same Chief dancing before them, leading the singing, and beating time with the flourish of his tomahawk. Determined not to be beaten, though late in beginning, he had lifted the roof-tree out of his own house, as black as soot could make it, and was carrying it to complete the couplings. The rest of the builders shouted against this. All the other wood of the Church was white and clean, and they would not have this black tree, conspicuous in the very centre

of all. But I praised the old Chief for what he had done, and hoped he and his people would come and worship Jehovah under his own roof-tree. At this all were delighted; and the work went on apace, with many songs and shoutings.—*John G. Puton. Second Part.*

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Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1. How many blind men are spoken of in the Bible? 2. A list of persons in Genesis more than 100 years old.

SENIORS.—What questions would Christ not answer? 2. A list of things used in connection with the art of writing. 3. Three women more than 100 years old.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

JUNIORS.

Alexander Adams; Davida Agnew; Annie Allen; Jessie L. Alston; Robert L. Alston; Janet Barclay; Daniel M'I. Black; Jonathan J. Black; Margaret M. Black; James S. Boone; Annabella Bradford; Alfred A. Chancellor; T. G. Courtney; Ellen Rebecca Cully; Alexander Culton; Nellie Culton; Agnes Douglas; Willie Duffus; Jeanie Edgar; Mary M'Donald Edgar; Archie Barbour Finlay; Agnes M. Frame; Janet C. Frame; John Graham; Wm. Graham; Edward L. Grieve; Susan A. Haddow; Annie Hamilton; Mary Hamilton; Mary H. Hamilton; Tommy Hamilton; Fred Harvey; Beatrice J. Hegan; Agnes Ann Higgins; Robert Andrew Higgins; Thomas Peter Higgins; William Alex. Higgins; John S. Howie; Agnes Hunter; Kate Hunter; Annie Kean; Jeanie H. Lang; Wm. J. Marshall; Harriet A. L. Marshall; Agnes T. Martin; Annabella Martin; Jane Moffat; Maggie Moffat; Tom Muirhead; Wm. Murray; Lily M'Clure; James M'Crea; Wm. M'Crea; Betty M'Donald; Janet M'Donald; Mary Ann M'Kail; Sarah M'Kee; James C. M'Kinnell; Jeanie H. M'Neil; Wm. Archie Paterson; Elizabeth Pettigrew; Lizzie Pollock; Mary Pollock; Jack Ralston; Niobe Ralston; John Reid; Lucy Robinson; Wm. James Robinson; James Shankland; Elizabeth S. Sloan; John Sloan; Alice Stewart; Elizabeth S. Stewart; Florence Mary Stewart; John Stirling; Jessie Whiriskey.

SENIORS.

Alex. Adams; John Allen; C. Hurst Chancellor; Maggie Hamilton; Mary H. Hamilton; Lizzie Kean; Mary Kean; Wm. Kirkwood; Annie H. Lang; Lily M'Clure; Sarah M'Kee; Thomas M'Kee; Duncan B. M'Neil; James Paterson; Kate Ralston; Agnes Stirling; Bessie Stirling.

THE MOON.			THE SUN RISES		SETS.
Full Moon,	.	6th January.	Sabbath, 5th Jan., at	8.8 ;	4.4.
Last Quarter,	.	14th "	" 12th "	8.4 ;	4.13.
New Moon,	.	20th "	" 19th "	7.58 ;	4.24.
First Quarter,	.	27th "	" 26th "	7.49 ;	4.36.

1	W	When the doors were shut, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and said unto them, peace be unto you.
2	TH	And when He had so said, He shewed unto them His hands and His feet.
3	F	Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.
4	S	Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you.

5	S	When He had said this, He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.— <i>John xx. 19-22.</i>
6	M	The Holy Ghost descended like a dove upon Him.— <i>Luke iii. 22.</i>
7	TU	Of His fullness have all we received.
8	W	Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.— <i>Eph. iv. 26.</i>
9	TH	He that is slow to anger is of great understanding.— <i>Prov. xiv. 29.</i>
10	F	Avenge not yourselves, beloved.
11	S	If thine enemy hunger, feed him.— <i>Rom. xii. 19-20.</i>

12	S	I am the Alpha and the Omega.— <i>Rev. i. 8.</i>
13	M	When there were no depths, I was brought forth.
14	TU	When He marked out the foundations of the earth, then I was by Him as a master workman.— <i>Prov. viii. 24-30 R. V.</i>
15	W	Remember thy Creator.— <i>Eccl. xii. 1.</i>
16	TH	My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.— <i>Luke i. 47.</i>
17	F	The spirit shall return unto God who gave it.— <i>Eccl. xii. 7.</i>
18	S	The King eternal, incorruptible, invisible — <i>1 Tim. i. 17 R. V.</i>

19	S	One soweth and another reapeth.— <i>John iv. 37.</i>
20	M	God is not mocked.
21	TU	Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.— <i>Gal. vi. 7.</i>
22	W	Give and it shall be given unto you.
23	TH	Good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom.— <i>Luke vi. 38.</i>
24	F	The Lord shall reward the doer of evil according to his wickedness.— <i>2 Sam. iii. 39.</i>
25	S	Let not your hands be slack ; for your work shall be rewarded.— <i>3 Chron. xv. 7.</i>

26	S	But will God in very deed dwell on the earth ?
27	M	Heaven and the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Thee.— <i>1 Kings viii. 27.</i>
28	TU	The Word became flesh and dwelt among us.— <i>John i. 14.</i>
29	W	Behold, I stand at the door and knock.— <i>Rev. iii. 20.</i>
30	TH	Lift up your heads, O ye gates ;
31	F	And the king of glory shall come in.— <i>Psalms xlv. 7.</i>

February, 1890.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.



The Magpie.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

February 2.—Jesus brought into the Temple.—Luke ii. 25-35. Text, Luke ii. 32. Quest. 59. Psalm xxvii. 9, 10.

SIMEON was a righteous and devout man, like all who had anything to do with the infant Saviour, *e.g.*, Zacharias, Elizabeth, Joseph, Mary, Anna. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. Worldly priests would take and offer the sacrifice without knowing that they had the Lord's Christ in their courts; but Simeon was led to Him by the Holy Spirit. Simeon has been compared to a sentinel, set by an officer to watch through long hours of darkness till a signal light appears; suddenly the light flashes in his eye, and his weary watch is at an end. Simeon knows that the child in his arms is God's salvation: and, having seen Him, he has no more to live for. He has waited all the days of his warfare, and now his release has come (Job xiv. 14). Simeon sees into the future. The child is a light to lighten the nations; is not that true? His light shines on us, on men of every race and in every land; how wonderful to see this nearly nineteen hundred years ago, in the face of an infant. But the future has its dark side. Many would hate the light, speak against it, and perish because they refused God's salvation. The wickedness of men's hearts would come out in their bitterness against Christ: His sufferings, men's malice, and her own inability at times to understand Him, would pierce His mother's soul like a sword.

February 9.—Childhood and Youth of Jesus.—Luke ii. 40-52. Text, Luke ii. 52. Quest. 60. Psalm xxvii. 13, 14.

CHRISt was a real child as well as a holy child. And He was lovable; everybody liked Him. He loved God's house and God's word. He was respectful to His superiors, listening to them when

they spoke, and putting questions wisely and modestly. Above all, He continued to obey His parents at the age when other lads get restless and self-willed, and that, too, though he was terribly misunderstood.



February 16.—The Ministry of John.—Luke iii. 1-22. Text, Matthew iii. 2. Quest. 61. Psalm xxviii. 5, 6.

JOHn came to rouse Israel to a sense of sin, and so of need. He preached repentance, but salvation was to come through One sent from God. They were at ease as the covenanted people, but John showed that God's people were only those who had a living faith that produced character. He urged men to honesty, charity, contentment; but beyond that he pointed them to the Saviour. Not men's good feelings or good works would save them, but the new heart.

See how bad men meet arguments against their life and attempts to convince them of sin. They cannot meet them, they can only refuse to listen. They dare not think out their fear or face the facts.

See God's gladness over the fact that the work of salvation is now begun.



February 23.—The Temptation of Jesus.—Luke iv. 1-13. Text, Hebrews ii. 18. Quest. 62. Psalm xxviii. 7-9.

CHRISt was tempted just as we are, and we can overcome just as He did, by using the Bible, the sword of the Spirit.

The lesson of the first temptation is this—It is not necessary for us to live, but it is necessary for us to obey God. We should starve rather than live dishonestly. But there is no fear; God will provide.

The world's glory can all be seen in a moment. What Satan says in verse 6 is all lies; the world is not his, and even if it were he would not give it to us.

The lesson of the third temptation is—God will fulfil His promises, but only in His own time.



March 2.—Jesus at Nazareth.—Luke iv. 16-30. Text, John i. 11. Quest. 63. Psalm xxx. 1, 2.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

At the age of twelve our Saviour said—"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

At the age of thirty He began His ministry.

And at the age of thirty-three He was crucified.

At the
age of

- | | |
|---|--|
| 0 | Jeremiah was sanctified from his birth.— <i>Jer. i. 5.</i>
Moses was exceeding fair—"fair unto God."— <i>Acts vii. 20 (marginal reading R.V.).</i> |
| 1 | Origen, born A.D. 185 at Alexandria, one of the greatest of the early Christian writers, is said to have "shown marks of greatness even from his cradle." |
| 2 | James Renwick, the last of the Scottish Covenanting martyrs, was observed to be "aiming at secret prayer." 1664. |
| 3 | Dr. Chalmers, being missed and sought for, was found alone in his nursery, excited and absorbed, repeating to himself, as he paced up and down, the words of David, "O my son Absalom! O Absalom, my son, my son!" 1783. |
| 4 | Bishop Thirlwall read Greek.
Count Zinzendorf made this covenant with Christ: "Be Thou mine, dear Saviour, and I will be Thine"; and from the windows of his grandmother's castle he used to throw out letters to God, telling Him all his heart. 1704. |
| 5 | <p>"My father was a scholar and knew Greek.
When I was five years old, I asked him once
'What do you read about?'</p> <p style="text-align: right;">'The siege of Troy.'</p> <p>'What is a siege and what is Troy?'"</p> <p style="text-align: right;">—<i>Robert Browning: Asolando.</i></p> <p>John Coleridge Patteson, the missionary, on his birthday in 1832 got from his father a Bible which he used at his ordination as a Bishop twenty-seven years later. He read it eagerly, and puzzled himself over what became of the fishes during the flood; and when suddenly called to the nursery begged to be allowed to "finish the binding of Satan for a thousand years."</p> |

At the
age of
6

Pet Marjorie—Maidie Fleming—whom Sir Walter Scott called his “bonnie wee croodlin’ doo,” and of whom he said—“She is the most extraordinary creature I ever met with,” wrote the following “Ephibol” on her cousin :—

Here lies sweet Isabell in bed,
With a night-cap on her head ;
Her skin is soft, her face is fair,
And she has very pretty hair ;
She and I in bed lies nice,
And undisturbed by rats or mice.
Her nails are neat, her teeth are white,
Her eyes are very, very bright ;
In a conspicuous town she lives,
And to the poor her money gives :
Here ends sweet Isabella’s story,
And may it be much to her glory.

The following is from her diary, written at the same age :—“Yesterday I behave extremely ill in God’s most holy church, for I would never attend myself nor let Isabella attend, which was a great crime, for she often, often tells me that when two or three are gathered together God is in the midst of them, and it was the very same Devil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure ; but he resisted Satan, though he had boils and many, many other misfortunes which I have escaped. I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plague (plague) that my multiplication gives me you can’t conceive it 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can’t endure.” She died before she was nine, in 1811.

7 Lord Macaulay, in 1807, wrote a compendium of the history of the world from the creation ; also a paper which a friend was to translate into the Malabar language to persuade the people of Travancore to embrace the Christian religion.

8 Mrs. Browning, in 1817, could read Homer in the original, and might be seen holding it in the one hand and nursing her doll with the other.

9 B.C. 239, Hannibal, at his father’s bidding, swore at the altar of burnt-sacrifice at Carthage that oath of eternal hatred to the Romans which he kept so faithfully throughout his whole life.

Dante, the greatest of Italian poets, and one of the greatest of all time, met, in the year 1274, for the first and almost last time, Beatrice Portinaci, then eight years old, who was the ruling influence of his life. “It is my hope,” he said in later years, “if it be the pleasure of Him through Whom is the life of all things, that I shall yet write concerning her what hath not before been written of any woman.” And when near his end it was of her he uttered the famous words—“Thus I believe, thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better, there where the lady lives of whom my soul was enamoured.”

At the
age of
10

Jane Welsh, afterwards the wife of Thomas Carlyle, being told that a girl who was able to read Virgil, as she then was, was too old to have a doll, determined to put it away, but in a heroic manner. She gathered together her doll's dresses—"which were many and sumptuous," her four-posted bed, some faggots and lead pencils, a few sticks of cinnamon, a few cloves, and a nutmeg, and constructed a funeral pyre for her in the open air. Having placed the doll on the top, she recited the dying words of Queen Dido—"Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna peregi," &c., and then set fire to the pile. "Then, however," as she afterwards told the story, "in the moment of seeing my poor doll blaze up—for being stuffed with bran she took fire and was all over in no time—in that supreme moment my affection for her blazed up also, and I shrieked, and would have saved her and could not!"

To be continued.

The Magpie.



ONE afternoon in May a great screaming and chattering was heard in the plantation that skirted the high road.

"What is it, mother?" said a little thrush, lifting up his head and peering over the nest. "Hush! don't speak," said his mother. "These hateful magpies are here again. I wish father would come home;" and she nestled close down on her little ones and covered them with her wings. Her brood were nearly fledged, so there was no room to spare in the nest; indeed, it was uncomfortably crowded.

"Mother, dear, I'm dreadfully crushed," said Speckle. "Please do let me have a little air." And another little voice whispered, "What is your heart beating so for, mother? It is really hurting me."

"My dear children, be still. Our lives depend on our being quiet. Wait till father is here and the



magpies are gone, and we will tell you all about it."

So the little thrushes, who were always obedient, did as they were told, only occasionally changing the position of their legs to make things a little more comfortable, and longing for the time to come when they

might speak and move. It came at last. As evening fell, silence once more reigned in the wood. The mother-bird left her nest, and her mate, who had been watching the magpies from a tree close by, now joined his family. After supper the mother said, "My dear children, your father will now tell you why I insisted on your being perfectly quiet this afternoon."

"Yes," said he, "it is well for you that your mother has taught you to be obedient, for, had you made any noise while the magpies were near, they would soon have discovered our home."

"Do you think they would have eaten us, father?" said one tremulous little voice.

"I certainly do ; only your mother and I would have fought to the death. I know about it only too well, for we have had one brood already dragged off by them to feed their own voracious young."

"I hope they don't live near us," said Speckle, who was very timid.

"Away up in the hill in a waste piece of woodland," said the thrush in a somewhat oracular tone of voice, "the magpies have had a nest as long as I remember. It isn't the same pair, for the gamekeeper shoots them, but one pair succeeds another, and, by constant stealing and quarrelling and screaming, they make themselves detested by the whole neighbourhood. They are clever birds, I must own, and can make a nest with a roof that protects them from the weather, always choosing a place which few bird-nesters can reach."

"And are they of any use at all?" said the eldest thrush, who was of a very practical turn of mind.

"Not that I can see," said his father. "They say the magpie has a broad tongue, and can be taught to speak like man, so perhaps some day he may be able to argue and prove his own usefulness, but for my part I cannot see what good he does. He is a bold, bad bird that will steal a chicken from the farm-yard, or a silver teaspoon from the window sill, with equal audacity."

The little thrushes looked at their father with very wide open eyes. They admired him so much. How wise he was, and how well he could talk ! How different in every way from the magpie ! Indeed their little heads were filled with too great an idea of their own superiority.

"My dear," said the father thrush to his mate, "you have had an anxious day, and look tired ; you must have some rest. I myself will go to the topmost bough and sing. It will relieve my feelings ; besides I am told that people admire my voice immensely, and write poems about my evening song." So he flew off and poured out his mellow notes until the darkness fell, feeling very much satisfied with himself, and forgetting that the same Hand that made him had made the magpie also.

THE British nation has sent the Gospel to 200 walled cities in China, and it has forced Opium into 1,700.



I go to prove my soul !
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive ! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not : but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In good time, His good time, I shall arrive.
He guides me and the bird—in His good time !

Robert Browning.

These lines from the late Robert Browning's *Paracelsus* were great favourites of General Gordon's.

Thou shalt call his name Ishmael, and he will be a wild man.—Gen. xvi. 12.

THE Bedouin's dread of a city is one of the most painful things that I have ever seen. When the whole breadth of the Desert lies between him and the town to which you are going, he freely agrees to land you in the city for which you are bound. But when, after many a day of toil, the distant minarets at length appear, the poor Arab relaxes the vigour of his pace; his steps become faltering and undecided; every moment his uneasiness increases, and at length he fairly sobs aloud, and embracing your knees, implores, with the most piteous cries and gestures, that you will let him and his camels go, and find some other means of entering the city. So it was with Selim, when we came near Gaza. He was a fine, wild, stately fellow, and the owner of all our camels. His terror was very great, and he entreated me to send him away. I could not possibly yield, however. So at length when he had exhausted all his rhetoric of voice, and action, and tears, he fixed his despairing eyes for a minute upon the cherished beasts that were his only wealth, and then wildly and suddenly dashed away into the farther Desert; and I saw him no more.

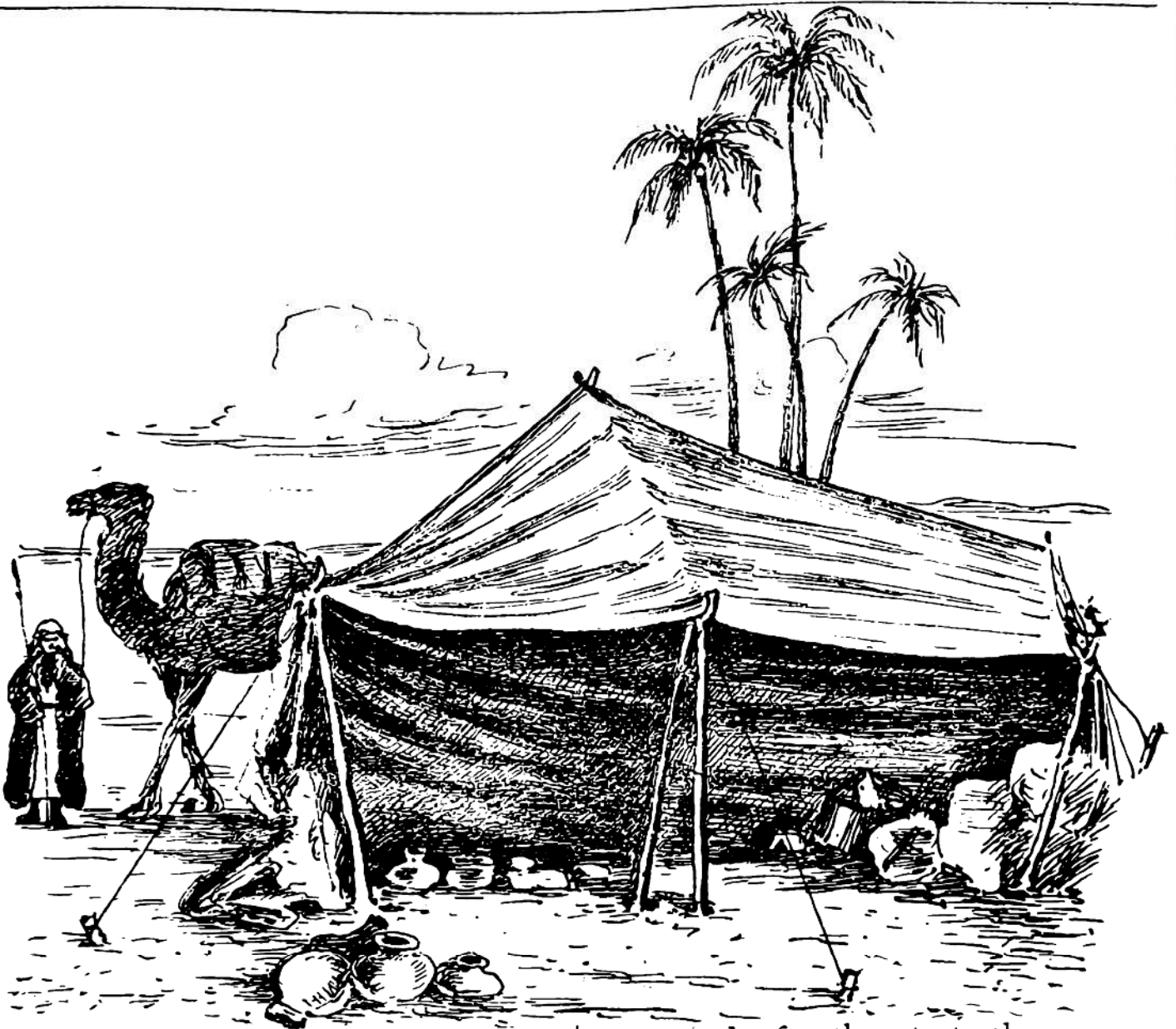
I continued my course and reached the city at last. When we came to the courtyard of the Inn, the poor camels seemed to be quite broken-hearted, and looked round piteously for their loving master, but no Selim

came. I had imagined that he would enter the town secretly, by night, in order to carry off those five fine camels, his only wealth in this world, and seemingly the main objects of his affection. But no—his dread of civilization was too strong; during the whole of the three days that I remained at Gaza, he failed to show himself, and thus sacrificed, in all probability, not only his camels, but the money which I had stipulated to pay him for the passage of the Desert. In order, however, to do all I could towards saving him from this last misfortune, I resorted to a contrivance which is frequently adopted in the East. I assembled a group of grave and worthy Mussulmans in the courtyard, and in their presence paid over the gold to a Sheik who was accustomed to communicate with the Arabs of the Desert. All present solemnly promised, that if ever Selim should come to claim his rights, they would bear true witness in his favour.—*Kinglake's Eothen.*

Tent Life.

2 COR. V. 1.

WHEN one's tent is pitched in the desert one soon feels one's self at home. Two or three yards away there are the Arabs busy round the fire preparing the evening meal. Lying here and there, all about, is the baggage. But inside the tent the rug is spread, and we take out books and maps, and pen and paper, and the chamber is furnished and pre-



pared, and it looks as if this were to be our rest for years. But morning comes and the Arabs begin to pack all up again. "One by one," says a traveller, "the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground, and made it look so familiar—all these were taken away and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad track of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmantaus, and the heels of British boots: the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand, and these were the signs we left. My tent was spared to the last, but when all else

was ready for the start, then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle." The desert was back again.

So with our life. A frail tabernacle is set up, and we furnish it and gather things round about it day by day. The child learns to see, to speak, to walk; then it goes to school, and learns to read and write and do sums; then out into the world to work, and pick up friends and acquaintances, till the man becomes the head of a "great

establishment," and he thinks the world could not do without him. He has much goods laid up for many years.

But the time comes when he must "go hence." His friends drop off, his children go away, business diminishes; but the tent still stands! He never had better health, he says. His eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated. But presently there are signs of a coming change. The tabernacle itself begins to dissolve; sight and hearing go, memory gives way; "the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few;" and, in a moment, at an hour when we think not, one more pin is removed, and the last prop gives way. "The silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken; the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns unto God Who gave it;" and the place thereof shall know it no more.

Tibet.

THIBET, on the north of India, is six times the size of Great Britain and Ireland. Only one Englishman has been able to penetrate to Lhasa, its sacred city, and that was a Thomas Manning, in 1811. There is no preacher of the gospel, so far as is known, in the whole country.

IN daily reading, when we have gone through a chapter of the Bible, it is an excellent plan to select a single verse and commit it

to memory. The Scriptures should be used as a defence against temptation. But often, when temptation comes, there is no time to search for the word to meet it; everything depends on being already armed, with sword in hand. This shows how necessary it is to fill the memory, while it is plastic, with stores of texts; we do not know what use we may get of them in future days of trial and weakness.—*Mr. Stalker's "Imago Christi."*

LUKE XVI. 10.

THE ordeal of battle is not required to see if troops are good. If you see them careful of their appearance, their uniform and arms, saluting their officers respectfully, you may unhesitatingly put yourself at their head.—*Comte D'Herisson's Journal of a Staff Officer.*

Giotto's O.

GIOTTO was a great Italian who lived 600 years ago. He was a poor shepherd's son, and used to amuse himself as he watched his father's flock by drawing pictures of birds and beasts and trees. One day, when he was only 10 years old, he had drawn a sheep with a bit of tile on a hard stone. The great painter Cimabue happened to see it, and forthwith made the boy his pupil.

When he became a man, Pope Benedict XI. wished him to do some work for him in his palace in Avignon, a town in the south of France, where the popes were com-

pelled by the French kings to live for seventy years. But first he was anxious to have a specimen of what Giotto could do. So the messenger came and told his errand—he wished a sample of the painter's work to take to Benedict. And then Giotto simply took his brush, and with one sweep of his arm made a big O, and said, "You can show him that." And all who saw that O felt that only a man of genius could have made it!

And one could tell what a man is by the way he *says* O! Our country, our native village, our upbringing, our temper, our disposition, can all be revealed in one syllable. Here is an instance Mr. J. M. Barrie gives: "And hoo hae ye been yersel?" said Jess. "Ou," said Tibbie.

"I wish I could write 'ou' as Tibbie said it. With her *it was usually a sentence in itself*. Sometimes it was a mere bark; again it expressed indignation, surprise, rapture; it might be a check upon emotion or a way of leading up to it, and often it lasted for half a minute. In this instance, I should say, it was an intimation that if Jess was ready Tibbie would begin about Pete Lownie's funeral."

And you remember the instance

in the Bible: the Ephraimites couldn't say *Shib* even though it would have saved their lives.—*Judges xii. 6.*

A man's character is seen in every thing he does, and in the smallest thing belonging to him. You may know what a boy is by taking one glance at his boot-laces! Giotto's O has been remembered for 600 years

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Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1. How often, according to Luke, did Christ dine with Pharisees? 2. What trades are mentioned in Luke?

SENIORS.—1. Who were the first two persons in the Bible who used the words, "My God?" 2. Mention some things that Christ would have liked people to do to Him.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

JUNIORS.

Alexander Adams; John Alexander; Maggie Alexander; Jessie L. Alston; Robert L. Alston; Janet Barclay; Daniel M'I. Black; James S. Boone; Annabella Bradford; Elizabeth Lockhart Brown; Gavin Lockhart Brown; Jane Copeland; Lizzie Cully; Alexander Culton; Nellie Culton; Agnes M. Frame; Janet Frame; Maggie Frame; Edward L. Grieve; Mary Hamilton; Beatrice J. Hegan; Annie Kean; Tillie Kean; Amelia H. Lang; Fannie Marshall; Harriet A. L. Marshall; Mary H. Martin; Mary A. M'Kail; James C. M'Kinnell; Sarah M'Kinnon; Matthew M'Neil; Wm. Archie Paterson; Jack Ralston; Nickie Ralston; John Reid; Sarah Reid; James Scott; Elizabeth S. Sloan; John Sloan; Robert K. Stevenson; John Andrew Tudhope.

SENIORS.

Lizzie Copeland; Hannah Cronie; Maggie Hamilton; Lizzie Kean; Mary Kean; Annie H. Lang; Maggie K. W. Martin; Archibald M'Neil; James Paterson; Kate Ralston; Annie J. Scott; Lizzie S. Stevenson; Maggie G. Tudhope; Thomas Tudhope; and No Name, 1.

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Full Moon,	.	.	5th February.	Sabbath, 2nd Feb., at	7.39 ;	4.49.
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New Moon,	.	.	19th "	" 16th "	7.14 ;	5.14.
First Quarter,	.	.	26th "	" 23rd "	7 ;	5.27.

1 S Kiss the Son, lest He be angry.—*Psalm ii. 12.*

2 S Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee.

3 M And he saith, Master, say on.

4 TU Thou gavest Me no kiss.—*Luke vii. 40, 45.*

5 W His own received Him not.—*John i. 11.*

6 TH Then did they spit in His face,

7 F And others smote Him with the palms of their hands.—*Matthew xxvi. 67.*

8 S They took the reed and smote Him on the head.—*Matthew xxvii. 30.*

9 S The wells of salvation.—*Isaiah xii. 3.*

10 M Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of Thy pleasures.

11 TU For with Thee is the fountain of life.—*Psalm xxxvi. 8.*

12 W Jesus saith unto her, Give Me to drink.

13 TH Then saith the woman, How is it that thou askest drink of me?—*John iv. 7.*

14 F Jesus saith, I thirst.

15 S They filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it to His mouth.—*John xix. 28.*

16 S God hath put all things under His feet.—*Ephesians i. 22.*

17 M A woman, which was a sinner, kissed His feet.—*Luke vii. 38.*

18 TU Mary Magdalene and the other Mary held Him by the feet.—*Matthew xxviii. 9.*

19 W John said, The shoes of His feet I am not worthy to loose.—*Acts xiii. 25.*

20 TH They found the man out of whom the devils were departed sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind.—*Luke viii. 35.*

21 F Two angels, one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.—*John xx. 12.*

22 S They pierced My hands and My feet.—*Psalm xxii. 16.*

23 S We are compassed about with a cloud of witnesses.—*Hebrews xii. 1.*

24 M Saul eyed David from that day and forward.—*1 Samuel xviii. 9.*

25 TU Ye are come unto an innumerable company of angels.

26 W And to the spirits of just men made perfect.—*Hebrews xii. 23.*

27 TH Thou, God, seest me.—*Genesis xvi. 13.*

28 F Ye are witnesses against yourselves that ye have chosen you the Lord to serve Him.—*Joshua xxiv. 22.*

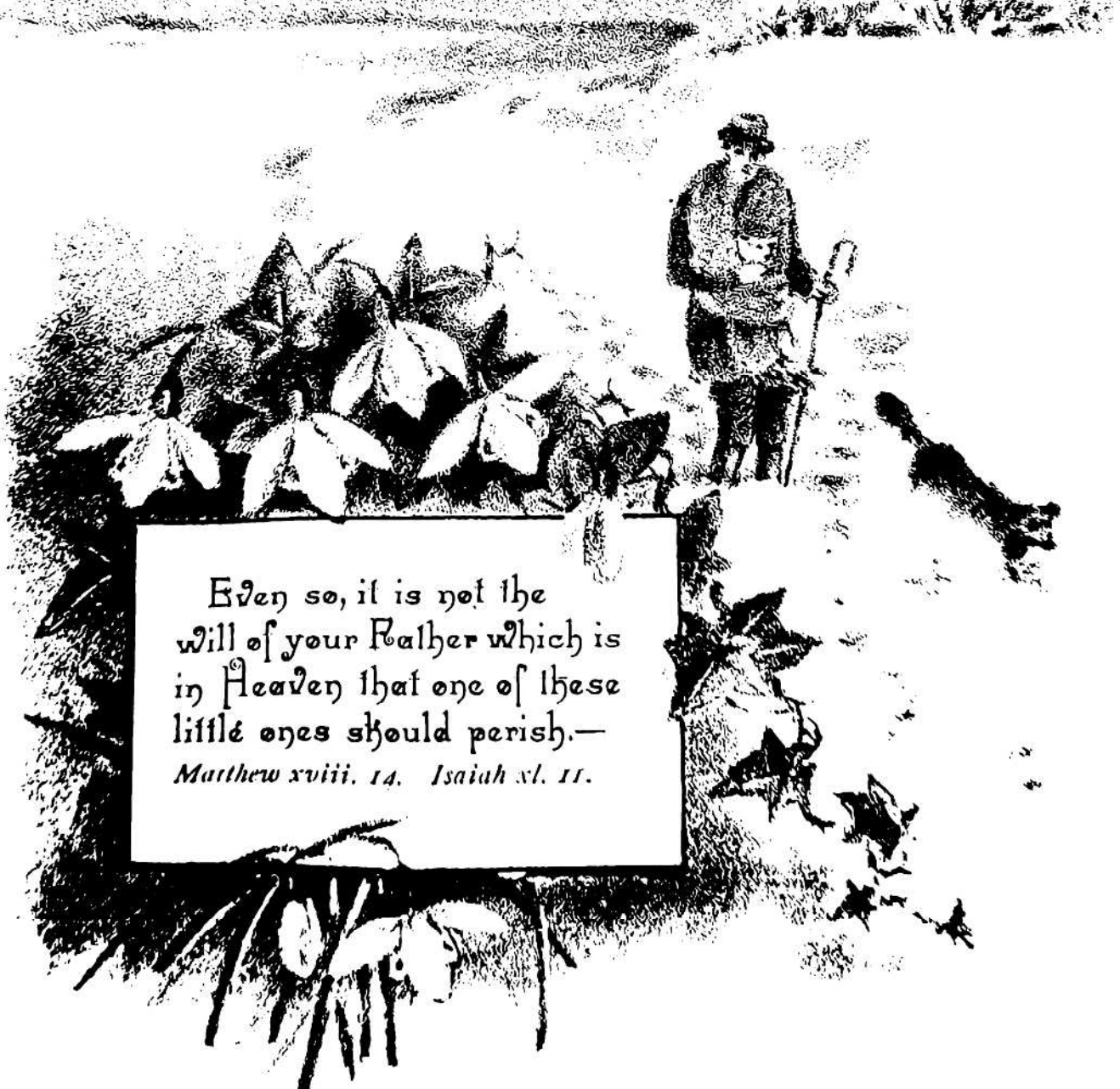
March, 1890.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
LORD'S DAY SCHOOL,
Hall Lane, Liverpool.



Even so, it is not the
will of your Father which is
in Heaven that one of these
little ones should perish.—

Matthew xviii. 14. Isaiah xl. 11.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

March 2.—Jesus at Nazareth.—Luke iv. 16-30. Text, John i. 11. Quest. 63. Psalm xxx. 1, 2.

JESUS was in the power of the Spirit, but it was still His custom to go to Church. Nothing that He had got or done had put Him above regular attendance at the public worship. He was brought as a little child to the Synagogue every Sabbath, and to the end of His life he shewed us this example.

Any one who had a word to say could get leave to say it in the Synagogue. Jesus read about the year of jubilee, and proclaimed that it was all a type of His work of deliverance—He fulfilled the prophecy. The people who heard Him were impressed—it seemed a word from God. But then they remembered they had known Him as a little boy, they knew His family—how could this be the Messiah? They got rid of the impression as we do when we say that the preacher who seems to speak with the power of God to us is a common man, has his faults, etc. Jesus is not surprised at being rejected in His own country. It had always been so. Israel had been of old an unbelieving people, and God had sent His prophets before now to bless other lands.

March 9.—The Great Physician.—Luke iv. 31-44. Text, Matt. viii. 16. Quest. 64. Psalm xxx. 3, 4.

THE Scribes taught without authority. In the Talmud, which contains their writings, no teacher speaks as if he had ever been in touch with God Himself or seen the spiritual world with his own eyes. Every one quotes some earlier teacher, to whose authority he appeals; they are all leaning upon one another" (*Mr. Stalker's Imago Christi*). The devil's nature was never fully seen till God revealed Himself in Christ. God and Satan were manifested at the same time. The devils saw Christ face to face, saw Him to be holy, yet hated Him the more. We have Satan's witness as well as that of God and the

angels, that there is no fault in Christ. "Because He healed by miracle we naturally think of it as easily done; but perhaps it was more an effort than we suppose. There are many indications that His cures cost Him an expenditure of nervous sympathy and emotion which imparts a deep pathos to the saying, 'Himself took our infirmities.'"—*Mr. Stalker.*

March 16.—The Draught of Fishes.—Luke v. 1-11. Text, Luke v. 10. Quest. 65. Psalm xxx. 5-7.

CHRIST would not interfere with men's honest work even to preach. He waited till the fishing was over and the boats idle before He used them. He would give Simon and his partners too some hire for their boat. The night fishing had been bad and Simon thought it was useless to try it in daylight, but "at His word" they let down the net. This is the obedience that Christ's commands should always get. If we think we know what will work, and what it is useless to try, "at His word" we should promptly obey.

No miracle ever before seems to have surprised Peter. But the miracle of the full net came home to him. It was in his own "line," and made him feel that the power of God was near him. In Christ he now saw the Son of God, One who could read his heart, and he was afraid. It was more than he could stand, to have Christ looking on him.

March 23.—Christ Forgiving Sin.—Luke v. 17-26. Text, Luke v. 21. Quest. 66. Psalm xxx. 8, 9.

MEN would say, what insolence! what a breach of manners! Christ says, what faith! The man and his friends were five heroes. Christ, the most approachable man that ever lived. Come unto Me, at any time, in any way. The man put himself wholly in His power, was willing to have any thing said or done to him. The thought of our sins often keeps us from asking help in our trials. *Their* faith; the men on the roof got a blessing too!

March 30.—Review of the Lessons. Text, Isaiah xlii. 1. Psalm xxx. 10-12.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

Continued from page 17.

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"In the intervals of my Greek lessons I drew maps or copied Cruikshank's Illustrations to Grimm's Tales, which I did with great and—to most people now—incredible exactness, a sheet of them being by good hap well preserved, done when I was between ten and eleven. * * * But, in the glittering white broken spar, speckled with galena, by which the walks of the hotel garden at Matlock were made bright, and in the shops of the pretty village, and in many a happy walk among its cliffs, I pursued my mineralogical studies on fluor, calcite, and the ores of lead, with indescribable rapture when I was allowed by my parents to go into a cave." 1829.—*Ruskin's "Praeterita."*

12 Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the illustrious Irish astronomer, one of the greatest mathematicians who ever lived, had learned Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Sanskrit, Arabic, Hebrew, and Persian, and had a Syriac Grammar ready for publication. He had also attacked Newton's *Arithmetica Universalis*, and had acquitted himself with honour in his contests with Colburn, the American calculating boy, then exhibiting, 1817, in Dublin, as a curiosity.

13 James Clerk Maxwell, afterwards a famous natural philosopher and a godly man, writes to his father in 1844:—"I have made a tetrahedron, a dodecahedron, and two other hedrons whose names I don't know." Some months afterwards he invented a method of drawing *ovals*, which was described by Professor Forbes to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, as it was not thought proper that a boy in a jacket should stand up and speak before such learned men.

14 "I recollect distinctly the very spot," says the poet Wordsworth, "where the thought first struck me that there was an infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them; and I made a resolution to supply in some degree the deficiency. I could not at that time have been above fourteen years of age." 1784.

"One day, in my fourteenth year, when passing the church at Maryton, I fell on my face and prayed earnestly that God would incline my father's heart to allow me to study at St. Andrews, with promise and vow that whatever measure of knowledge and letters He would bestow on me I should by His grace employ the same for His glory in the calling of the ministry."—*James Melville's Autobiography*. Within a few days his prayer was answered. He was minister of Anstruther in 1586.

15 Lady Jane Grey excelled in needlework and music, wrote and spoke Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, and had also some knowledge of Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic. Roger Ascham found her reading

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age of
15

Plato's Phaedo in Greek while the rest of the family were out hunting. She was the great-granddaughter of Henry VII. On the death of Edward VI., who had settled the crown on her by deed, 6th July, 1553, she was hailed as Queen, but after reigning ten days, her parents told her she must lay aside her royal dignity and become a private person once more. This she did "most willingly." In the February following, when she was only seventeen, she and her husband, Lord Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland—they had been only eight months married—were beheaded within an hour of each other by Bloody Mary, whom the people of England had made Queen in her stead. Her last words were—"Bear me witness, I beseech you, my good friends, that I die a true Christian, and that I hope for salvation only through the blood of Christ."

16 Tycho Brahé, a Swedish noble, and afterwards a great astronomer, spent his money on astronomical instruments, and, while his tutor slept, watched the constellations by the aid of a small globe not bigger than his fist, and discovered mistakes in the astronomical publications of his time. His first instrument was a pair of common compasses, which he used as an instrument for observing the angles between stars. 1562.

17 Joseph was sold into Egypt. "And ye Lorde was with Ioseph, in so moch yt he became a luckye man and was in his master ye Egipcians house. And ye Lorde blessed ye Egipcians house for Iosephs sake : and there was nothyng but ye very blessynge of ye Lorde in all that he had in ye house and in ye felde."—*Gen. xxxix. 2-5.* (*Myles Coverdale's Translation, 1535.*)

18 "I proposed to partake of the Lord's Supper, our minister having given notice of his purpose to celebrate it on the next Lord's Day. I knew I was not converted, and that if I were not converted before that day I would draw on myself a very grievous evil. The Lord did therefore put it in my mind to do my utmost to win to a converted condition. I set to work at once, beseeching God to work effectually on my spirit. I went to sermon, and found a better relish in it than I had won't to find. I spent the rest of the day in spiritual exercises, and continued diligent in seeking the Lord. I grew daily in the knowledge and love of His ways. I had now tasted of the wine, but had not bought it. But on Wednesday, by six o'clock at night, finding I was not converted, I thought I would put off communicating at this time. But this was the day of my visitation. I resolved to set apart the next day for fasting and seeking God. Hanging by this small thread, I went to bed with many sad complaints, and God, while I was like the prodigal son—'yet a great way off,' ran to meet me. I addressed myself to speak to the Lord Christ, and then was there a Gospel view given me of Him, that He was a friend to poor sinners, their only helper—that died for them, and one willing to be reconciled. What shall I say? While I was thus exercised, a marvellous light shined on my understanding, and with the eyes of my mind—not of my body—I saw that Just One in the glory and

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age of
18

love and offices and beauty of His Person, a sight which did so swallow me up as I turned speechless, and only said, 'What is this? Where am I now?' The loveliness of Jesus did far exceed all that ever I saw or could see in the world. After I had recovered I said, 'O Lord, Thou hast overcome me. Heart and hand, all that I have, is Thine. I am content to live and die with Thee. Begone poor world and despicable devil and flesh, I will serve you no longer, I know now of a Master and lover, to whom henceforth I will dedicate myself.'

"After I rose from prayer I went to the fields, and there sang songs of triumph."—*Fraser of Brea. 1657.*

To be continued.

A Mother's Last Wish.

I REMEMBER, says Lord Campbell, in his *Autobiography*—he was the son of a Scotch Parish Minister, and rose to be Lord Chancellor of England in 1859—I remember my brother and myself being sent for from St. Andrews when I was fourteen years of age to see my mother, and my anguish at beholding her altered looks, although I was not fully aware of her danger. In taking leave of us when we were about to return to St. Andrews, she must have known, though we did not, that she was to see us no more. We were made to kneel at her bedside. She kissed and blessed us; and the last words I ever heard her pronounce now vibrate on my ear: FAREWELL! AND OH! BE GOOD.

IN some parts of China, specially in the provinces of Keangse and Fuh-keen, says Mr. Douglas, of the British Museum, in his book on China, poor people not only kill their children, but defend the practice. What, they say, is the good of rearing daughters? When

they are young they are only an expense, and when they are old enough to earn a living they marry and leave us. The Mandarins periodically speak against the crime, and appeal to the people to put a stop to it. But a stone which stands, or at least stood a year or two ago, near a pool outside the city of Fuhchow, shows with terrible force how little their warnings are heeded. The stone bore this inscription:—GIRLS ARE NOT TO BE DROWNED HERE.

What is your Life?

IT is such a short and troubled thing. And yet it may be very glorious and very blessed. It may shine with the light that never was on sea or land.

I.

What is your life? "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle." Nothing can be more rapid than the little shuttle hurrying backwards and forwards. Nothing seems more confusing. But think a moment. What is the shuttle doing? It may be fixing threads of the richest

colours into a dress that will keep its beauty for centuries. You may be doing that. You may be weaving for yourselves a shining robe that will never grow old. You may be getting ready, through God's grace, the dress of the King's daughter. She is all-glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold; she shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework.

II.

But what is your life? "My days are passed away as the swift ships." And, of course, it is sad to see the white sails vanishing out of view. But the world could not prosper without the ships. They carry such treasures from land to land, food and clothing, gold and silver, books and learning, the Bible and the missionary. It was a ship that took Paul to Rome, and William Carey to India, and John Williams to the South Seas. We think of these things, and we join in the poet's song:

"Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the
Press,
Fly, happy with the mission of the
Cross."

And you may carry to others the blessings of the swift ships—kind words, helpful deeds, the knowledge of God's love, the unsearchable riches of Christ. O happy life!

III.

And what is your life? "Our days are as a shadow." And a shadow is an unsubstantial thing. It escapes you. It mocks you. Yet some of the finest words in the Bible are about shadows, that are no mockery, but a reality. "The Shadow of the Almighty." "The Shadow of a great Rock in a weary

land." If you get beneath that Shadow, and feel its safety and comfort and rest, and then try to be like it to those who are in trouble, "an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest," your life will not be poor and worthless.

IV.

And what is your life? "It is even a vapour," a passing cloud. Yes, but what splendid clouds there are, golden and scarlet, and white as snow. Their beauty is more than earthly. It makes us think of the New Jerusalem, coming down from heaven as a bride adorned for her husband. And you can be citizens of heaven. You can have the bright glory of the clouds at sunrise and at sunset. You can *all* have it, the weakest, the most tempted, the sin-fullest. For where do the clouds come from, that are without spot or wrinkle or any such thing? Some of them from the salt sea, and some from the marshy land, and some from miry rivers like the Clyde and the Thames. Yet they are all welcome to the sky, and up there they are all fair and clean. So, through the Saviour who is offered you and whom everyone of you may know and love, you may rise to the throne of God. You may shine even here as the brightness of the firmament.

What is your life? Behold, is it not very good?

~~~~~  
**T**HE Lord wants reapers: Oh,  
mount up  
Before Night comes, and says,  
"Too late!"

Stay not for taking scrip or cup;  
The Master hungers while ye wait.  
—Lowell.

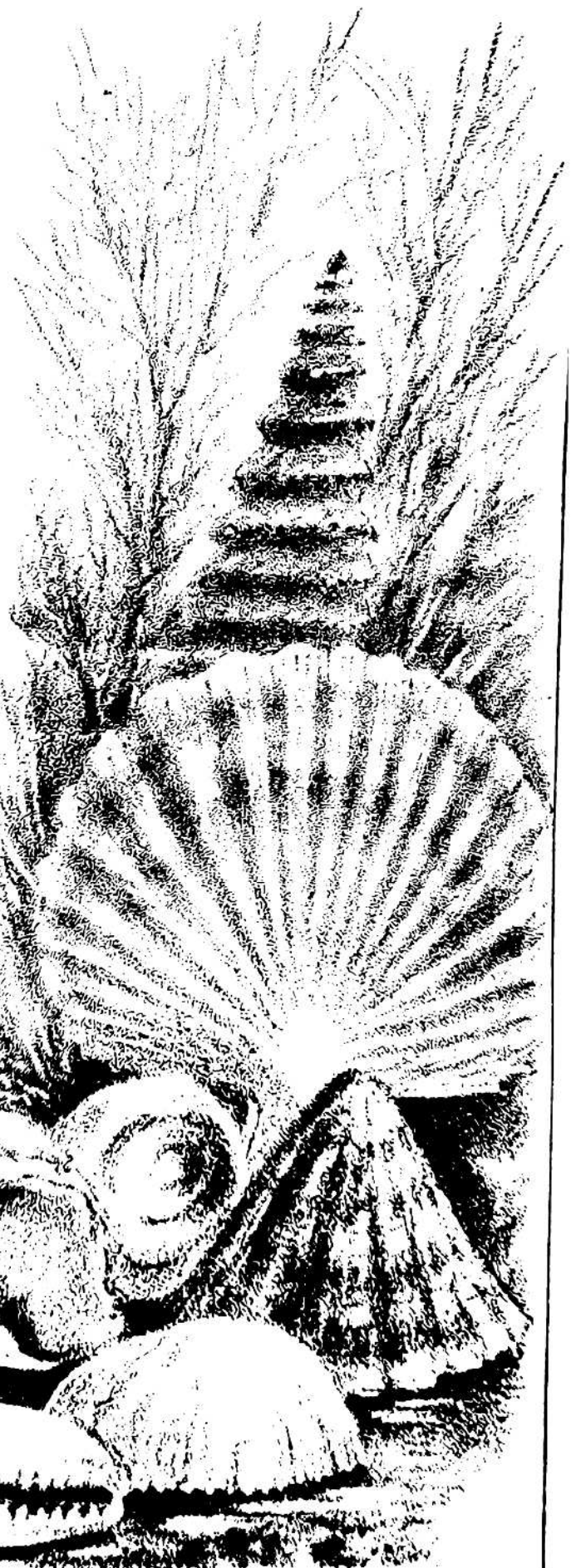
## The Murmurings of the Shells.

I.

**T**HE storm which had lasted three days and three nights was now over. The sun was shining gloriously, and the sea was fast quieting down. The shells were having a talk while their owners inside them were sound asleep. The shells of course had no need to sleep. There were a good many of them, Dog-Whelk, and Limpet, and Scallop, and Cowry, besides several others to whom I was not introduced, whose names I do not know.

"I am about sick of this kind of life," said Dog-Whelk.

"And so am I," said Limpet. "The way these waves struck one was something terrible. I wanted my master to let go the rock and let us be swept up on to the shore,



but no! he wouldn't move, he wouldn't even speak."

"Well," said Cowry, "no doubt it was a wild night, shells, but let us be thankful we have come through it all right, and our backs not broken."

"But it is just as tiresome in good weather," replied Limpet, "crawl, crawling along about three inches in the day. We are a perfect laughing-stock. The smallest fish going sees more of the world in a minute than we do in six months. I just wish my master would go from home some day and lose his way."

## II.

"Here, you! can't you look where you are going?" said Dog-Whelk. "That's twice you have banged up against me."

"I can't help it," said Limpet; "you know as well as I do that since our masters died we have just to go where we are driven."

"You will have a fine rest now at anyrate," said Scallop, laughing, "we shall have to lie here till next spring-tide; so let us have no quarrelling."

"We weren't speaking to you, were we?" said Dog-Whelk.

"I'll tell you what has just struck me," said Cowry. "Maybe some one will come our way gathering shells, and if so, I am certain every one of us will be picked up."

And strange to say, a few minutes after, a lady who was walking along the shore noticed our friends, and took every one of them home with her!

## III.

"I say, Limpet," said Dog-Whelk one day some time after, "this is the most miserable month I ever

spent in my life. And I would like to know what it was our master was reading to his wife to-night. My head is full of dust, and I am getting deafer every day. I am sure they were laughing at us."

"He was reading a little bit of poetry," said Scallop; "I think I can repeat it—

'The delicate shells lay on the shore;  
The bubbles of the latest wave  
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;  
And the bellowing of the savage sea  
Greeted their safe escape to me:  
I wiped away the weeds and foam,  
And fetched my seaborne treasures home!  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things,  
Had left their beauty on the shore  
With the sun and the sand and the wild  
uproar.'

An American wrote the lines."

"Well, I don't see what right any American has to meddle with us. Nobody was meddling with him."

"He has a deal of impudence," said Limpet.

"The American wasn't referring to us at all," said Cowry. "He never saw us, but I am afraid that, after all, what he says might quite properly be applied to us too. We were a little too proud of our beauty, and we are none of us quite what we were."

"Speak for yourself," said Whelk.

## IV.

It was a cold February night some years after, about one in the morning, and the shells were watching the reflection of the glow of the fire in the large looking glass over the mantelpiece in the lady's nursery.

"Well, Whelky," said Scallop, "what's wrong now? surely you are not going to grumble to-night? Aren't we as cosy as can be?





Imagine ourselves lying on the beach amidst all that hail and sleet!"

"True," said Limpet, "and all full of wet sand. Ugh!"

"Even if we had been living," said Cowry. "But I'm sure we should all have been in little bits by this time. I never knew shells as old as we are. And what a dear little mistress we have got! I like to listen to her breathing. Isn't she sleeping quietly?"

"Well," said Dog-Whelk, "I don't see what business you have got to whisper in her ear during the day the way you do."

"Now, now," said Cowry, "don't be cross, Whelk; she says she likes to hear the sea roaring far away. And she loves every one of us. Didn't she take you with her in her pocket to church last Sabbath, and that is more than she ever did to any of the rest of us, and yet we were all quite pleased? Only the sermon doesn't seem to have done you very much good, you naughty Whelk." And with that they all laughed and laughed till they shook. And just then their little mistress stirred in her bed, and Scallop said, "Hush! else we shall waken her, and I wouldn't disturb her for any thing."

### No Alcohol!

**H**EALTH of body and mind :  
health of brain and nerve :  
this means for young men,  
No Alcohol. *That* ruins energy,  
pluck, resolution ; if it do no worse.  
And it may do far worse. I speak  
what I know. 'That tends to unfold

misery. You read that such a man or woman commits suicide. It has happened to me, in my duty, to know well (I think) seventeen suicides. They were not mad : not one of them. They were just like other people : awfully so. But you were told, as of course, they *had been drinking heavily*. Of course. — *A. K. H. B.'s East Coast Days and Memories.*

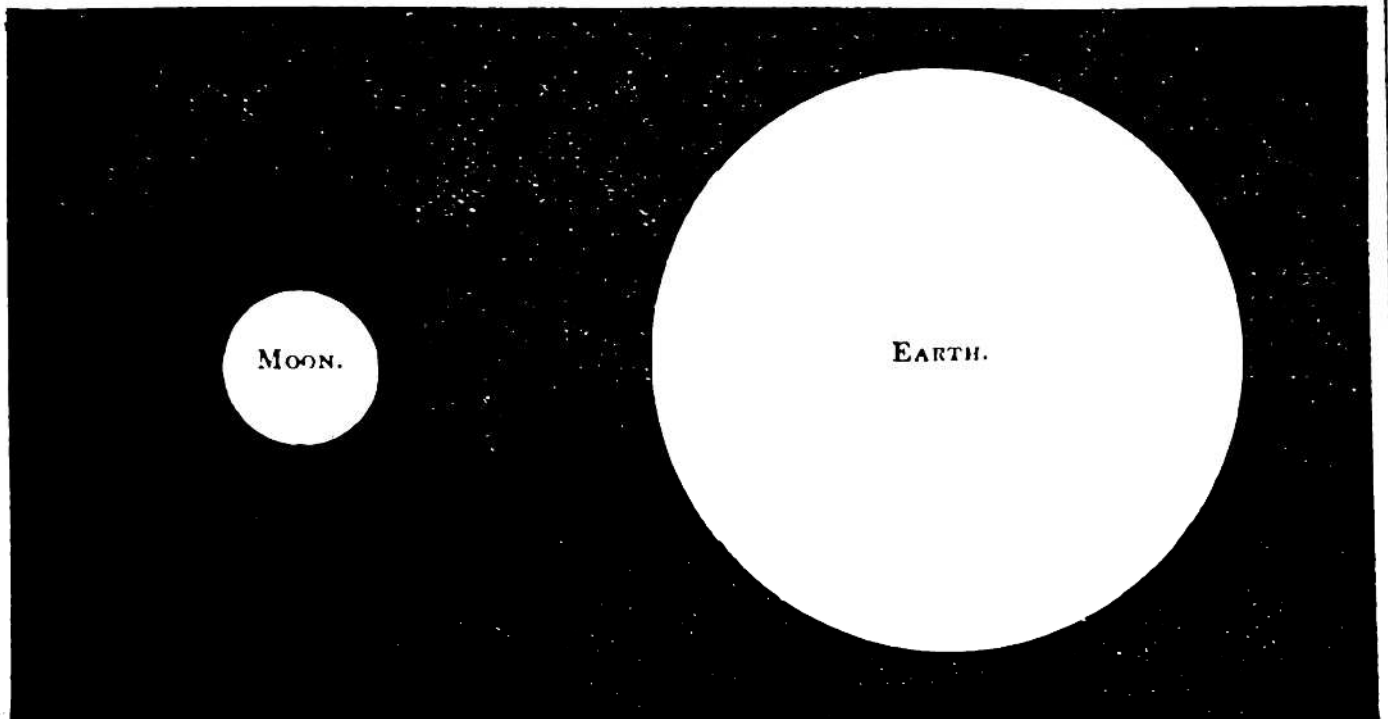


R. STANLEY says of Dr. Parke, the young Dublin doctor who accompanied him on his Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, that "he spoke to every woman in the interior of Africa with the same gentleness and courtesy as he would to a lady in a drawing-room at home."

*He appointed the Moon for Seasons.—  
Psalm civ. 19.*

**T**HE moon is one of the smallest objects visible to us which the heavens contain, every one of the thousands of stars seen with the unaided eye being enormously larger. Her brilliancy and apparent size arise from the fact that she is only 240,000 miles away.

The earth's diameter is 7,918 miles; the moon's, 2,160. If the earth were cut into fifty pieces all equally large, then one of these pieces rolled into a globe would equal the size of the moon. But the earth's *surface* is only thirteen times greater than her's, that is to say, the moon's face is about half the size of the Continent of Europe.



Comparative Size of the Earth and Moon.

Then as to their weight. The materials of which the earth is composed are much heavier than those contained in the moon. If the earth were put in one scale we would need more than eighty moons in the other.—*Sir Robert Ball's Story of the Heavens.*

### Bible Questions.

**JUNIORS.**—1. What verse in one of the short epistles contains the name of a good angel, a good man, and a bad angel? 2. What verse in Revelation has the fewest words?

**SENIORS.**—1. Points of contrast between Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem and His departure from it on the way to Calvary. 2. A list of sad nights, and 3. A list of glad nights in the Bible.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

**JUNIORS.**—Alexander Adams, John Alexander, Maggie Alexander, Annie Allen, Grace Allison, Jessie L. Alston, Robert L. Alston, Martha S. Armour, James Armour, John Armour, Daniel M'I. Black, Jonathan Black (1), M. M. Black, James S. Boone (1), Annabella Bradford, Alice Briggs, Robert Alex. Briggs, Elizabeth L. Brown, Gavin R. L. Brown, Tommy Shirlaw Brown, A. Chancellor, Aggie Christie, Jane Copeland, Ellenor R. Craig, Lizzie Cully, Alexander Culton, Nellie Culton, Agnes Douglas, A. B. Finlay, Janet C. Frame, R. J. Gordon, John Graham, Sara Graham, Wallace Graham, William Graham, Caroline Haddow, Susan A. Haddow, Mary Hamilton, Agnes Ann Higgins, Robert Andrew Higgins, Thomas Peter Higgins, William Higgins, Jessie Howie, John S. Howie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Lizzie Jessie Lang, Matthew Lang, Sinclair Liddell, John W. Lillie, Fannie Marshall, H. A. L. Marshall, W. G. Marshall, Mary H. Martin, L. M'Clure, James M'Candlis, Betty M'Donald, Janet M'Donald, W. G. M'Farlane, Mary A. M'Kail, Sarah M'Kinnon, Wm. Archie Paterson, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston, Leah Robinson, Lucy Robinson, Wm. James Robinson, Elizabeth S. Sloan, John Sloan, Robert R. Stevenson, Lizzie H. Still, John Andrew Tudhope, John Warwick, Rosanna Warwick.

**SENIORS.**—Alex. Adams, John Allen, C. H. Chancellor, Aggie Christie, Lizzie Copeland, T. G. Courtney, Hannah Cromie, John Eaton (1), R. J. Gordon, Maggie Hamilton, Lizzie Kean, Mary Kean, David Kennedy, Annie H. Lang, Maggie K. W. Martin, James M'Candlis, L. M'Clure (1), James Paterson, Kate Ralston, Annie J. Scott, Lizzie H. Still (1), Lizzie S. Stevenson, Madge G. Tudhope, Tom Tudhope.

*The 1889 Volume of The Morning Watch is now ready, price One Shilling (free by post 1s. 1d.) Copies of the 1888 Volume may still be had. James M'Kelvie & Sons, Greenock. May be had of all Booksellers.*



| THE MOON.      |   |            | THE SUN RISES          |        | SETS. |
|----------------|---|------------|------------------------|--------|-------|
| Full Moon,     | . | 6th March. | Sabbath, 2nd March, at | 6.45 ; | 5.39. |
| Last Quarter,  | . | 14th "     | " 9th "                | 6.30 ; | 5.52. |
| New Moon,      | . | 20th "     | " 16th "               | 6.14 ; | 6.4.  |
| First Quarter, | . | 28th "     | " 23rd "               | 5.58 ; | 6.16. |
|                |   |            | " 30th "               | 5.42 ; | 6.27. |

|    |    |                                                                                                          |
|----|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | S  | The government shall be upon His shoulder.— <i>Isaiah ix. 6.</i>                                         |
| 2  | S  | Without fault before the Throne of God.— <i>Rev. xiv. 5.</i>                                             |
| 3  | M  | The seat of the scornful.— <i>Psalms i. 1.</i>                                                           |
| 4  | TU | The way of the sluggard is an hedge of thorns ;                                                          |
| 5  | W  | But the path of the upright is made an highway.— <i>Proverbs xv. 19.</i>                                 |
| 6  | TH | The wicked lieth in wait secretly, as a lion in his den.— <i>Psalms x. 9,</i>                            |
| 7  | F  | Ye are all sons of light, and sons of the day.— <i>1 Thess. v. 5.. (R. V.)</i>                           |
| 8  | S  | Not ashamed before Him at His coming.— <i>1 John ii. 28.</i>                                             |
| 9  | S  | Pay thy vows unto the Most High.— <i>Psalms l. 14.</i>                                                   |
| 10 | M  | The great and dreadful God Which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love Him.— <i>Dan. ix. 4.</i> |
| 11 | TU | If we are faithless, He abideth faithful.— <i>2 Timothy ii. 13., (R. V.)</i>                             |
| 12 | W  | Covenant-breakers.— <i>Romans i. 31.</i>                                                                 |
| 13 | TH | Then said the Lord, I watch over My word to perform it.— <i>Jeremiah i. 12.</i>                          |
| 14 | F  | And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord ;                                                         |
| 15 | S  | Be it unto me according to Thy word.— <i>Luke i. 38.</i>                                                 |
| 16 | S  | Thou knowest that I love Thee.— <i>John xxi. 15.</i>                                                     |
| 17 | M  | Lovers of self,                                                                                          |
| 18 | TU | Lovers of money,                                                                                         |
| 19 | W  | Lovers of pleasure, rather than lovers of God.— <i>2 Timothy iii. 2 (R. V.)</i>                          |
| 20 | TH | Cæsar's friend.— <i>John xix. 12.</i>                                                                    |
| 21 | F  | Abraham, My friend.— <i>Isaiah xlii. 8.</i>                                                              |
| 22 | S  | The friendship of the world is enmity with God.— <i>James iv. 4</i>                                      |
| 23 | S  | The day is Thine, the night also is Thine.— <i>Psalms lxxiv. 16.</i>                                     |
| 24 | M  | There is that neither day nor night seeth sleep with his eyes.— <i>Eccl. viii. 16.</i>                   |
| 25 | TU | It is a night to be much observed unto the Lord.— <i>Exodus xii. 42.</i>                                 |
| 26 | W  | He led them all the night with a light of fire.— <i>Psalms lxxviii. 14.</i>                              |
| 27 | TH | I have remembered Thy Name in the night.— <i>Psalms cxix. 55.</i>                                        |
| 28 | F  | God, my Maker, Who giveth songs in the night.— <i>Job xxxv. 10.</i>                                      |
| 29 | S  | He (Christ) continued all night in prayer.— <i>Luke vi. 12.</i>                                          |
| 30 | S  | It is high time for you to awake out of sleep.                                                           |
| 31 | M  | For now is salvation nearer to us than when we first believed.— <i>Romans xiii. 11 (R. V.)</i>           |

April, 1890.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*



REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN  
LORD'S DAY SCHOOL  
Hall Lane, Liverpool.

**The Duke of Reichstadt:**

*From the portrait drawn by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.*

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## International Sabbath School Lessons.

*April 6.*—Christ's Law of Love.—Luke vi. 27-38. Text, Luke vi. 31. Quest. 67. Psalm xxxi. 1, 2.

**D**R. VAN OOSTERZEE says of these difficult verses, "Either they are not true, or we are no Christians." The best commentary on them is Christ's Own life. We must do to every man what is *best* for him, "not 'as though we loved him,' but as really loving him." The revisers translate v. 35 'do them good, and lend, never despairing.' The retribution of v. 38 comes earlier in life than many suppose.

*April 13.*—The Widow of Nain.—Luke vii. 11-18. Text, Luke vii. 16. Quest. 68. Psalm xxxi. 3, 4.

**L**OOK at the contrast between the company passing out at the city gate and the company approaching it. We are asked to "behold" the Prince of Life coming nigh to the gate, while a dead man was carried out. The word which the Lord spoke to the widowed mother—"weep not"—expresses the aim and the issue of His work. When it is done "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."

A Jewish bier was open on the top, and the Lord looked at the young man as He spoke. Lazarus was a believer, Jairus had faith, but this young man had probably never seen the Lord till He woke him up from death. But His compassion—His feeling with the mother—told Him what was the desire of her heart. Christ's claims, work, meetings, &c., never stand between love and duty and obedience to parents. Those to whom He gives life are to "learn first to show piety at home."

*April 20.*—Forgiveness and Love.—Luke vii. 36-50. Text, 1 John iv. 19. Quest. 69. Psalm xxxi. 5, 6.

**S**IMON felt he was doing a great deal in asking Christ to his house at all. He was patronising Him and did not need to

pay Him too much attention. The house could hardly be private when Jesus was there and the woman had pressed in with the others. Simon knew her, and felt sure that if Christ was a prophet he would have discovered her character and dismissed her.

The little parable is spoken in answer to Simon's thoughts. He is the debtor of fifty pence, and his debt is so little only to himself; he does not feel that he has owed or sinned much. He has not been very bad, he thinks, and there is no great love to the forgiving God. When Christ says, "Which of them *will* love him most?" He shews that it is not because of love that sinners are forgiven, but when sinners see their sin rightly and God's mercy, then they do love much.

*April 27.*—The Parable of the Sower.—Luke viii. 4-15. Text, Luke viii. 18. Quest. 70. Psalm xxxi. 7, 8.

**J**ESUS sat in the boat, looking at the crowd on the shore. It was made up of all sorts of listeners, just as a field is of all sorts of soil. Some heard His word, and forgot it as soon as they heard; it never got into their hearts. Some listened eagerly; took it in gladly; but very soon it became painful to follow Christ; and they gave up at once. Some were truly interested; had the makings of good disciples in them; but they had other things in their hearts before Christ's word, and deeper down than it got; and they gave up, not at once, but in the long run. But others, the honest and good, not hard-hearted, nor shallow-hearted, nor divided in heart between Christ and sin, received the word, and kept it, and bore fruit. The word is seed, not sand or sawdust; it is living; it is sure to grow if it gets a chance. The seed is always the same; the only difference is in the soil. How disappointing it was to Jesus to see so many in whom His word bore no fruit! hard-trodden ground, rocky ground, ground full of the seeds of thorns and weeds, and good ground only at the last.

*May 4.*—The Ruler's Daughter.—Luke viii. 41, 42-49. Text, Luke viii. 50. Quest. 71. Psalm xxxi. 14, 15.

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

*Continued from page 28.*

At the  
age of  
18

Margaret Wilson was drowned in the water of Bladnoch, near Wigtown, 11th May, 1685. "She and Margaret Maclachlan, a widow aged 63, were offered their lives if they would consent to abjure the cause of the Covenanters, and to attend the Episcopal worship. They refused, and they were sentenced to be drowned. They were carried to a spot which the Solway overflows twice a day, and fastened to stakes fixed in the sand, between high and low water mark. The elder sufferer was placed near to the advancing flood in the hope that her last agonies might terrify the younger into submission. The sight was dreadful. But the courage of the survivor was sustained by a lofty enthusiasm. She saw the sea draw nearer and nearer, but gave no sign of alarm. She prayed, and sang verses of psalms (Psalm xxv. 7—she also read Romans viii.) till the waves choked her voice. When she had tasted the bitterness of death she was, by a cruel mercy, unbound and restored to life. When she came to herself, pitying friends implored her to yield. 'Dear Margaret, only say, God save the King!' The poor girl gasped out, 'May God save him, if it be God's will!' Her friends crowded round the presiding officer. 'She has said it; indeed, sir, she has said it.' 'Will she take the abjuration?' he demanded. 'Never!' she exclaimed, 'I am Christ's; let me go!' And the waters closed over her for the last time."—*Macaulay's History.*

19

Edward Freer was killed at the battle of the Nivelle, in the south of France, 1813. "Low in rank, being but a lieutenant, he was rich in honour, for he bore many scars and was young of days. He was only nineteen, and had seen more combats and sieges than he could count years. Slight in person, and of such surpassing and delicate beauty that the Spaniards often thought him a girl disguised in man's clothing, he was yet so vigorous, so active, so brave, that the most daring and experienced veterans watched his looks on the field of battle, and would obey his slightest sign in the most difficult situations. All his thoughts and aspirations were proud and noble, indicating future greatness if destiny had so willed it. Such was Edward Freer of the 43rd, one of three brothers who all died in the Spanish war. Assailed the night before the battle with that strange anticipation of coming death so often felt by military men, he was pierced with three balls at the first storming of the Rhune rocks, and the sternest soldiers in the regiment wept even in the middle of the fight when they heard of his fate."—*Sir W. Napier's "Peninsula War."*

Galileo made his first great discovery. He was watching the vibrations of the great bronze lamp still to be seen swinging from the roof of the Cathedral of Pisa, and he noticed that, whether it swung a great



At the  
age of  
19

distance or a little distance, the time it took, when he compared it with the beating of his pulse, was the same. From this he concluded that a pendulum might be used for the exact measurement of time. It is to a lad of nineteen, therefore, that we owe our clocks and watches. Before his time men used sun-dials and sand-glasses, and though they could tell the hour of the day, the measurement of minutes and moments was impossible. It was Galileo who made the first astronomical telescope. He was the first to conclude that the moon owed all her light to the sun, and that the Milky Way was a track of countless separate stars. He discovered also the four satellites of Jupiter. When he was seventy he was condemned and imprisoned by the Roman Catholic Inquisition for saying that the earth went round the sun. He died 1642, aged seventy-eight.

20

Marion Harvie, a servant-maid from Bo'ness, after witnessing a good confession before the Lords of Justiciary, was hanged for being a Covenanter, at Edinburgh, 26th January, 1681. As she came out of the Tolbooth prison, on her way to execution, she cried out, "Behold, I hear my Beloved saying unto me, Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." Then she and her fellow-prisoner, Isabel Allison, sang the 23rd Psalm. At the foot of the scaffold she sang the 84th Psalm and read the third chapter of Malachi.

John Williams, the missionary, was ordained, 1816, and sent to Eimeo, one of the Society Islands, in the South Pacific. Two months after his arrival he was preaching to the people in their native tongue. He was killed by the savages of Erromango in 1839.

21

Milton wrote his ode, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," 1629. These are its concluding lines :—

But see, the Virgin blest  
Hath laid her Babe to rest :  
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending :  
Heaven's youngest-teemed star  
Hath fixed her polished car,  
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending :  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

22

Arthur Henry Hallam died in Vienna, 15th September, 1833. He is the subject of *In Memoriam*, which is in many ways, if not in most ways, Tennyson's greatest poem.

My Arthur, whom I shall not see  
Till all my widow'd race be run ;  
Dear as the mother to the son,  
More than my brothers are to me.

I leave thy praises unexpress'd  
In verse that brings myself relief,  
And by the measure of my grief  
I leave thy greatness to be guessed.

*To be continued.*

## Life.

**L**IFE is a leaf of paper white,  
Whereon each one of us may write  
His word or two, and then comes  
night.

"Lo, time and space enough," we cry,  
"To write an epic!" so we try  
Our nibs upon the edge, and die.

Greatly begin! though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime,—  
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—Lowell.



## Francois Joseph Charles,

KING OF ROME, DUKE OF REICHSTADT, NAPOLEON II.

**K**NOW some young people who have seen two of their great grandfathers, one great grandmother, and a great-grand-step-mother! Not many have seen such a diversity of ancestor as that. The children who may read this will be very fortunate if they know even one great-grandparent. If they do, or if they have any other friend about ninety years of age, they should ask him about the great events of his youth. The history of modern times is as wonderful as that of ancient times. Jacob's God is our God. His dominion is an everlasting dominion, and His kingdom from generation to generation.

Eighty years ago Napoleon Bonaparte was master of Europe. He had defeated the Austrians, the Prussians, the Italians, the Russians. He had made one of his brothers king of Holland, another king of Spain and the Indies, and set his brother-in-law over the Kingdom of Naples. He had issued a decree by which all nations were forbidden

to trade with Britain. Kings, as he boasted, were kept waiting in his ante-chamber till it suited him to see them; little children all over Europe were quieted by foolish nurses with the threat, "Bony's coming." "All peoples, nations, and languages trembled and feared before him: whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive, and whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down." Like Nebuchadnezzar too, he "did a great work for God." He changed the face of Europe, and broke the pride of kings, and helped to make the people free. Yet he was one of the worst men that ever lived.

In 1811 his cup seemed to be running over. He had cruelly put away Josephine, the wife of his youth, the year before, and still he seemed to prosper. He had married in her stead the Archduchess Maria, daughter of the Emperor of Austria. He had set his heart on having a son to heir his throne, and one day in March that year 101 guns announced to Paris that the Emperor had had his wish. The child was proclaimed King of Rome.

From that hour Napoleon's glory began to pass away. He used to say that the lot of Astyanax was the saddest of fates. Astyanax was the only son of Hector, who, after his father's death and the fall of Troy, was slain by the Greeks to prevent the fulfilment of a prophecy that Hector's son should be a king. Astyanax was the last of his race, and a King only in name. And that was the fate that befel the King of Rome. After the battle of Water-

loo, his father, you all know, was banished to St. Helena. The man for whom Europe was not big enough had to spend the last years of his life a prisoner, away from wife and child, in a little island surrounded by 1,000 miles of sea. After his death his wife contracted a dishonourable marriage. Their little son spent the most of his short life in Austria, whose Emperor had made him Duke of Reichstadt. He died of consumption in the palace of Schonbrunn, near Vienna, in the 21st year of his age. His last words were, "Mother, mother, I am sinking." His title, Napoleon II., was not given him till he had been nineteen years lying in the grave.

WHEN Richard Baxter, who wrote "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," was near his end, and had begun to feel the chill of approaching death, a visitor asked him "how he was," and he made answer, "*almost well.*"

### Anger.

ANGER kept till the next morning doth putrefy and corrupt; save that manna corrupted not at all when kept till the Sabbath, but then anger most of all. Paul saith, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath" to carry news to the Antipodes in another world of thy revengeful nature. Yet let us take the Apostle's meaning rather than his words, to dispose (that is, put away) our passion with all possible speed; not

understanding him so literally that we may take leave to be angry till sunset; then might our wrath lengthen with the days, and men in Greenland, where day lasts above a quarter of a year, have plentiful scope of revenge!—*Thomas Fuller, died 1661.*

### The Life and Adventures of Mrs. Mallard

(*Née Wild=duck*).

IT would take a big book were I to tell all that Mrs. Mallard passed through in her short, anxious life. She was born in Morayshire, in Scotland, and, of all places in the world for a duck, in an oak-tree! Many a time, months after, she would tell her children some of her earliest recollections. "I had no sooner got my bill through my shell," she would say, "and hard work it was, than my dear mother kissed me and gave me some food, and then, at her bidding, I stretched myself and struggled out into the nest. The light dazzled me just for a moment, and then, as I was thinking what a beautiful world it was, I looked over the edge. O how far away the ground looked. I was twelve feet up above it, and how was I ever to get down! I drew back in great fear, but soon fell asleep, and when I wakened, it was next day, and the sun was shining, and I had twelve brothers and sisters. I was so happy! and was loving every one of them when my mother lifted me in her bill and laid me in a moment at the foot of the tree. Almost before I knew where I was the whole thirteen of



us were scampering over the grass. But presently Mother called us together, and told us we were going down to a lake a long way off, and we must do as she bade us for we might meet with enemies on the road. So she told us what to do, and well for us, for we met some cruel boys. Mother saw them first and quacked, and we little ones ran into the grass and quacked. But oh! how it vexed me to see the boys chasing mother, and she seemed lame and unable to fly. I would have run out to help her had she not made us promise to lie hid no matter what happened to her. It was a whole hour before she came

back, and we were all so glad. Then she laughed and told us how she had only pretended to be lame, and had led the cruel boys on and on till their boots were covered with mud and their legs so weary that they could hardly move. Then we set off again as hard as we could go, mother counting us every few minutes, and at last we came to the lake. Oh, how big it looked! But in we all plunged after her, and we looked so pretty, just like little ships, and Mother, like a great big man-of-war, and we caught flies and dived and splashed each other all over. But our joy did not last long. A big pike that had been watching us



swallowed one of my brothers, and the very next moment, amid the confusion, a carrion crow darted in and carried off another. That left us ten girls and only one boy.

Mother was never the same after that. But she had a greater trial when October came. Father's health had broken down in April, and he had gone to a distance, so Mother had the training of us all. When we fed among the rushes, eating the frogs, we kept watch by turns on the open water. Mother pleaded with us to be always faithful, and told us often how her grandfather had seen a sentinel, a soldier in the Crimea, fall down fainting as he guarded a heap of biscuit, too faithful to eat without permission. "And if a man could be so brave," she would say, "what ought not a duck to be?" Our brother looked very handsome in his dress of grey and green and blue, but he got vain and selfish. He was always cross when he kept guard. Well, one day we were in the reeds, and he outside. He had only watched five minutes when he began to cry out "Time's up." We never heeded him, and it seems he left his post and came after us. Mother bade him go back, and just as he was reluctantly returning, we heard a noise of running on the bank. We all rose up, and in a moment six shots were fired, and my brother and four of my sisters fell dead.

Mother often spoke to us about it afterwards, and when we girls went off early the year after to be married, her last words to every one of us

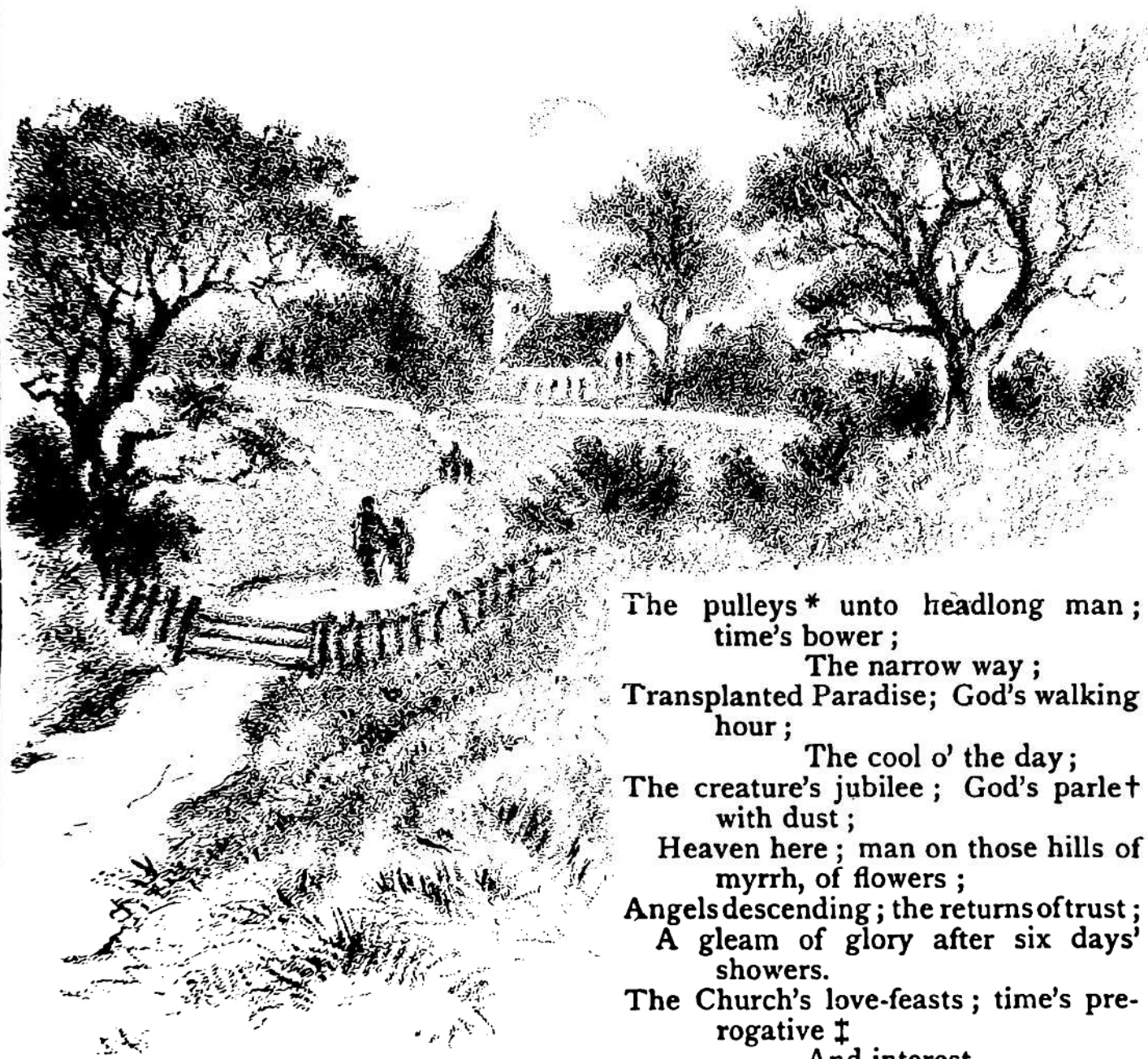
were these: 'Farewell; and oh, be good and faithful.'"

## II.

These are some of Mrs. Mallard's Recollections. I must now tell you of her own sad but noble end.\*

When Mr. Mallard married her, every bird that saw her said Miss Wildduck was the sweetest girl that ever came to Lindores Loch. She and her husband were very happy, and had eleven little ones that year. The year after they rebuilt their nest on the shore under the furze bush, and had eleven large eggs. All went well for thirteen days, though it was a time of stormy weather. But one day Mr. Mallard went out never to return. I believe he was cruelly shot, but his poor wife did not know that, and waited and hoped against hope for his return. The weather grew worse; rain and frost, and then wind and snow. Still she sat watching and waiting, day after day. There was no one to relieve her for a moment, and leave her nest for food she would not. She beat the snow off with her wings till her strength failed, and plucked more and more down off her breast to keep her poor eggs warm. But the wind and snow held on, and at last, still looking for her husband and loving her unborn little ones, she died. A passer-by found her next day. Her neck was stretched out, her wings a little extended, her mouth wide open and full of the drifted snow. She had remembered her mother's words, and was good and faithful to the last!

\* See Smiles' "Life of Thomas Edward."



## Sabbath Days.

**B**RIGHT shadows of true rest; some  
shoots of bliss;

Heaven once a week;

The next world's gladness prepossessed  
in this;

A day to seek

Eternity in time; the steps by which  
We climb above all ages; lamps  
that light

Man through his heap of dark days;  
and the rich

And full redemption of the whole  
week's flight!

The pulleys\* unto headlong man;  
time's bower;

The narrow way;

Transplanted Paradise; God's walking  
hour;

The cool o' the day;

The creature's jubilee; God's parley†  
with dust;

Heaven here; man on those hills of  
myrrh, of flowers;

Angels descending; the returns of trust;  
A gleam of glory after six days'  
showers.

The Church's love-feasts; time's pre-  
rogative‡

And interest

Deducted from the whole; the combs,  
and hive,

And home of rest.

The milky way chalked out with suns;  
a clue

That guides through erring hours;  
and in full story

A taste of heaven on earth; the  
pledge, and cue

Of a full feast; and the out-courts  
of glory.

—Henry Vaughan, 1621-1695.

\* i.e., to draw men back to God.

† i.e., talk, conference, parley.

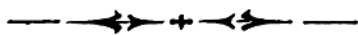
‡ i.e., time's first fruits, the best of time.

## The Sun.

**T**HE diameter of the Sun, says Sir Robert Ball in his "Starland," is 865,000 miles; its circumference, of course, is three times as great. If a railway were laid round the Sun, and if we were to start in an express train moving sixty miles an hour, we should have to travel night and day without intermission for five years before we had accomplished our journey. We could go round our world at the same rate in seventeen days.

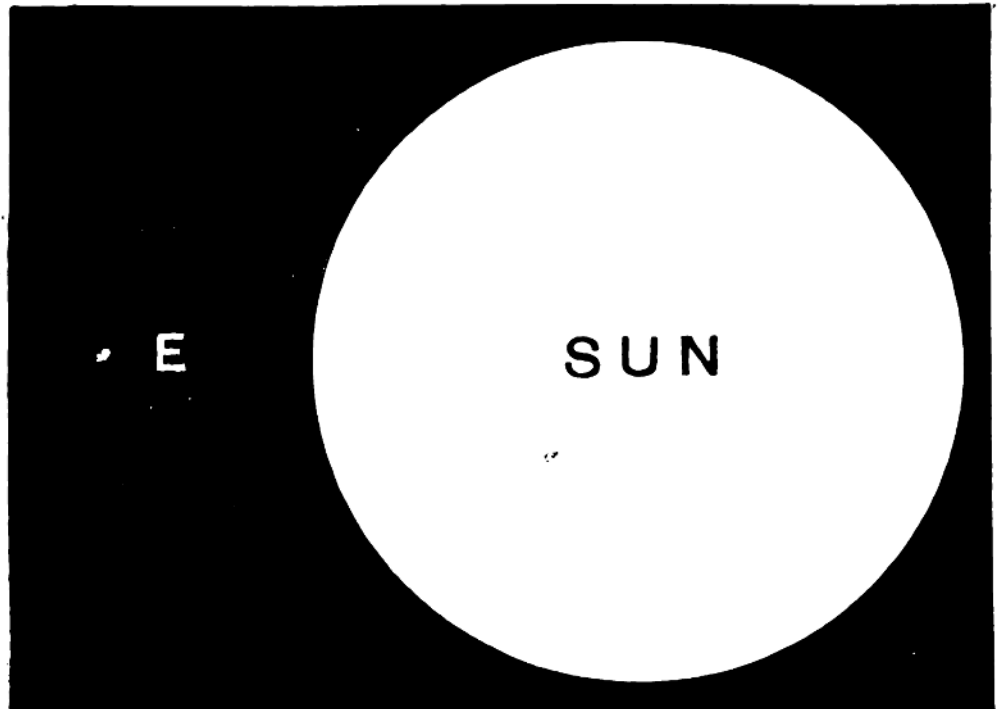
If the Sun's globe were cut up into a million parts, each of these parts would appreciably exceed the bulk of our earth. Were the Sun placed in one pan of a mighty weighing balance, and were 300,000 bodies as heavy as our earth placed in the other, the Sun would still turn the scale.

And it would take 279 days and nights, counting as quickly as possible, before we had counted all the miles, viz., 92,700,000, that are between our earth and the Sun.



## Two African Scenes.

**T**HE strangest disease I have seen in this country; says Dr. Livingstone, *Last Journals*, 28th December, 1870, seems really to be broken-heartedness. It



Comparative size of the Earth and Sun.

attacks free men who have been captured and made slaves. My attention was called to it when Syde bin Habib, in revenge for the blood of his brother who was killed by a spear pitched through his tent into his side, killed the elders of the village and made the young men captives. He had secured a large number, and they endured the chains until they saw the broad river Lualaba roll between them and their free homes; they then lost heart. Twenty-one were unchained as being now safe; however, all ran away at once, but eight, with many others still in chains, died in three days after crossing. They ascribed their only pain to the heart, and placed the hand correctly on the spot. They had plenty to eat and no work; nothing the matter with them, except pain in the heart. As this attacks only the free, it seems to be really broken hearts of which they die. Children, too, who are taken captives will keep up for a time with

Children, too, who are taken captives will keep up for a time with wonderful endurance, but it happens sometimes that the sound of dancing and the merry tinkle of the small drums falls on their ears in passing near to a village; then the memory of home and happy days proves too much for them; they cry and sob, the "broken heart" comes on, and they rapidly sink.

"How you would enjoy the children here," writes a lady missionary from Blantyre, East Africa, on the 6th Nov., 1889. "They are often very amusing. They hold long discussions among themselves. For instance, fancy them all off to bed safely in their dormitories and a dispute arising as to how far a certain tree was from the school. Some said 20

yards, others not so much; so the whole dormitory cleared out at once in the moonlight and settled the matter! No waiting till morning."

—\*—\*—\*—  
*Psalm xxxvii. 37, 38.*

**W**HEN Paul was a prisoner in Rome he had a friend, Epaphroditus, who risked his life to do him a kindness (*Phil. ii. 30*).

When the Emperor Nero, three years after he had put Paul to death, was lying hiding from the soldiers who were pursuing him, he too, strange to say, had a companion, a slave called Epaphroditus. But his Epaphroditus, so far from risking his own life, took away his master's by driving a dagger into his breast.

### Bible Questions.

**JUNIORS.**—1. Write out the six shortest verses in John's Gospel. 2. Persons in John's Gospel whom Christ loved.

**SENIORS.**—1. A list of those who bore witness to Christ's sinlessness. A list of prayers offered by Old Testament saints that God would not answer.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

**JUNIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Maggie Alexander, Annie Allen, John Allen, Grace Allison, Jessie L. Alston, Robert L. Alston, James Armour, John Armour, Martha S. Armour, Janet Barclay, Daniel M'I. Black, Jonathan Josias Black, M. M. Black, Alice Briggs, Robert Alex. Briggs, Wm. John Briggs, Ellen Cameron, Susannah Carson, A. Chancellor, Aggie Christie, Jane Copeland, Lizzie Copeland, Ellenor R. Craig, Lizzie Cully, Alexander Culton, Nellie Culton, Janie Dick (1), Agnes Douglas, Jeannie Edgar, Mary M'Donald Edgar, Agnes M. Frame, Janet C. Frame, R. J. Gordon, Robert W. Gregg, John Graham, Sarah Graham, William Graham, Edward L. Grieve, Caroline Haddow, Susan A. Haddow, Mary Hamilton, Beatrice Jane Hegan, Agnes Hunter, Kate Hunter, Finlay F. Hunter, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Elsie Kirkwood, Maggie Kirkwood, Jeanie H. Lang, Lizzie Jessie Lang, John Lillie, Joseph Mangle, Farie Marshall, H. A. L. Marshall, Anna Bella Martin, Mary H. Martin, Maggie Moffat, Lizzie Moore, William Murray, James M'Candlis, Lily M'Clure, James M'Crea, W. G. M'Farlane, Matilda M'Kinnon, Sarah M'Kinnon, Matthew H. M'Neil, Wm. Archie Paterson, Hugh Pattison, Minnie Preston, Robert James Rainey, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston, Leah Robinson, Lucy Robinson, Wm. James Robinson, Grace B. Scott, Mary R. Scott, William Scott, James Shankland, Elizabeth S. Sloan, John D. Sloan, Robert R. Stevenson, John Still, Lizzie H. Still. **SENIORS.**—John Allen, C. H. Chancellor, Aggie Christie, T. G. Courtney, R. J. Gordon, Maggie Hamilton, Lizzie Kean, Mary Kean, Annie H. Lang, Maggie K. W. Martin, Maggie Moore, James M'Candlis, Duncan B. M'Neil, James Paterson, Kate D. Ralston, Lizzie S. Stevenson, John Still (2 and 3), Lizzie Still (2 and 3).

*The 1889 Volume of The Morning Watch is now ready, price One Shilling (free by post 1s. 1d.) Copies of the 1888 Volume may still be had. James M'Kelvie & Sons, Greenock. May be had of all Booksellers.*



| THE MOON.      |   |   |            | THE SUN RISES          |        | SETS. |
|----------------|---|---|------------|------------------------|--------|-------|
| Full Moon,     | . | . | 5th April. | Sabbath, 6th April, at | 5.26 ; | 6.39. |
| Last Quarter,  | . | . | 12th "     | " 13th "               | 5.10 ; | 6.50. |
| New Moon,      | . | . | 19th "     | " 20th "               | 4.55 ; | 7.2.  |
| First Quarter, | . | . | 27th "     | " 27th "               | 4.41 ; | 7.14. |

|   |    |                                                                                                         |
|---|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | TU | The mouth of fools feedeth on folly.— <i>Prov. xv. 14.</i>                                              |
| 2 | W  | The words of the wise are as goads,                                                                     |
| 3 | TH | And as nails well fastened are the words of the masters of assemblies.— <i>Eccles. xii. 11 (R. V.).</i> |
| 4 | F  | The lip of truth shall be established for ever,                                                         |
| 5 | S  | But a lying tongue is but for a moment.— <i>Prov. xii. 19.</i>                                          |

|    |    |                                                                                                                         |
|----|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6  | S  | We beheld His glory.— <i>John i. 14.</i>                                                                                |
| 7  | M  | They looked unto Him, and were lightened.— <i>Ps. xxxiv. 5.</i>                                                         |
| 8  | TU | Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.— <i>Ps. iv. 5.</i>                                             |
| 9  | W  | Now we see through a glass, darkly.— <i>1 Cor. xiii. 12.</i> (The motto in the study of Neander, the great theologian.) |
| 10 | TH | We all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord,                                                |
| 11 | F  | Are transformed into the same image from glory to glory.— <i>2 Cor. iii xviii. (R. V.)</i>                              |
| 12 | S  | Thy God thy glory.— <i>Is. lx. 19.</i>                                                                                  |

|    |    |                                                                      |
|----|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 13 | S  | God our Father, Which loved us and gave us eternal comfort           |
| 14 | M  | And good hope through grace.— <i>2 Thess. ii. 16.</i>                |
| 15 | TU | Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation.— <i>Rom. xii. 12.</i>     |
| 16 | W  | I will hope continually.— <i>Ps. lxxi. 14.</i>                       |
| 17 | TH | To give you hope in your latter end.— <i>Jer. xxix. 11. (R. V.).</i> |
| 18 | F  | Who in hope believed against hope.— <i>Rom. iv. 18.</i>              |
| 19 | S  | He satisfieth the longing soul.— <i>Ps. cvii. 9.</i>                 |

|    |    |                                                                               |
|----|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 20 | S  | Faithfulness shall be the girdle of His reins.— <i>Is. xi. 5.</i>             |
| 21 | M  | One of them that are peaceable and faithful in Israel.— <i>2 Sam. xv. 19.</i> |
| 22 | TU | The men did the work faithfully.— <i>2 Chron. xxiv. 12.</i>                   |
| 23 | W  | Faithful in what is another man's.— <i>Luke xii. 12.</i>                      |
| 24 | TH | Faithful in that which is least.— <i>Luke xvi. 10.</i>                        |
| 25 | F  | Faithful in all things.— <i>1 Tim. iii. 11.</i>                               |
| 26 | S  | Faithful unto death.— <i>Rev. ii. 10.</i>                                     |

|    |    |                                                                                                                 |
|----|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 27 | S  | All things are ready ; come to the marriage feast.— <i>Matt. xxii. 4 (R. V.).</i>                               |
| 28 | M  | God hath bent His bow, and made it ready.— <i>Ps. vii. 12.</i>                                                  |
| 29 | TU | Thou art a God ready to pardon.— <i>Neh. iv. 17.</i>                                                            |
| 30 | W  | Be ye also ready.— <i>Matt. xxiv. 44.</i> (These are the only words on Reginald Heber's grave at Trichinopoly.) |

# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*



**"The Child with the Bird at the Bush."**

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

## International Sabbath School Lessons.

*May 4.*—The Ruler's Daughter.—Luke viii. 41, 42, 49-56. Text, Luke viii.

50. Quest. 71. Psalm xxxi. 14, 15.

**T**HE Ruler's daughter was an only child. For twelve years all her father's and mother's love had been hers. Those twelve years of happiness in that house had been twelve years of sickness and sorrow in another; and in one hour Jesus brings salvation to both. Jairus' heart would sink as Jesus stopped on the way; but the work of love and power he saw encouraged him; and so did the word of Jesus, Fear not: only believe. Faith in Jesus makes fear of death needless. The voice of Jesus is heard in the unseen world as well as in this. He is Lord both of the dead and the living: death is but sleep to him; He raises the little maid with the very words and the very touch with which her mother might wake her in the morning. And He cares for all the needs of the life He gives; for He bade them give her something to eat; she came back to life, not faint and weary, but well and hungry.

*May 11.*—Feeding the Multitude.—Luke ix. 10-17. Text, John vi. 35. Quest. 72. Psalm xxxi. 19, 20.

**T**HE disciples had been giving, not getting, working more than thinking, for some time. It was necessary now that they should be alone with Christ. Their retreat was broken in on by the crowd, so large at this time because people were on their way to Jerusalem for the Passover. Most people resent having their privacy disturbed by men who do not want to see them for very important reasons. Curiosity largely gathered this crowd, and the disciples felt it an annoyance; Christ was moved with compassion. Though they had not come for the highest reasons, they were in the way of good in being near Christ, and they were not to be sent away. They would learn something. Children who do not understand the sermon get something at church, men who are not godly are at least near Christ there.

The miracle has as little as possible of the supernatural in it. It is Christ's blessing on what they had that makes the disciples able to give to all. When we use what we have God makes it enough. "To bless God for a little is the way to obtain much."

*May 18.*—The Transfiguration.—Luke ix. 28-36. Text, Luke ix. 35. Quest. 73. Psalm xxxi. 21, 22.

**T**HE grandest meeting that ever was; only three men knew of it. Apparently it was at night: our nights, the great times of our lives. It was an answer to prayer. Prayer in some degree glorifies the faces of all who pray. There is no limit to the honour of the saints. They live and learn. Loving Him is better than seeing even risen saints. Heaven for God's people begins even here. Elijah has already made the journey between heaven and earth three times.

*May 25.*—The Mission of the Seventy.—Luke x. 1-16. Text, Luke x. 11. Quest. 74. Psalm xxxi. 23, 24.

**I**N all the missions of the disciples Christ sent them out in pairs. He knew the need of human sympathy. Here they were to go before Christ preparing men for His coming. People often do not get a blessing in church or in reading their Bibles, because they are not prepared for it, are not expecting it to come. Often, too, men miss the meaning of the Gospel, because they are not prepared by a sense of sin. We do not know the names of any of the seventy, but they were just sent to do what every good man is sent to do—to make men ready for Christ. They were sent out as they were to make them feel all the more that their dependence must be in God. Of course when they were told to salute no man that did not mean they were not to be courteous, but as salutations in the East were full of elaborate trifling they were not to hinder their work by absurd entangling customs.

The reception of the gospel in houses and in cities is the test of tendency and of character—of fitness for mercy or for judgment. The opportunities of men and nations are considered by God, and their privileges are the measure of their responsibility.



**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

*Continued from page 40.*

At the  
age of  
23

Milton wrote the sonnet beginning—

How soon hath Time, the subtle theft of youth,  
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year !  
My hasting days fly on with full career,  
But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth.

And ending—

All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

Grace Darling became famous. On the 7th September, 1838, the Forfarshire steamboat was wrecked upon one of the rocks of the Farne Islands, off the coast of Northumberland, and most of the sixty-three persons on board were lost. The keeper of the lighthouse there was one William Darling, a great lover of books but a great hater of cards and novels. In the morning, Darling, who was alone with his wife and daughter, saw that a few of the passengers had found refuge on a rock. He launched a coble, and by wonderful strength and skill rowed to the place with the help of his daughter, knowing that it would be impossible to return without the help of some of the endangered persons. Four men and a woman were successfully taken off and brought to the lighthouse. Darling then returned with two of the rescued men and brought off the four men who had been left. His daughter Grace, in spite of the honour and gifts and requests for locks of hair which her brave deed brought her from every part of the world, remained a sensible, hard-working girl. She was beneath the average in height. Her health, which had always been rather delicate, gave way a year or two after, and she died in 1842, aged 27.

24 John Keats published his third and last volume, which contains poems "that have placed him," according to Matthew Arnold, "with Shakespeare." It was he who wrote the line, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." He died at Rome in 1821, aged twenty-five years and four months, and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery there. On his headstone is a lyre, with the inscription which he himself had written—

HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER.

Patrick Hamilton, nephew of the Earl of Arran and the Duke of Albany and a relative of King James V., was burned before the old College of St. Andrews, 28th Feb., 1527, for having embraced the Protestant faith. He had travelled in Germany when young, and there met Luther and Melanchthon. When he was come to the place of martyrdom he put off his clothes and gave them to his servant, saying, "This stuff will not help me in the fire, yet will do thee some good.



At the  
age of  
24

I have no more to leave thee but the ensample of my death, which, I pray thee, keep in mind ; for albeit the same be bitter and painful in man's judgment, yet it is the entrance to everlasting life." His death greatly helped the Reformation ; "the reek of Mr. Patrick Hamilton infected as many as it blew upon."

25

Anne Ascue was burned at the stake in London, 16th July, 1546, for denying the doctrine of *transubstantiation*. She was the daughter of Sir William Ascue and had been married to a Roman Catholic gentleman, but was disowned by them both when she became a Protestant. In her youth she was often to be seen in the aisles of Lincoln Cathedral reading the Bible, while the priests watched her. After her apprehension as a heretic she stoutly defended herself before the Bishops. "The bread at the Communion which you call God," she said, "is not God. For proof thereof, put it in a box for three months and it will become mouldy." Taken to prison, she wrote these words : "The bread is but a remembrance of Christ's death, or a sacrament of thanksgiving for it. Written by me, Anne Ascue, that neither wish death nor yet fear his might, and as merry as one that is bound towards Heaven." She was so weak with being tortured on the rack that she had to be carried to the stake. After she was fastened to it, letters were handed to her from the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, who, with the Dukes of Norfolk and Bedford, sat looking on, in which she and her three companions were offered pardon if they would recant their heresy. But she refused to read them, saying, "We are not come hither to deny our Lord and Master."

John Calvin, the greatest of Frenchmen, wrote his "Institutes of the Christian religion," which he published as a brief statement of the faith of the persecuted Protestants "whom he saw cruelly cut to pieces by treacherous and ungodly men." The *Institutes* is one of those books that have fixed the destiny of nations, and altered the whole world's history. It is to it, next to the Bible, that Protestants owe their knowledge of the Covenant of mercy which God made with Christ from all eternity for the redemption of sinful men. Calvin's parents were Roman Catholics, and it was while he was studying law in Orleans that he first became acquainted with the Scriptures. His life was one of great bodily suffering. He died on the 27th of May, 1564, aged 55.

In the month of July, 1843, James Prescott Joule made his first announcement of the *mechanical equivalent of heat*. "If a pound weight of water were to fall to the ground through 772 feet, and be then suddenly stopped, its temperature would be raised one degree ; or, the heat that would make a pound of water one degree hotter, would, if it were applied by a steam-engine or any other way, lift 772 lbs. weight one foot high." "I am satisfied," he said, "that by the Creator's will whatever mechanical force is expended an exact equivalent of heat is always obtained."

I am afraid none of the boys or girls who read this will be able to see the greatness of this discovery, but for all that it was one of the

At the  
age of  
25

greatest discoveries of this century. It has contributed more than anything else to the triumphs of engineering science both by land and sea. Yet Mr. Joule's name was known to very few, and his death, which occurred only last year in the 71st year of his age, attracted less notice than the death of an ignorant jockey or football player who could not sign his own name would have done. He was once a candidate for a chair in St. Andrews University, but one of the electors objected to him on account of a slight personal deformity, and Mr. Joule lost the appointment. He was a man of singular simplicity and earnestness, and so careful in his search after truth that he at one time was anxious to go to America to the Falls of Niagara—not to look at their majesty—but to find out the difference of temperature of the water at the top and bottom of the fall !

*To be continued.*

## The Child with the Bird at the Bush.

BY JOHN BUNYAN.

"My little bird, how canst thou sit  
And sing amidst so many thorns !  
Let me but hold upon thee get ;  
My love with honour thee adorns.

Thou art at present little worth ;  
Five farthings none will give for thee.  
But prithee, little bird, come forth,  
Thou of more value art to me.

'Tis true, it is sunshine to-day,  
To-morrow birds will have a storm ;  
My pretty one, come thou away,  
My bosom then shall keep thee warm.

Thou subject art to cold o' nights,  
When darkness is thy covering ;  
At day thy danger's great by kites,  
How canst thou then sit there and sing?

Thy food is scarce and scanty, too,  
'Tis worms and trash which thou dost eat ;

Thy present state I pity do,  
Come, I'll provide thee better meat.

I'll feed thee with white bread and  
milk,

And sugar-plums, if them thou crave ;  
I'll cover thee with finest silk,  
That from the cold I may thee save.

My father's palace shall be thine,  
Yea in it thou shalt sit and sing ;  
My little bird, if thou'lt be mine,  
The whole year round shall be thy  
spring.

I'll teach thee all the notes at Court ;  
Unthought of music thou shalt play ;  
And all that thither do resort,  
Shall praise thee for it ev'ry day.

I'll keep thee safe from cat and cur,  
No manner o' harm shall come to  
thee ;

Yea, I will be thy succourer,  
My bosom shall thy cabin be.  
But lo, behold, the bird is gone—  
These charmings would not make her  
yield ;

The child's left at the bush alone,  
The bird flies yonder o'er the field."



**H**INDUS will not eat or drink  
with any one who is not of  
the same *caste* as them-  
selves. During one of our Indian  
wars forty years ago, a General  
Skinner found a wounded Soobahdar  
on the battlefield dying from thirst  
and loss of blood, and offered him  
a drink of water. The soldier said  
faintly, "My caste, sir, my caste."  
The General pressed the water on  
him again, saying, "We are alone ;  
no one will see you." But the poor  
man shook his head and said, "God  
sees me."

**A**N ordinary *Limpet* weighs, without its shell, says Mr. Lawrence Hamilton, a little less than half-an-ounce. Yet it takes a force exceeding 62 lbs., that is upwards of 1984 times its own weight, to loosen its grip on a rock, unless it be taken unawares. But what it is that enables it to take such firm hold no man has yet found out. Stronger than Samson in this at least, the *Limpet* refuses to tell us "wherein its great strength lieth." But the secret will be got at some day, no doubt, and naturalists say that the man who finds it out will be called great. So, though there are no more continents to be discovered or opened up, the chances of winning fame are not yet exhausted.

### Isabella Campbell.

**I**SABELLA CAMPBELL was a girl in humble life, and little more than twenty when she died. She has been lying in the grave for almost three and sixty years, yet in the neighbourhood in which she lived her memory is green and her name like ointment poured forth. She lived and died at Fernicarry, Garelochhead, eight miles from Helensburgh, on the Clyde.

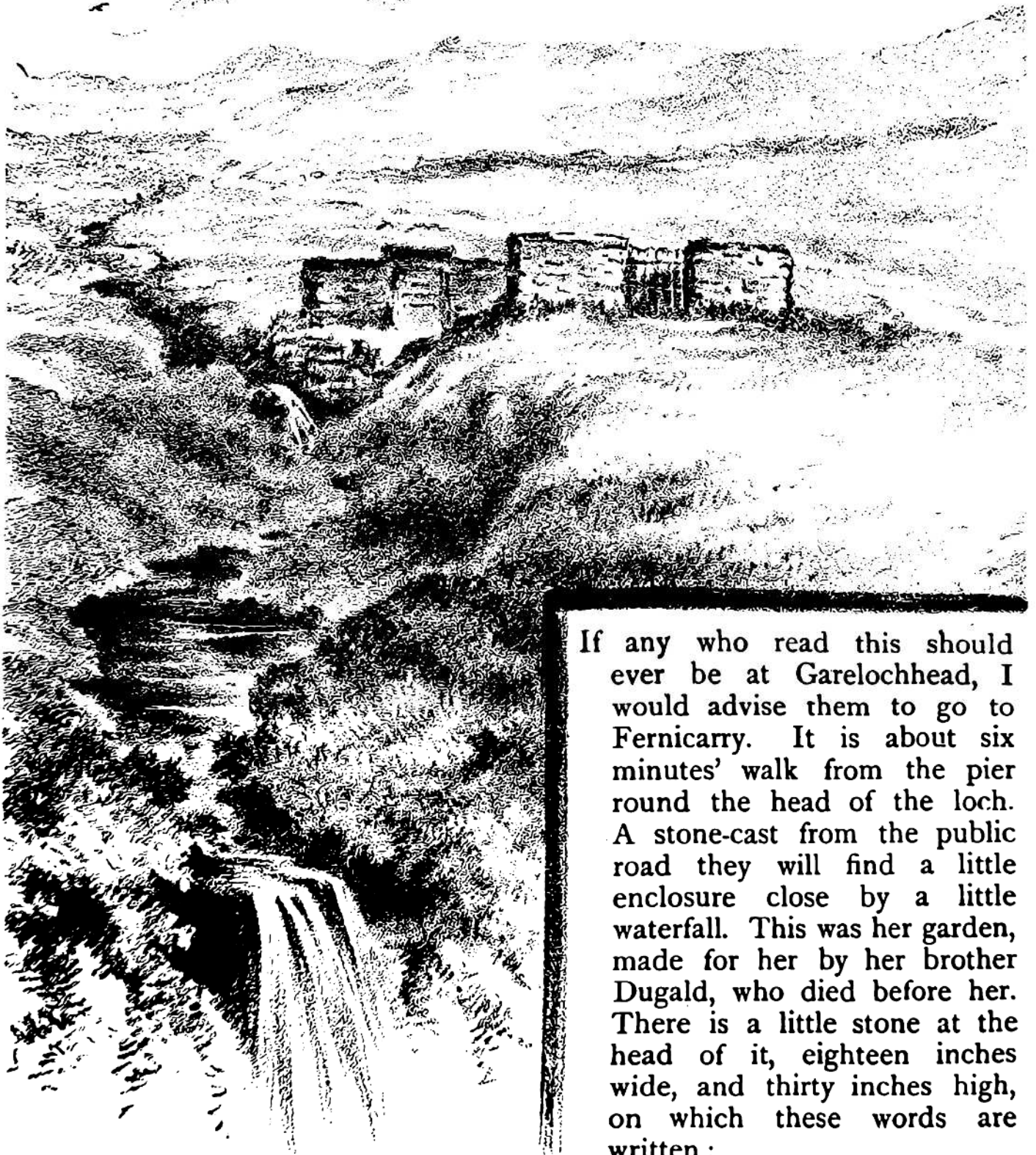
She sought and found Christ early. And with what diligence she sought Him they were witnesses who saw her walking in her weakness, summer and winter, the long, though lovely, five miles that lay between her home and the Ros-

neath Church; and the road itself is witness, for on it, when no eye saw her but her little sister Mary, she would kneel and pray. Sacramental Sabbaths were her great delight. On the 11th July, 1824, a day or two before her first Communion, she made and wrote out a personal Covenant with God. Its closing sentences run thus :

"And when the solemn hour of death comes, do Thou, O Lord, remember this my covenant. Look down with pity, O my Heavenly Father, on Thy languishing, dying child; embrace me in Thine everlasting arms; put strength and confidence into my departing spirit, and receive it to the abodes of them that sleep in Jesus. And if any surviving friends should, when I am in the dust, meet with this memorial of my solemn transactions with Thee, may they make the engagement their own; and do Thou graciously admit them to partake in all the blessings of Thy Covenant, through Jesus, the great Mediator of it. To Whom, with Thee, O Father, and Thy Holy Spirit, be everlasting praise and glory. Amen.

"ISABELLA CAMPBELL."

But she had many a struggle after this, and often feared she had sinned "the sin against the Holy Ghost." Many a long night she spent in prayer, but her prayers were turned into praises, and her face, which was naturally beautiful, often shone with the glory of God. Her favourite tune was *Martyrdom*, or *Fenwick*, as it was sometimes called, and the



If any who read this should ever be at Garelochhead, I would advise them to go to Fernicarry. It is about six minutes' walk from the pier round the head of the loch. A stone-cast from the public road they will find a little enclosure close by a little waterfall. This was her garden, made for her by her brother Dugald, who died before her. There is a little stone at the head of it, eighteen inches wide, and thirty inches high, on which these words are written :

words she loved to sing were such as these :

Such pity as a father hath  
Unto his children dear,  
Like pity shews the Lord to such  
As worship Him in fear.

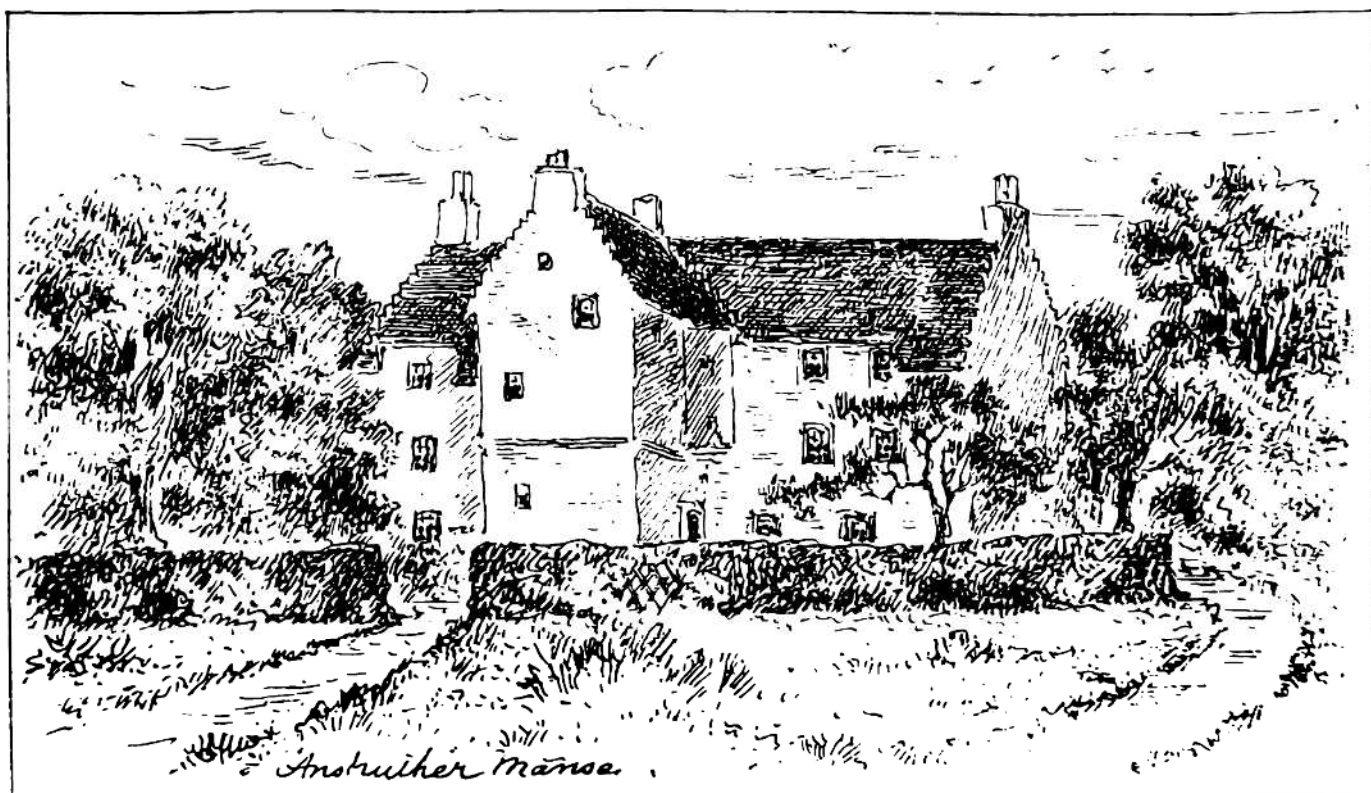
HERE  
ISABELLA CAMPBELL  
WAS WONT TO PRAY.





**T**HE average duration of human life is 33 years. One quarter of the people on the earth die before they are 6, one half before they are 16, and only one out of every 100 born lives to be 65. It is calculated that 67 people die, and that 70 are born every minute.

**C**OMMONPLACE statesmen and commonplace persons of all kinds live by delay, believe in it, hope in it, pray to it: but great men work as those who know that the night is coming, "in which no man can work."—*Sir Arthur Helps, Clerk of the Privy Council.*



## The White Doves of Anstruther.

**T**HE Manse of Anstruther was built in 1587 by James Melville, nephew to Andrew Melville, the Reformer. It is still occupied by the parish minister. Mr. Melville built it at his own expense, and there the first years of his happy married life were spent. Their two eldest boys were Ephraim and Andrew, good and

gentle children, of whom a beautiful story is told.

A friend had given them a pair of white doves which had the freedom of the house, and grew so tame that they came at call, perched on the shoulder of the boys, and fed from their hand. When little Andrew fell ill of a sickness no skill or care could cure, the doves would perch upon his bed or nestle in his bosom. Though gently put away they returned again into the arms of the sleeping child; and when his eyes

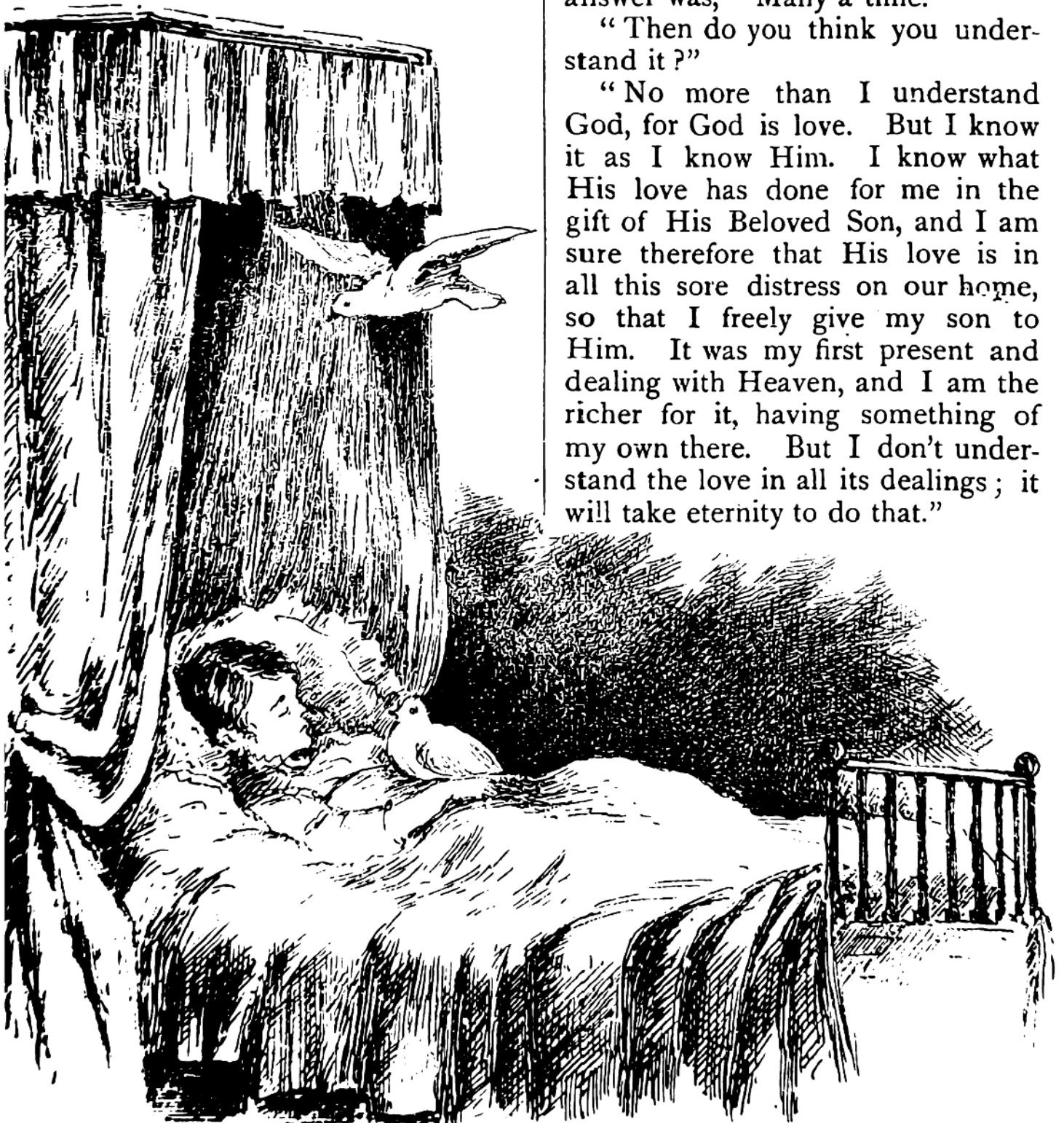
closed in death, and the young mother removed the dove, she found that it, too, had died. The other bird mourned awhile in piteous tones, refusing all food and caressing, and then it also died. "Surely

to prove," said the father, "that there is a great fountain of love above that can send so much of its love into our poor hearts, and even into the bonnie dove."

When Mr. Melville was asked if he ever preached about *love*, his answer was, "Many a time."

"Then do you think you understand it?"

"No more than I understand God, for God is love. But I know it as I know Him. I know what His love has done for me in the gift of His Beloved Son, and I am sure therefore that His love is in all this sore distress on our home, so that I freely give my son to Him. It was my first present and dealing with Heaven, and I am the richer for it, having something of my own there. But I don't understand the love in all its dealings; it will take eternity to do that."



### Judge Not.

I HAVE had another look at the *City of New York*, the longest, and one of the three most beautiful steamships in the world. One never wearies looking at her, so big, so strong, and yet so graceful.

One day on my way to Glasgow by rail two years ago, I had a man and woman and three children for fellow-passengers. When our train was well up the hill one could see the *City of New York*, then lying at our Greenock anchorage. And a glorious sight she was, the sun shining on her in all his beauty. I thought the people in the carriage might not have seen her, and, anxious that they should not lose the chance, I told them to come to the window and see the second biggest ship in all the world—for the *Great Eastern* had not then been broken up. But they paid little heed to me, and though I did all I could to interest them in her by quoting figures and using the best adjectives at my command, it was all in vain! They did not even turn their heads. During the rest of the journey I said nothing, but consoled myself by abusing them in my mind for their want of manners and their love of ignorance.

But, just before we parted, I was sore reproved for my evil thoughts. The man had spoken to one of the children who happened to be sitting on the other side of me, and the child not answering, I said, "Your father is speaking to you."

"He's not their father," said the woman, "he's their uncle. Their

father was killed four months ago working in the *City of New York*, the big boat you were pointing out to us."

Truly "the heart knoweth its own bitterness."

THE humblest Christian worker, who is really pained with the sin of men, and rejoices in their salvation, is feeling, in his degree, the very passion which bore the Saviour of the world through His sufferings, and which has throbbed from eternity in the heart of God.—*Mr. Stalker's Imago Christi.*

I WANT to tell you something, gentlemen. Eternity is very long. Opportunity is a very little portion of it, but worth the whole of it.—*Emerson.*

I FIND earth not grey, but rosy;  
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.  
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.  
Do I stand and stare? All's blue.  
—*Browning.*

### Flowers.



ALL earthly beings must serve man, the king of nature; but of his servants flowers are not only the most beautiful, but also the most faithful, for they give up their life to serve him in joy and sorrow, and when

all else remains behind, they follow him to the grave, there to die by his side.

It is a happy circumstance that the statue of Luther in Leipsic has come to stand in a flower garden. From 1527 onwards he pursued gardening almost as a profession. He frequently said that if he could have left theology with a good conscience he would have been a gardener rather than anything else. He sowed and reared melons, gourds, radishes, and other kitchen vegetables, but above all he preferred flowers.

He showed this during his disputation with his Roman Catholic adversary John Eck, at Leipsic, in

the month of August, 1519. David met the giant Goliath with stones for his sling in his shepherd's scrip. And what did Luther do when confronted with his antagonist, tall and burly, and with a voice like thunder? *He smelled a bunch of flowers.* So the story goes.

Do you ask if he really got strength from them? Later in life he once said:—"While Satan with his members rages, I will meantime laugh at him, and look at my garden, that I may enjoy the blessing of the Creator and what goes to glorify Him." Yes, God is not far from any one of us.—*Iris: by the late Dr. Franz Delitzsch.*

## Bible Questions.

**JUNIORS.**—1. How many persons die every day and (2) every year? (See page 56.)  
3. Write out the three shortest verses in Ephesians.

**SENIORS.**—1. A list of ships in the Bible the number of whose passengers we know.  
2. What Psalms were quoted by Christ in the last week of His life?

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

**JUNIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Maggie Alexander, Annie Allen, Jessie L. Alston, Robert L. Alston, James Armour, John Armour, Martha S. Armour, Daniel M'I. Black, Jonathan Black, Mina Black, Janet Barclay, Anna Bella Bradford, Mary C. Breslin, Alice Briggs, Robert A. Briggs, Wm. John Briggs, Elizabeth Lockhart Brown, Gavin Robert L. Brown, Tommie Shirlaw Brown, Ellen Cameron, A. Chancellor, Ellenor R. Craig, Lizzie Cully, Alex. Culton, Nellie Culton, Archie B. Finlay, Catherine Gilray, John Graham, Sarah Graham, Wm. Graham, Robert W. Gregg, Edward L. Grieve, Robert Grieve, Beatrice Jane Hegan, Agnes Ann Higgins, Robert Andrew Higgins, Thomas Peter Higgins, William Alexander Higgins, Jessie Y. Howie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Maggie Kirkwood, Amelia H. Lang, Jessie R. Lang, Lizzie Lang, A. T. Martin, Anna B. Martin, Elizabeth Martin, Jane S. Martin, Mary H. Martin, Daniel Mackay, Lizzie Moore, James M'Crea, Betty M'Donald, Janet M'Donald, W. G. M'Farlane, Mary A. M'Kail, James C. M'Kinnell, Maggie M'Kinnon, Willie Archie Paterson, Lizzie Pumphrey, Robert James Rainey, Leah Robinson, Lucy Robinson, W. J. Robinson, Marion W. Scott, James Shankland, John D. Sloan, Robert R. Stevenson.

**SENIORS.**—Alex. Adams, John Allen, C. H. Chancellor, Aggie Christie, Hannah Cromie, Maggie Hamilton, Mary Hamilton, Lizzie Kean, Maggie K. W. Martin, Maggie Moor, James Paterson, Lizzie S. Stevenson, Lizzie Hastings Steel, John Still, Tom Tudhope.

*The 1889 Volume of The Morning Watch is now ready, price One Shilling (free by post 1s. 1d.) Copies of the 1888 Volume may still be had. James M'Kelvie & Sons, Greenock. May be had of all Booksellers.*



| THE MOON.      |   |      |      | THE SUN RISES |                | SETS. |
|----------------|---|------|------|---------------|----------------|-------|
| Full Moon,     | . | 4th  | May. | Sabbath, 4th  | May, at 4.28 ; | 7.25. |
| Last Quarter,  | . | 11th | "    | " 11th        | " 4.16 ;       | 7.36. |
| New Moon,      | . | 18th | "    | " 18th        | " 4.6 ;        | 7.47. |
| First Quarter, | . | 26th | "    | " 25th        | " 3.57 ;       | 7.56. |

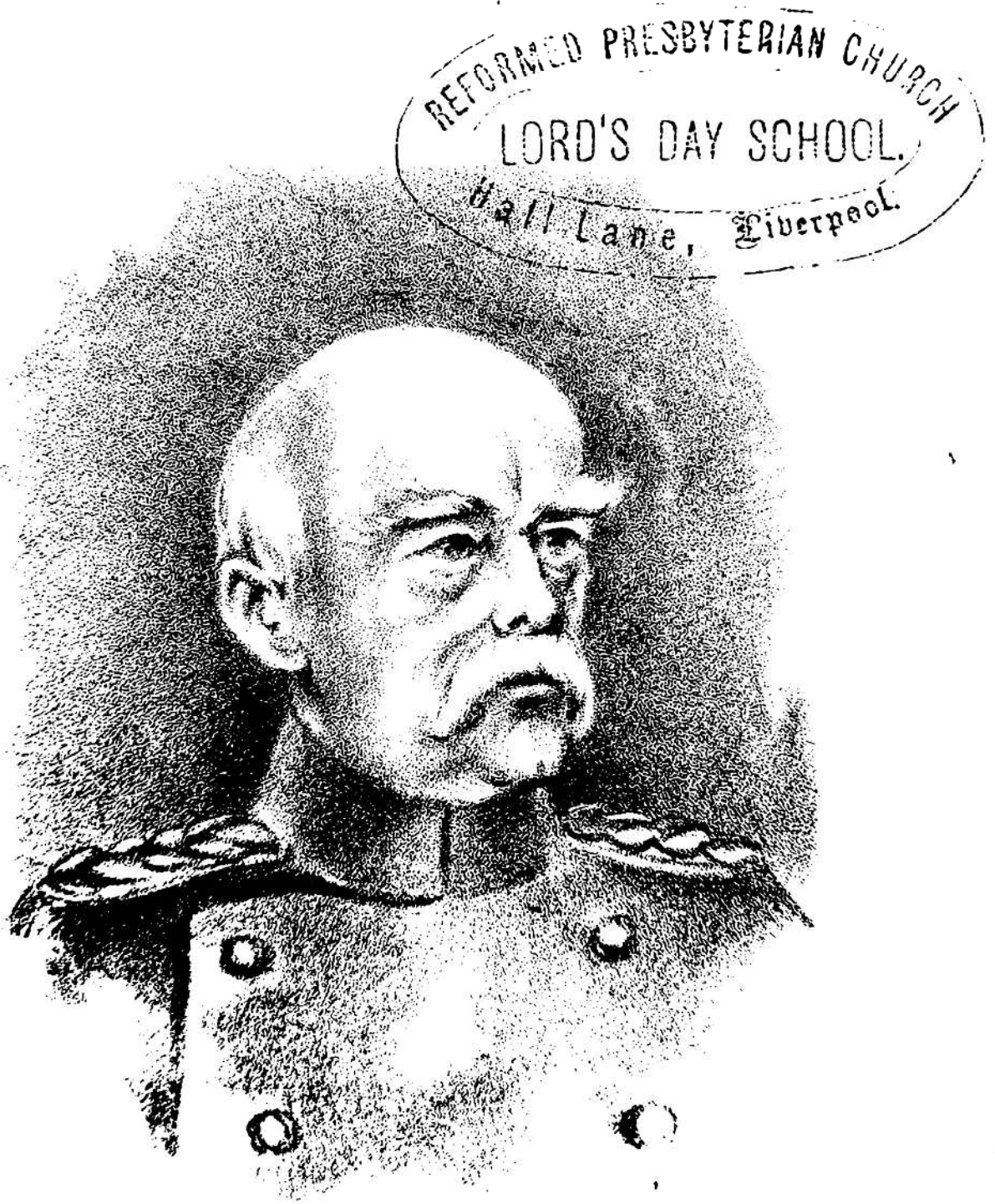
|    |    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|----|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | TH | He changeth the times and the seasons.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| 2  | F  | Blessed be the name of God, for ever and ever :                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| 3  | S  | For wisdom and might are His.— <i>Dan. ii. 20, 21.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| 4  | S  | My soul, wait thou only upon God :                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| 5  | M  | For my expectation is from Him.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| 6  | TU | He only is my rock and my salvation :                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| 7  | W  | He is my defence :                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| 8  | TH | I shall not be moved.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| 9  | F  | In God is my salvation, and my glory :                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| 10 | S  | The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.— <i>Ps. lxii. 5, 6, 7.</i> (When the body of Captain Allen Gardener, the sailor missionary, was found on Picton Island, Tierra del Fuego, these three verses were found painted, beneath a hand, outside a cavern hard by. Inside the cave was found the body of Maidment, his companion.) |
| 11 | S  | The Lord is good,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| 12 | M  | A stronghold in the day of trouble ;                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| 13 | TU | And He knoweth them that put their trust in Him.— <i>Nahum i. 7.</i> (A favourite verse of Dr. Livingstone's on his last journey.)                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| 14 | W  | No man is able to pluck them out of the Father's hand.— <i>John x. 29.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| 15 | TH | I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously.— <i>Ex. xv. 1.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| 16 | F  | Yea, of a surety, God will not do wickedly.— <i>Job xxxiv. 12. R.V.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| 17 | S  | A just God, and a Saviour ; there is none beside Me.— <i>Isa. xlv. 21.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| 18 | S  | He must increase ;                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| 19 | M  | But I must decrease.— <i>John iii. 30.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| 20 | TU | I abhor myself.— <i>Job xlii. 6.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| 21 | W  | How long wilt thou refuse to humble thyself?— <i>Ex. x. 3.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| 22 | TH | Thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme.— <i>2 Sam. xii. 14.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| 23 | F  | I have called, and ye refused.— <i>Prov. i. 24.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| 24 | S  | Israel would none of Me.— <i>Ps. lxxxi. 11.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| 25 | S  | The Lord will go before you ;                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| 26 | M  | And the God of Israel will be your rereward.— <i>Isa. lii. 12.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| 27 | TU | Thou searchest out my path.— <i>Ps. cxxxix. 3. R.V.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| 28 | W  | I bare you on eagles' wings.— <i>Ex. xix. 4.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| 29 | TH | He shall cover thee with His feathers.— <i>Ps. xci. 4.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| 30 | F  | If God is for us, who is against us?— <i>Rom. viii. 31. R.V.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| 31 | S  | I in them, and Thou in Me.— <i>John xvii. 23.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |

June, 1890.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*



**Bismarck.**

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

## International Sabbath School Lessons.

*June 1.*—The Good Samaritan.—Luke x. 25-37. Lev. xix. 18. Quest. 75. Psalm xxxii. 1, 2.

LOVE is the fulfilling of the law; it shows us both what to do, and for whom to do it. We try to get out of the law, which says Thou shalt love thy neighbour, by asking Who is my neighbour? but no one who loves at all can be mistaken about that. The priest and the Levite were teachers of God's law, and ought to have been models of love; but they loved themselves too well to risk falling into the hands of thieves while helping a stranger. The Samaritan was despised by the Jews, as without the law; but love showed him what to do, and he did it in spite of danger. Often the first are last, and the last first. Not what we know, but what out of love we do, shows what we are.

*June 8.*—Teaching to Pray.—Luke xi. 1-13. Luke xi. 9. Quest. 76. Psalm xxxii. 3, 4.

THE most of the disciples had always been praying men. But they had got like other Jews into the habit of using "vain repetitions," such as a Roman Catholic uses still. John the Baptist had taught some of them a better way, and now they wished the Lord to guide them. It was after He had been praying that they asked to be taught. This prayer was not one of Christ's prayers, though it is called the Lord's prayer, for it is one He could not have prayed.

The little parable in verses 5 to 8 is only meant to teach us that if persistency can move an indolent and indifferent man to do what he is asked, certainly God will listen to earnest and persevering prayer.

All true prayer is answered. A loving father may not give what his son asks, but he will give him what is good. The Holy Spirit is the sum of all the good gifts of God.

*June 15.*—The Rich Fool.—Luke xii. 13-21. Luke xii. 15. Quest. 77. Psalm xxxii. 5.

WHEN the heart is wrong how the mind wanders from good! This man had been hearing Christ utter some of His most solemn words, yet he was only wondering when He would be done that he might speak to Him about the property, about his share. He may have been wronged by his brother, but what he wanted was not just to get his rights but to get more than he had.

However much this man had, it would do him no good, for the covetous man is one who is always wanting a little more. He thinks of himself only. Notice how often the rich fool says "I," as if he were everything. And yet the man who is always thinking of himself misses everything here—happiness and contentment. "There are no pockets in the shroud," and suddenly he is in eternity, having no treasure with him there, having made no provision for that.

*June 22.*—Trust in our Heavenly Father.—Luke xii. 22-34. Text, Luke xii. 30. Quest. 78. Psalm xxxii. 6.

IF a boy were to say, I will work hard and do my best, and never waste a penny, and part with all I have if God asks me, and I will trust Him, that boy would live to be a hero. Most men spend their lives thinking about things God says He will look after. Christ spoke from knowledge as God, and experience as Man; He often did not know where His next meal was to come from. Every whistling blackbird and every daisy is a call to faith. On the last Arctic expedition, one Sabbath morning, when Greely and his men had given up hope, they heard a snowbird chirping loudly on the roof of their hut. "All noise stopped as by magic, and no word was said until the little bird passed."

*June 29.*—Review of the Lessons.—Text, John iii. 2. Psalm xxxii. 7, 8.

*July 6.*—Lawful Work on the Sabbath.—Luke xiii. 10-17. Text, Matt. xii. 12. Quest. 79. Psalm xxxiii. 6, 7.

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

*Continued from page 53.*

At the  
age of  
26

In 1761, Robert Clive, afterwards Lord Clive, by his heroic capture and defence of the fort of Arcot, overthrew the power of the French in India, and won that country for Great Britain. Arcot was besieged for fifty days by 4,000 native troops, assisted by 150 Frenchmen. Their artillery succeeded at last in making two great breaches in the walls, one fifty feet wide, the other ninety. But to such a pitch of courage had Clive roused his little force, now reduced to eighty Europeans and 150 Sepoys, that the enemy's assaulting columns were gloriously repulsed. Such was the devotion of the Sepoys during the siege that, it is said, when the stores of grain were almost done, and famine threatened the little garrison, they offered to let their English comrades have all the rice to eat. "They need the rice, but the water in which it is boiled will be enough for us." Ever afterwards Clive was known as *Sabat Jung*, Daring in War. The ascendancy of the French in India came to an end, and the whole Eastern career of the British nation was fixed and determined, all owing, under God, to the bravery of a young man of twenty-six.

James Renwick was hanged at the Grassmarket, Edinburgh, 17th February, 1688. He was the last of the Covenanters who was put to death. For four years he was the only man in Scotland who dared to preach the gospel in the open fields. His last sermon was preached at Bo'ness on Isaiah liii. 1. On the morning of his execution, in giving thanks after breakfast, he said, "Oh, how can I contain the thoughts of this to be within two hours of the Crown of Glory." On the scaffold he sang part of Psalm ciii., and read Revelation xix. Then he tried to speak, but the drums were ordered to be beat. He was buried in the felons' common grave in Greyfriars' Churchyard.

27

"It was at Rome," says Edward Gibbon in his *Autobiography*, "on the 15th of October, 1764, in the twenty-seventh year of my age, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started into my mind." His *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is acknowledged by scholars of every country to be one of the greatest achievements of the human mind.

28

David Livingstone landed at Port-Natal, and began his life's work in Africa. He was the son of "poor and pious" parents, as he describes them on their tombstone in Hamilton Churchyard. At the age of 10 he was put to work as a "piecer" in a cotton mill. The first wages he ever got was half-a-crown; he brought it home and put it in his mother's lap. After he was promoted to be a spinner, he used to place a book on the spinning jenny so that he could catch sentence after sentence as he passed at his work. The



At the  
age of  
28

utmost interval he could have for reading at a time was less than a minute. He was converted about twenty, and afterwards—but this was before he had resolved to be a missionary himself—he made a resolution that he would “give to the cause of missions all that he might earn beyond what was required for his subsistence.” He spent 30 years in Africa—his travels during that time covering one-third of the continent, reaching from the Cape to near the Equator, and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. But it is only now, 17 years after he is dead, that the extent of his work and influence is beginning to be felt.

*To be continued.*

## About Trusting God.

**T**HAT is a good rule which the wise king gives us, “Trust in the Lord with all thine heart.” And it can be applied to so many things.

### I.

There is your Bible-reading. I hope you do not let a single day slip without remembering it. But you must do more than read; you must trust. You must hear God Himself speaking to you in the Bible, and you must guide your lives by what He says to you. Some years ago men were busy making a tunnel through Mont Cenis, the mountain that separates France from Italy. There were two bands of them, the one digging from the Italian side, the other from the French; they had seven miles of solid rock to pierce through. How could they be sure that they would go straight, and meet in the centre? They had a little instrument that told them. They trusted it. And, sure enough, it led them right. One day the workmen on the one side heard the sound of hammers and pickaxes on the other, and soon the last thin

sheet of rock was broken through, and Italy and France joined hands. That came of watching and trusting the instrument that showed them the way. So, when you read your Bibles, let it be with trustful and obedient hearts.

### II.

Then there are your prayers. When you kneel to pray, it should not be to go over a form of words without thinking what they mean. You should trust God then. Tell Him what you want and what you would like to be. Ask Him with your whole heart to keep you, to bless you. Take Him into your confidence, just as you would take your mother or your dearest friend. When Dr. John Duncan—Rabbi Duncan—misaid a paper in his study, he knelt down first and prayed about it, and then he went to look for it. And, night after night, he liked to lay himself down to rest with the infants’ prayer on his lips:—

“This night, when I lie down to sleep,  
I give my soul to Christ to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.”

That was simplicity. That was trusting God in prayer.

## III.

Then there are your thoughts about the future. Sometimes you are perplexed. You are not sure what way to take. That is the time to look to God, and to trust Him to make it all clear and plain. And He will not disappoint you. I was reading lately about an incident in the American Civil War. Some good people—a missionary to the Indians and his friends—were fleeing from the Confederates, who threatened to kill them. They were very anxious to get to the Arkansas river by a certain afternoon, when a small steamer would touch there. But one thing after another delayed them. At last their waggon broke down, an utter wreck. They wondered, for they had committed themselves to God. And He *was* remembering them. If they had got to the river when they hoped, they would have found their enemies there before them, waiting for their coming. And God did something more. He detained the steamer for two days by low water and shifting currents. The rough soldiers on the river-bank got tired and dispersed, and went home. And the little band of fugitives came out from the forest just at the proper time, and went on board safely with none to make them afraid. Yes, "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."

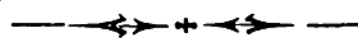
## IV.

One thing more. There is the salvation of your souls. Be sure that you trust the Lord with that—the Lord Jesus Christ. That is the way to be saved from sin and death

—just to put yourselves into His hands; just to feel that you can do nothing and that He must do everything; just to repeat from the heart those words which William Carey loved so much, and which are written on his gravestone:—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall."

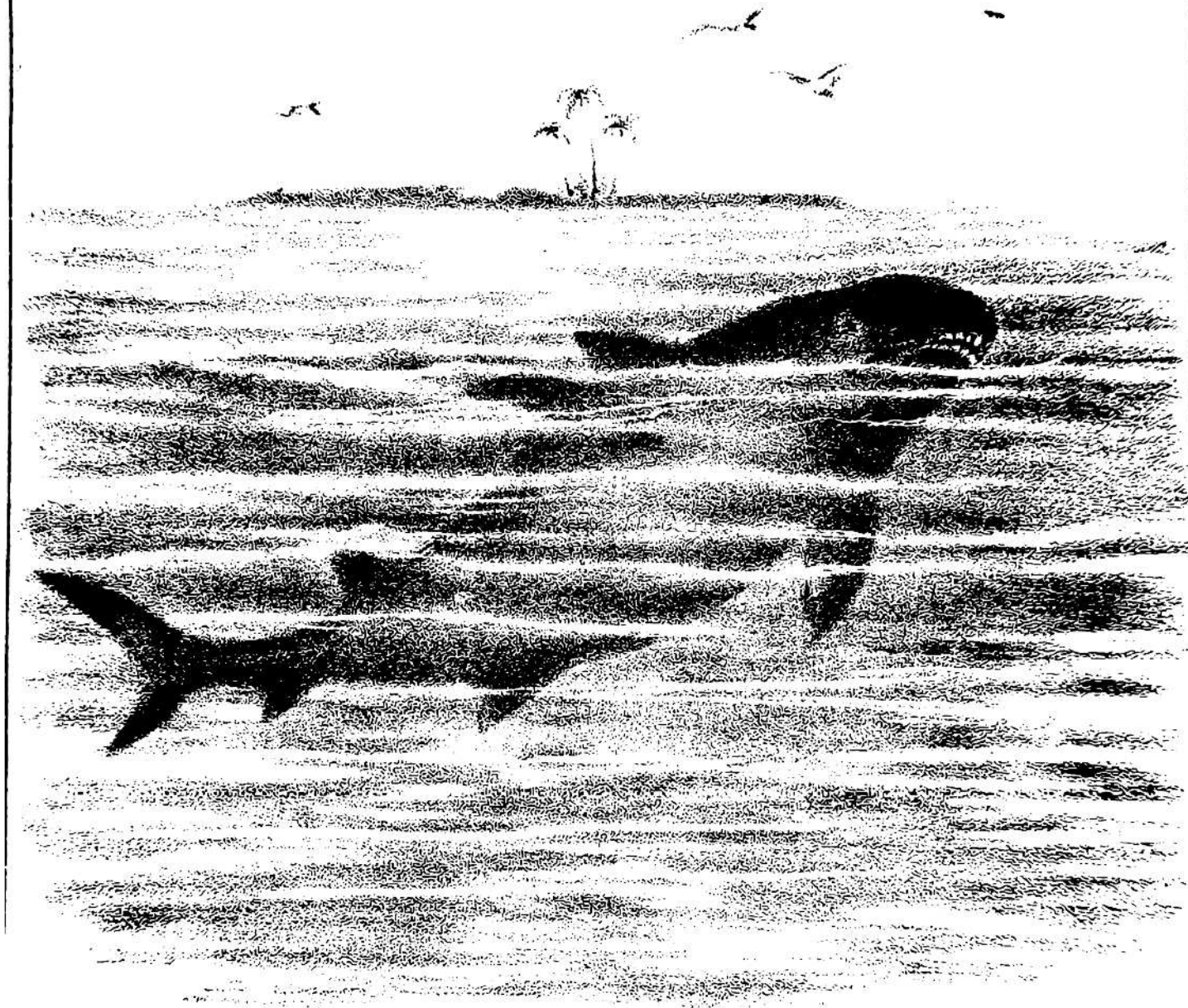
If you come to Him like that, I know this—He will in no wise cast you out.



## A Shark Story.

**E**ARLY in the year 1799 the British gunboat *Sparrow* chased and captured a suspicious-looking brig called the *Nancy*. They examined her, and found she had all the appliances and fittings—such as fetters, chains, handcuffs—that were commonly used in the slave-trade. Evidently the *Nancy* was a slaver, but all the letters and documents on board were such as might be found in any ordinary honest merchant ship. However, she was brought into Kingston harbour, Jamaica, and there she lay for several months waiting till the law authorities should decide what was to be done with her—whether she should be burned or allowed to go away. There was little doubt as to her guilt, but her owners protested her innocence, and her guilt could not be proved. Orders were at last given for her discharge.

But on the very day she was to sail, September 24, a Lieutenant Fitton appeared before the judges and told the following story. He



was commander, he said, of a gun-boat which was acting as tender to the *Abergavenny* man-of-war, and had been cruising off the island of St. Domingo on the 30th of August. His men saw a dead bullock floating, surrounded by sharks, and as they wished to catch some of them they towed the bullock alongside the ship, and baited several hooks. They caught one of the sharks immediately, and as it was larger than common they examined it on deck with unusual interest

and care. They separated its jaws and were examining its maw, when they found a parcel of papers tied with a string. He got the papers carefully dried, and on examination found them to be the papers of a slave-ship called the *Nancy*. Having heard that a ship of that name had been captured, and thinking the papers might be of some use in the case, he had set sail for Kingston, bringing the papers with him.

Mr. Fitton had arrived in time, but not one moment too soon, to

the consternation of the owners! The *Nancy* was forthwith condemned. And that all men might wonder, and praise God, the papers and the strange story of their recovery were framed and hung up on the walls of the court room, and there they are to be seen to this day, with the ink faded and blurred with the sea-water.

Time is the junction of two eternities.—*Carlyle*.

### Can Human Beings Speak? or, What the Sparrows Think.

IT was as lovely a June morning as one could wish to see. There had been heavy rain two days before, but now the sky was without a cloud, and the leaves on the trees were fresh and green. The sparrows had been chirping with all their might for two hours and more, and having finished their third breakfast and taken their morning bath, were having a few minutes' chatter with each other.

"I don't understand these human beings at all," said one of them. "The sun has been shining ever so long, broad daylight, and there is not one of them to be seen, except that blue man with the strange hat on his head that we see every morning."

"I saw another man going about," said a very quiet little bird that hardly ever spoke, "but he had such a sad face, for I was quite close to him, that I stopped singing, and I can't get his look out of my mind, and he had grey hair too."

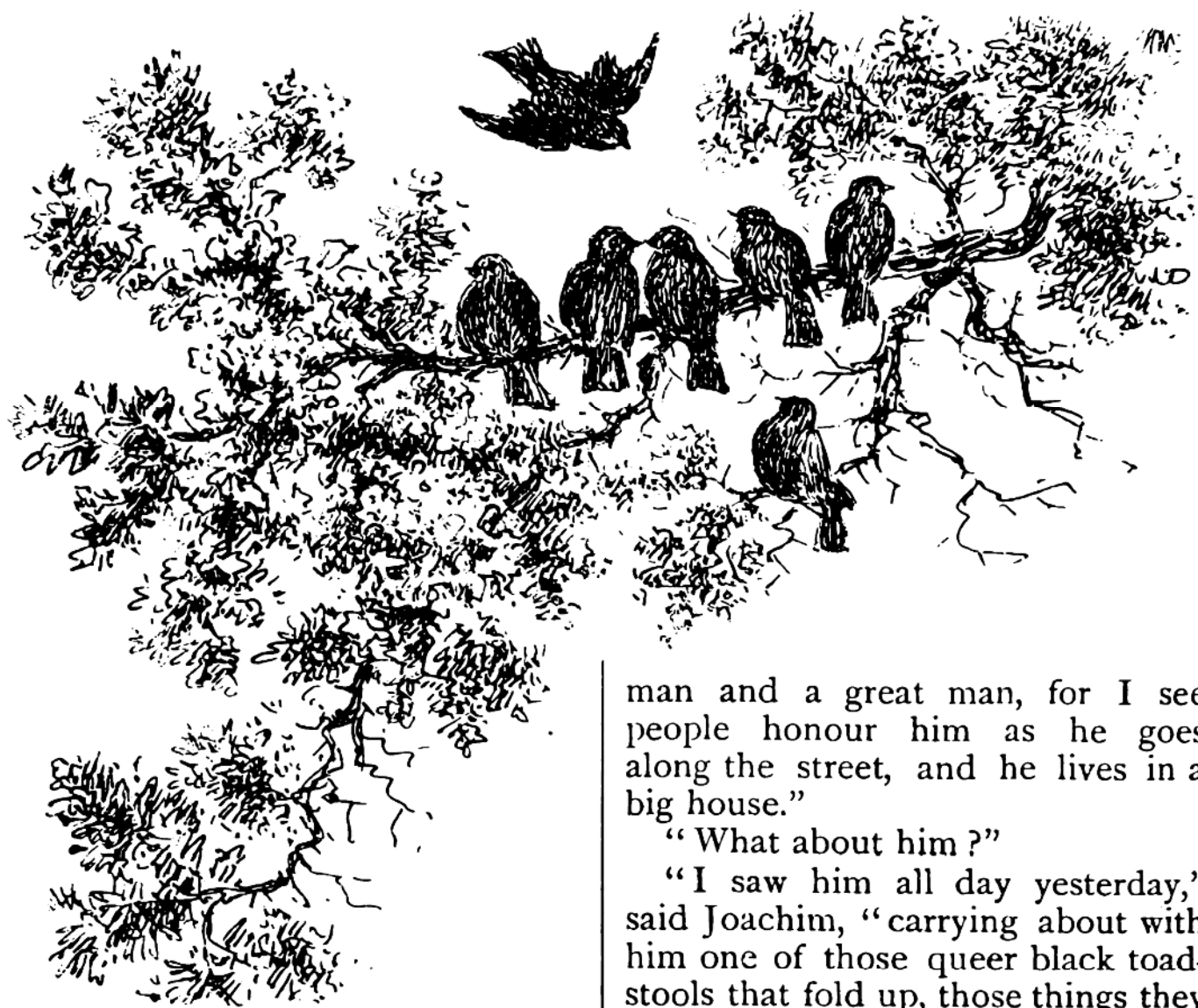
The birds all kept silent for a little, wondering. Of course they didn't know who the man was or what he was doing. I could have told them that he was an old man whose wife was lately dead, and they had an only son who drank and played at cards and swore, and his poor father was away looking for him. But the birds wouldn't have believed me; they would have said that such a thing could not be; so I did not tell them.

"People are all sleeping," said one of the birds at last.

"Oh, I know that," said the first bird, "but why are they sleeping? We go to nest when it is dark and rise the moment it is light, but these human beings make miserable yellow-looking lights for themselves and sit up when darkness comes, and then sleep far on into the day."







"It is very odd indeed," said another sparrow ; I often wonder if human beings have reason like us, or have they instinct only ? For really at times they seem to do very clever things."

"Well, if they do clever things," said another — his name was Joachim, and he was a general favourite—"they do just as silly things."

"For instance ?" said several birds all at once."

"Well, there is that man who builds those funny houses that swim on the sea with the chimneys and the tall tall poles that they spread sheets on. He must be a clever

man and a great man, for I see people honour him as he goes along the street, and he lives in a big house."

"What about him ?"

"I saw him all day yesterday," said Joachim, "carrying about with him one of those queer black toadstools that fold up, those things they creep under when it rains. He must have expected rain, for on other days he carries a reed or a branch of a tree. Now, the stupidest bird I ever saw could have told him there would be no rain for four days."

"True," said they all, "and even then only a passing shower."

"There is a question I would like to ask," said a bird beside Joachim. "May I ?"

"Certainly."

"Do you think human beings can talk like us ? I know, of course, they can make little sounds, which seem to mean something. But can they carry on a sensible talk about things as we do ?"

"I don't think so," said several sparrows all at once.

"I'm sure they can't," said Joachim's big brother, "for I have often sat in the hedge listening to them, and it is always exactly the same thing that they say."

"Really?"

"Yes, but each set has its own note, or two or three notes. The strong well-dressed ones who don't work whistle something like this—and here the poor bird twisted its face very funnily and spoke far down its throat—'Whatsnewtoday, whatsnewtoday!' Now, what sense is there in that? And the lady human beings say a great big word like this, only they whistle much more prettily than the men, 'Wontitbelovelybutyoumustnttell.'"

"I've often heard them myself say that word," said Joachim. "But here is a strange thing a friend of mine told me lately. He saw 20,000 human beings one Saturday stand round a great ring of grass, and for a whole hour and a half, they uttered a note like this, 'Agoalagoalagoal,' and then, he says, they all went away, and he is a sparrow that I never knew telling a lie."

They all agreed that this was a very curious story, and that it seemed to prove beyond a doubt that human beings could not be as intelligent as birds. There was only one old sparrow who said nothing; so Joachim said to her, "But what do you say, Granny? You have known human beings longer than we have."

"Yes, my dear," she said; "I'll be

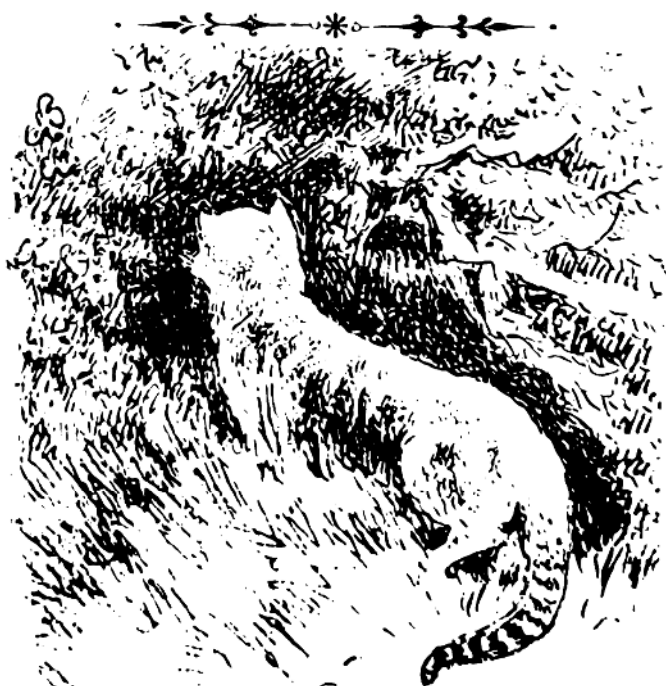
nine years old next April. I was born in April, 1882, and that's a long time since. One ought to learn a good deal in nine years."

"You don't think they can speak?"

"Yes, God who made us made them, and seeing He made them to live together and depend on one another, you may be sure that they can speak. And let me tell you, they often put the same question about us, and some of them really believe that birds can't speak!"

At this the sparrows all laughed right out, especially Joachim, and two or three of them were going to say something when the sentinel who was on watch cried out, "I see a couple of cats sneaking up by the side of the dyke, and I think the debate should be adjourned."

Whereupon they all rose and flew away, but I heard one of them say, "Sparrows can't speak, forsooth! then I would just like to know how we knew what the sentinel said about the cats!"



## One of a Missionary's Difficulties.

**I**T was not till Mr. and Mrs. Geddie had been five years on Aneityum that they found out the native word for *perhaps*. The word for *perhaps* is *Kit*, often followed by *et*, *it is*, and is pronounced so quickly, and is tripped over so lightly, that it eluded their observation, and they were continually being annoyed by natives telling them, as they thought, falsehoods. They would ask a native, "Where is So-and-so?" The native would answer, *Kit et apan aien*, *perhaps he is away*. They understood him to say, *et apan aien*, *he is away*. They often found out afterwards, of course, that the meaning which they had attached to the answer was not true, and they inferred that the native was not speaking the truth. It was, therefore, a great and important discovery when *Kit* was found out and its correct meaning established.—*Dr. John Inglis' Bible Illustrations from the New Hebrides.*

## Prince Bismarck.

**S**UPPOSE a boy had gone home from school dux in geography thirty years ago, and having fallen asleep that night had slept ever since, and were to waken to-morrow morning, and go back to school, I think a good many things would look strange to him. He might find the old building, and perhaps, but this is not likely, one of his old teachers, and he might know the old desks, and some of the old games. His companions would

be all gone, and most of them in the grave. But suppose the new boys allowed him to take his old place when the geography lesson began, what would happen? Just as soon as he could change places, if only he got enough questions put to him, he would be booby instead of dux! For he would find that though the shape of Europe is unchanged, the countries are all different. France, Italy, Austria, Turkey—he would not know them now; and as for Germany, why, there was no Germany the last time he was at school!

These changes have been brought about, as we would say, chiefly by two men; one of them Napoleon III., whose wife, the ex-Empress Eugenie, now lives in England.

In those days, thirty years ago, boys sitting at the fireside heard their fathers talk continually about Napoleon. He was a very wicked man, and was thought to be also very clever and far-seeing. No one could tell what he might not do next. Yet it is now twenty years since his empire fell to pieces in one day. His folly was, if possible, even greater than his wickedness.

Bismarck is the other man who has changed the face of Europe. For more than a quarter of a century he has been more powerful than any other man on earth. That is, as far as we can see. For after all the world is not ruled either by kings or statesmen. Christ reigns. *Pharaoh, King of Egypt*, said God to Jeremiah, *is but a noise*.

There are few men about whom one would like to know more than Bismarck; few men whose real place

in the world's history one would be more anxious to find out. You who are boys, if God spare you, will know more about him thirty years hence than we do now. Certainly there has been no statesman like him for wisdom in modern times. Yet he has made mistakes that a poor man with the Bible for his guide would not have made. Never was man more honoured. Yet he says, "Nobody loves me for what I have done. I have never made anybody happy, not myself, nor my family, nor anybody else. But how many have I made unhappy! But for me three great wars would not have been fought; eighty thousand men would not have perished. I have had little or no joy from all my achievements; nothing but vexation, care, and trouble."

Prince Bismarck has wrought many a great work for God, but the youngest child who reads this, if he will but make God his guide in everything and serve Him with all his heart and soul and strength and mind, will by God's grace do far greater works than he. I like to think of Bismarck's answer to the King of Prussia when he was questioned about his acceptance of the Embassy at Frankfort, the first high post he held. He had been asked by the Prime Minister if he would go, and had answered,

after a moment's deliberation, in one word—*Ja*, that is, yes. The King was much pleased with his answer, and said to him afterwards, "I was surprised that you asked no questions and made no conditions." And Bismarck replied, "Whatever my King feels strong enough to propose to me, I feel strong enough to accept." So with you boys and girls. There are great things to be done in the next thirty years, and God is now asking you to be preparing to do them. He may ask some of you to be missionaries, to translate the Bible into some heathen tongue—and that is the grandest work on earth—or He may ask you to do your duty as simple working-men, but whatever post He gives you, lowly though it may seem, it will be a post of honour. Do the first thing He asks you, and be always ready to do more. It is the people who are ready to do things that will get the things to do. And then, *Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.*



COARSENESS and clumsiness mar all the works of man.

The least of God's works is refreshing to look at. A dried leaf or a straw makes me feel myself in good company.—*Henry Martyn the Missionary's Journal, 1 Jan., 1812.*

### Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1. A list of names of Christ in Revelation xix. 2. A list of birds and beasts mentioned in Proverbs.

SENIORS.—1. Find out six passages illustrated by the shark story on page 65. 2. A list of events that occupied forty days.

*The names of those who did the May lessons will be published in July.*

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.



| THE MOON.      |   |           | THE SUN RISES         |        | SETS. |
|----------------|---|-----------|-----------------------|--------|-------|
| Full Moon,     | . | 3rd June. | Sabbath, 1st June, at | 3.50 ; | 8.5.  |
| Last Quarter,  | . | 9th "     | " 8th "               | 3.46 ; | 8.11. |
| New Moon,      | . | 17th "    | " 15th "              | 3.44 ; | 8.16. |
| First Quarter, | . | 25th "    | " 22nd "              | 3.45 ; | 8.18. |
|                |   |           | " 29th "              | 3.48 ; | 8.18. |

|    |    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|----|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | S  | But He knoweth the way that I take :                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| 2  | M  | When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| 3  | TU | My foot hath held His steps,                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| 4  | W  | His way have I kept, and not declined.                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| 5  | TH | Neither have I gone back from the Commandment of His lips ;                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| 6  | F  | I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food.                                                                                                                                                                               |
| 7  | S  | For He performeth the thing that is appointed for me.— <i>Job xxiii. 10-14.</i><br>(One of the passages that specially cheered James Renwick in prison.)                                                                                          |
| 8  | S  | My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth.— <i>Jer. iii. 4.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| 9  | M  | The Lord guided them on every side.— <i>2 Chron. xxxii. 22.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| 10 | TU | Lead us not into temptation.— <i>Matt. vi. 13.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| 11 | W  | Lead me in a plain path.— <i>Ps. xxvii. 11.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| 12 | TH | My sheep hear My voice,                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| 13 | F  | And I know them, and they follow Me :                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| 14 | S  | And I give unto them eternal life.— <i>John x. 27.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| 15 | S  | Holy, Holy, Holy.— <i>Rev. iv. 8.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| 16 | M  | Thou canst not look on iniquity.— <i>Heb. i. 13.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| 17 | TU | Who can stand before His indignation?— <i>Nahum i. 6.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| 18 | W  | The leper shall cry, unclean, unclean.— <i>Lev. xiii. 45.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| 19 | TH | Ye have seen that the Lord is very pitiful.— <i>James v. 11.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 20 | F  | Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| 21 | S  | I will ; be thou clean.— <i>Matt. viii. 2.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| 22 | S  | My days are like a shadow that declineth.— <i>Ps. cii. 11.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| 23 | M  | My days are swifter than a post ;                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| 24 | TU | They are passed away as the swift ships.— <i>Job ix. 25.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| 25 | W  | The night cometh.— <i>John ix. 25.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| 26 | TH | Watch therefore.— <i>Matt. xxiv. 32.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| 27 | F  | Pray.— <i>Matt. xxvi. 41.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| 28 | S  | Lord, teach us to pray.— <i>Luke xi. 1.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| 29 | S  | He saw them toiling in rowing.                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| 30 | M  | About the fourth watch of the night, He cometh unto them.— <i>Mark vi. 48.</i><br>("Lady, pray read to me of our Lord walking on the water," said a dying soldier in Agra Fort during the Indian Mutiny to Mrs. Raikes, the Commissioner's wife.) |

July, 1890.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*



Summertime.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

## International Sabbath School Lessons.

*July 6.*—Lawful Work on the Sabbath.—Luke xiii. 10-17. Text, Matt. xii. 12. Quest. 79. Psalm xxxiii. 6, 7.

**J**ESUS always remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy. He loved it, because it was His Father's gift to men (see Exod. xvi. 29.) He kept it holy by worship and by deeds of kindness. The Jews thought only of what they should *not* do, and made the day a burden, and almost everything a sin; He wrought many of His miracles of healing on the Sabbath (find out five), to make it quite plain to them that God always loves kindness. If you want to keep the Sabbath day holy, and your own heart happy, ask not what you should refrain from, but what it would please God to see you do.

*July 13.*—The Great Supper.—Luke xiv. 15-24. Text, Luke xiv. 15. Quest. 80. Psalm xxxiii. 8, 9.

**T**HIS parable was spoken to the man who said "Blessed is he," in v. 15. He was just using a fine phrase—like phrases that men use about heaven still—without any present preparation for it. This blessedness is to be enjoyed daily here; all things are now ready.

Excuses are made in the parable that would not be made about a worldly feast—for men act towards God as they never act about worldly things. Yet all the excuses except one are friendly—men desire to conciliate and yet to be excused. They do not say they have no wish to be saved, but they have something else to do meantime.

The men from the highways have to be compelled to come in. They have been used to see the dogs set at them, now they are asked into this house to feast. They cannot believe it is meant—they must be compelled to come in. Men's conduct often makes it hard to believe in the reality of Christ's love and welcome.

*July 20.*—Taking up the Cross.—Luke xiv. 25-33. Text, Luke xiv. 27. Quest. 81. Psalm xxxiii. 10, 11.

**T**HE multitude following Christ made Him feel they did not know what He asked of them. He remarked that they should give up their whole life in order to be disciples. When a man is asked to hate "his own life also," we can see what hatred of father and mother means. The dearest things that represent our natural, our worldly life must be given up by us as we surrender *ourselves* to Christ.

The man who begins tower-building without the means to finish it, is a warning to those who dash into a great profession, begin with wonderful zeal to serve Christ, and yet it all rests on an impulse, a grand but vain idea in which they have not thought of their sin and weakness and their need of God.

Alford's explanation of vv. 31-33 is that they show the helplessness of the sinner's goodness to meet the claims of the law of God: "he sends an embassy and sues for peace, throwing himself upon the mere mercy and grace of God."

*July 27.*—Lost and Found.—Luke xv. 1-10. Text, Luke xv. 10. Quest. 82. Psalm xxxiii. 12-14.

**W**E think we shall never be happy till we reach heaven; God and the angels find their happiness on earth! Seeking and saving the lost has been God's only work and only pleasure from all eternity. He wishes us to make that our joy too. "Till he find it!" Yet there are some lost for ever. But the fault is not God's. See how Christ sought Judas. "All day long did I spread out My hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people." Their loss is His loss. Ezek. xviii. 23; and xxxiii. 11. The ninety-nine are not forgotten; God's joy over them never gets less—Isai. 62, 4 5; but every new joy to Him is also a new joy to them.

*August 3.*—The Prodigal Son.—Luke xv. 11-24. Text, Luke xv. 18. Quest. 83. Psalm xxxiii. 18-22.

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

*Continued from page 64.*

*This time eight-and-twenty years ago I was a child of three weeks old, sleeping in my mother's bosom. Another hour and 1823 is with the years beyond the flood. What have I done to mark the course of it? But time enough to despair when I have lost the game which I am as yet but losing.—Thomas Carlyle's Diary.*

*Sometimes something in the shape of conscience says to me, You will please to observe, Mr. Tummas, that time is flying fast away, and you are poor, and ignorant, and unknown, and verging towards nine-and-twenty. From a letter to Miss Welsh, afterwards his wife.*

At the  
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During one of the great wars between the Romans and the Carthaginians—wars that decided the world's history—Hannibal, the Carthaginian commander, crossed the Alps. He left New Carthage, now called Carthage, in Spain, with 90,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, and 37 elephants. Those of his troops who were afraid to face the perils before them he dismissed to their homes. Outwitting the Roman General Scipio, he crossed the Rhone, defeated the Gauls, and so began the ascent of the Alps, October B.C. 218. The elephants were placed in the rear to prevent attacks from the barbarian mountaineers who, having never seen such strange monsters, were afraid to come near them. The roads, which were covered with ice to begin with, became worse owing to fresh falls of snow. Men and cattle died in great numbers every day, worn out by hunger and fatigue. New roads had to be blasted out of the rocks, and at one place the dispirited army, accustomed to the warm skies of Africa and Spain, had to halt three days amongst the snow. The descent was even worse than the ascent. But the enterprise, one of the greatest in the annals of war, was at last accomplished, though at tremendous cost. It was only fifteen days since Hannibal had left the valleys of Gaul; when he reached the sunny plains of Italy he had only 20,000 infantry, and 6,000 horse, and almost all his elephants were gone. But he had kept the vow he had made to his father in his childhood, twenty years before; he was now on the straight road to Rome!

Mr. John Couch Adams, of Cambridge University, discovered—by mathematics!—the planet *Neptune*, the furthest off of all the planets, so far away that it takes 165 of our years to go round the sun. The movements of the planet *Uranus*, discovered in 1781, were so strange that astronomers felt it must be affected by some unknown body. But what, and where, could that body be? There were two ways of finding out: the first, by searching the millions of stars in the heavens with telescopes to see if there was a planet amongst them hitherto unobserved, and one that would account for the perturbations in question: the other, by calculating in the study by paper and pencil and mathematics what size of body would explain these perturbations



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and what position that body must be in. Mr. Adams took this latter way. He worked laboriously, and at last, in October, 1845, called on the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich and told him there must be a planet in a certain place in the heavens, of a certain size, not hitherto observed. Further calculations were suggested, the result of which was that Professor Challis, who was to be entrusted with the search for the planet, did not begin to look for it till the 29th July, 1846. Mr. Challis had no map of that part of the heavens, and had to make one for himself. By the 1st of October he had observed 3,150 stars, and marked them down, but—it was too late! For in the meantime Mons. Le Verrier, of Paris, then in the 36th year of his age, had, without knowing of Mr. Adams' researches, come to the same conclusion as he, only some months later. But the astronomers to whom he wrote were quicker and better prepared than our British ones. It was on the 18th September, 1846, that Le Verrier sent word to Berlin that there should be a planet in a certain place in the heavens that week. His letter arrived on the 23rd. The sky that night was clear, and Dr. Galle at once began the search. The Berlin astronomers had a map of that part of the heavens already prepared. Dr. Galle told what he saw with his telescope, and his assistants compared it with the map. But at last he saw a star not marked in it. They waited till next night. The sky was again clear, and there was the same star, only it had moved a little. It was the unknown planet! In all the annals of science there had been no discovery worthy to be compared with this. Le Verrier's fame spread over the whole world, and it was only after much controversy amongst scientific men that Mr. Adams was allowed to share his glory.—*There will be a portrait of Mr. Adams in next month's Morning Watch.*

30 Joseph was made Governor of Egypt.


*To be continued.*

## Redeeming the Time.

**W**HEN Haeckel, one of the greatest of German naturalists, was visiting Ceylon, he used to tell himself when he thought of the cost of his journey and all the preparations he had made for it, that each day was worth £5, and that he must get through that amount of work in it.

How much, on the same principle, ought a Christian to do, who is "bought with a price," "redeemed not with corruptible things, as silver

and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ?"

  
**M**Y aunt Mary used to say that "delight in another's superiority was her best gift from God."

What a discovery I made one day—that the more I spent, the more I grew; that it was as easy to occupy a large place and do much work as a small place and do little; and that in the winter in which I communicated all my results to classes I was full of new thoughts.—*Emerson's Journal.*

## About the Love of Jesus.

**T**HERE is none like that. The Apostle Paul gives us four measures of it, "the breadth and length and depth and height," though he confesses immediately afterwards that it passeth knowledge. (Eph. iii. 18.)

### I.

The love of Jesus is very broad.

It blesses all kinds of people. Suppose that a missionary goes to India or China or Africa, to tell the heathen about the Saviour; he loves them dearly—but after all they do not feel that he is just one of themselves; there is a difference that cannot be quite bridged over. Or suppose that a rich man has a tender heart and delights in helping his poor neighbours—they are thankful, but yet they see in a hundred things that he does not stand on their level, side by side with them. Or suppose that an older person has great pleasure in you children, and does his best to show you that he keeps "the young lamb's heart amid the full-grown flocks"—yet you would rather have a girl or boy of your own age for your comrade. All the world over there are these differences which you cannot do away with. But the love of Jesus does away with them. He cares for white men and black, and both find Him equally precious. He is just the same to the rich and to the poor. The old people feel how wise and good He is; and as for the children—

"There's a Friend for little children  
Above the bright blue sky."

So broad the love of Jesus is

### II.

'Then the love of Jesus is very long.

It never had a beginning. Do you say that it began when He was born in Bethlehem? O no, it was in His heart before that, before the mountains were brought forth. Mr. Stanley was speaking the other day about the trees in that tremendous forest through which he passed. He said that some of them were standing before the Great Fire of London broke out, and some of them when the Cross was raised on Calvary, and some of them when the Tower of Babel was built. They are very old, but the love of Jesus is older. It is everlasting like Himself. Always He thought about you. Always you were dear to Him. Long before He came to it, He saw the Cross on which He was to die for sinners. Long before, when He was at home with God, He gave Himself up to its bitterness and shame. He is the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. And His love will never have an end. That is why His people are sure of heaven. The best of them is unworthy to enter the white and shining gates of pearl. But their Saviour never ceases to care for them. No one will pluck them out of their Good Shepherd's hand. So long the love of Jesus is, without beginning of days or end of years.

### III.

And the love of Jesus is very deep.

He goes down, down, into the pit in which the chief of sinners lies. He saves to the uttermost. He

despairs of nobody. Hundreds of years ago, when the Emperors of Rome persecuted the Christians, there was a good man called Tertullian. He was a true Christian, yet he did not know all the riches of Christ's love. There was one class of people, he said, whom Jesus never could pardon—they had fallen too low. They were the poor people who had denied God when the cruel soldiers threatened them with imprisonment, or torture, or death. "There is no forgiveness for you," Tertullian cried, "the sheep He saves, the goats He cannot save." But do you know what the members of the church did, to show that they thought differently? Sometimes, when one of these feeble and faltering disciples died, having confessed his sin, they raised a stone over his grave, and they carved on it a rude picture of a shepherd carrying not a lamb but a kid—the tender Shepherd of our souls loving not the sheep only that had stayed with Him in the fold, but the goat that had wandered far away. "Deeper than the depth beneath" is the love of Jesus. Though our sin be as scarlet, He will make it white as snow.

#### IV.

And the love of Jesus is very high. It is as high as the throne of God That is where He will bring us to, if we are trusting Him. He will set us at the Father's right hand in the heavenly places. He is preparing a robe, and a crown, and a palm for us, and the welcome of the angels, and the sight of the face of God. For all of us, weak and strong, first

and last. When Mr. Ready-to-halt was summoned, the last words he was heard to say were "Welcome life!" And Mr. Despondency's daughter, Much Afraid, went through the water singing. And all the trumpets sounded for Mr. Valiant on the other side. And as for Mr. Standfast, there was a great calm when the time came for him to haste across. "But glorious it was to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers and players on stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up, and followed one another in at the Beautiful Gate of the City." So high the love of Jesus will raise us—up to the throne of the King.

And are we loving Him? Have we learned to say, "Jesus, my Lord and my God?" We love Him, because He first loved us.

### The Wayward Swan.



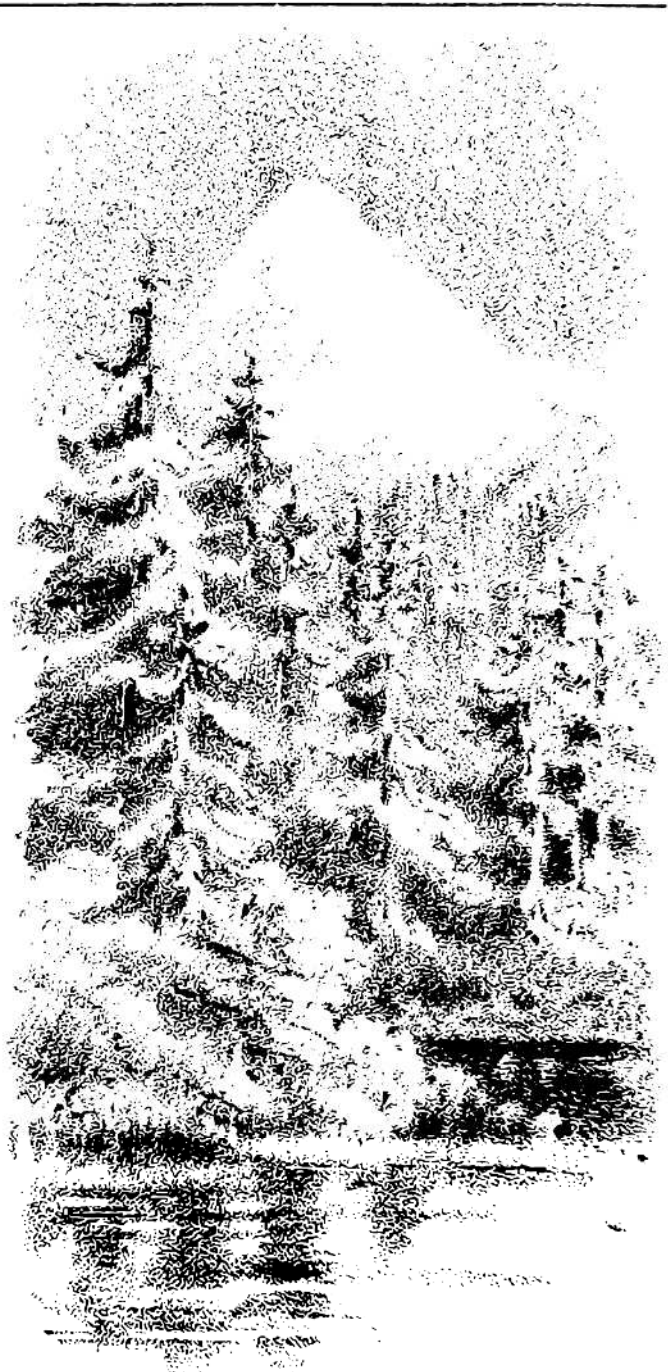
HE summer was past, the winter was near, and a great many wild swans, in companies of six and seven, had flown from the lake, where they, along with many other kinds of wild fowl, had spent the past months in rearing their young. But why did they leave their northern home where they had been so happy? It was very beautiful. The lordly

spruce firs clothed the hills almost to the water's edge, their dark shadows contrasting with the snow-clad peaks beyond and with the white plumage of the birds on the water. Yes, it was beautiful, and the journey to be taken over the cold grey sea was long, but something impelled them to go, and guided their flight across the trackless waves.

There was one family of swans whose departure had been delayed for some weeks by the obstinate refusal of one of them to believe it was necessary to go. The parent birds—eight cygnets had sealed their marriage—had taken their children short excursions in order to strengthen their wings for their long flight, and had told them much of the loch far away where they had spent the previous winter. The little girl cygnets were quite excited at the prospect of the change, and also one of their brothers, but the younger one, who had always been self-willed and foolish, argued with his parents, for he was proud of his powers of arguing, and, of course, would never listen to others. He said there was no need to leave their present home; he was not in the least afraid of the winter; for his part he preferred to be cold.

"But, my son," said his mother, "you do not know. We see less of the sun every day. Soon he will not rise at all. It will be cold and dark, the lake will be frozen over, and you would die of hunger."

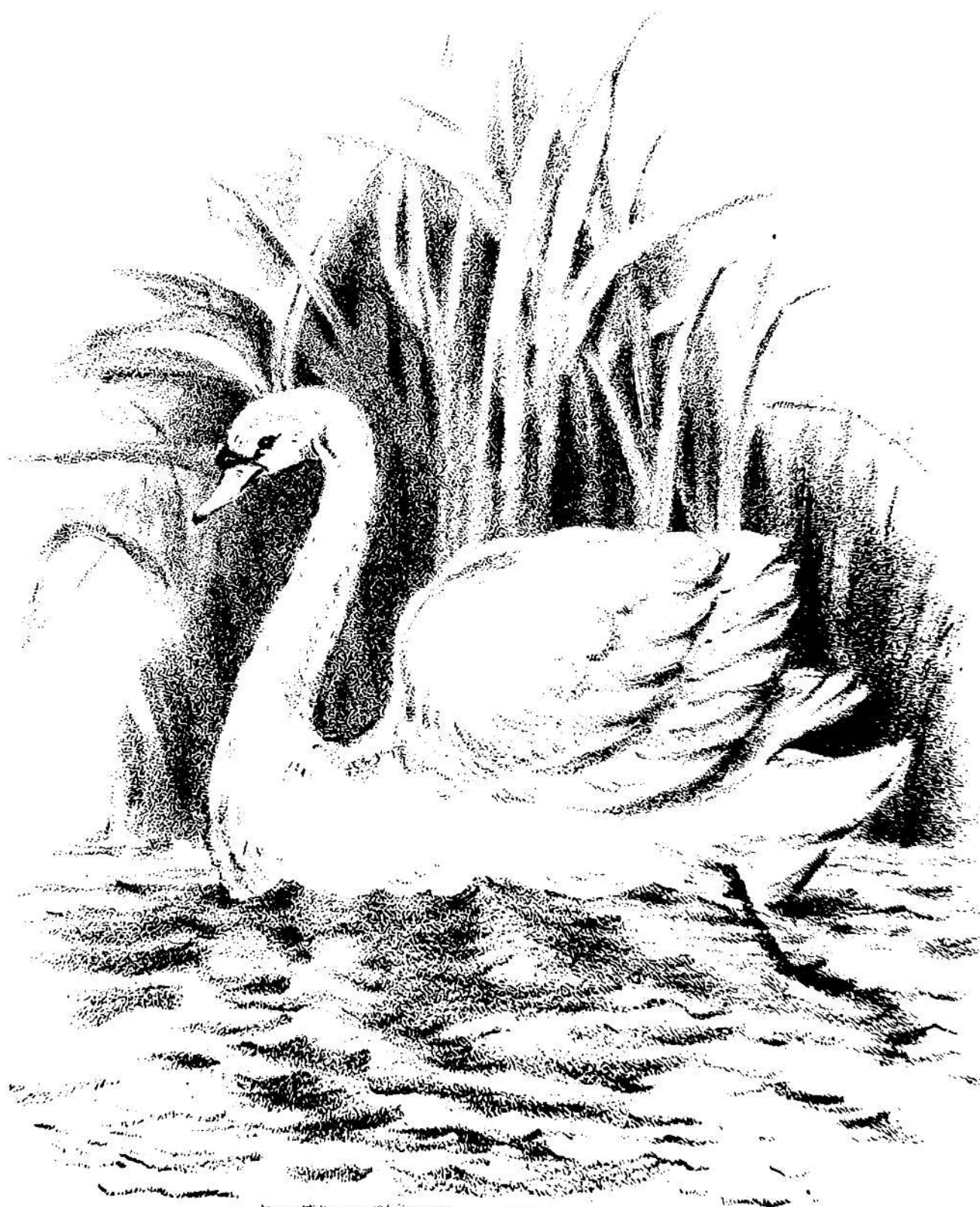
"But I should like to know if that is true," replied the young Swan. "You have never spent a



winter here to find out. And how can you know things unless you try them? And you forget that this is the nineteenth century. I see from the magazines that the spirit of enquiry is abroad, and therefore, as I don't believe a word of what anybody says, unless it is in the magazines, and as I am jolly where I am, I mean to stay here."

When his father came home that night and heard how foolishly his





little son had been talking, he reprimanded him severely, and, giving him two sharp blows with his wing, told him to hold himself in readiness, for it would be necessary for them

to start at daybreak next morning. He had suspected from the creaking of the fir trees that afternoon that the storm clouds were gathering in the north, and having since then

risen to a great height in the air, had seen the clouds with his own eyes, and "very black they were."

Before retiring to rest they sang their evening song, all doing their best at it except the youngest sister, who had fallen asleep crying over her brother's foolishness, for she dearly loved him. As for him, he only sang one verse, the tune being one perhaps he might have borne with, but the 'time' of it, he said, was simply odious.

The next morning he was nowhere to be found. He had gone away and hidden himself among the reeds in the far end of the lake, very angry at the punishment he had received from his father, and more determined than ever to take his own way.

"Oh let us stay one day longer," said the mother, her heart full of love for her wayward son. The father consented, but although they searched all day in the now almost deserted lake they did not find him.

On the following morning they took a last look at their nest—it was built of water-plants, and was 2 feet high and 6 feet broad—and laid out some food for their prodigal. And then, with very sad hearts, they started, all in one long line, father, mother, sisters, and brother, borne by their strong wings across the Northern Sea, until they arrived at a loch in one of the outer Hebrides, where they found many of their old companions who had preceded them. There frost and snow were almost unknown, and there they passed the winter happily, only the mother's heart turned often to the old home in Norway, wondering how it fared

with her wilful son. The health of his youngest sister, too, showed signs of giving way.

Was he happy? Oh no! getting one's own way seldom brings happiness. Shortly after his parents left, he came out of his hiding place and swam about the now deserted loch. It seemed very lonely work indeed. Another swan to whom he had lent his magazines had promised to disobey his parents too, and they had chuckled over the rare times they would have together. But he was nowhere to be seen! The loch got drearier day by day, and soon the sun had altogether disappeared, and a cold grey twilight reigned over all. The first glory in the frost and the cold, but it was too cold for the poor little swan. The snow began to fall and the lake to freeze. With great labour, for a time, he kept a little bit of its surface open, but it gradually closed round him, and he could get nothing to eat. A little after, all that one could see in the dim light was the poor bird dead, incased in ice, the snow falling softly over all.

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ONE day, towards evening, shortly before De Quincey died, his weakness being very great, he said to his daughter, "I cannot bear the weight of clothes upon my feet." She at once pulled off the heavy blankets and wrapped a light shawl about his feet. "Is that better?" she asked. "Yes, my love, much better; I am better in everyway—I feel much better. You know these are the feet that Jesus washed."

## Keeping a Secret.

"Death and life are in the power of the tongue."—*Prov. xviii. 21.*

**A** MISS DRAKE had taken an unhappy woman named Juliet into her house for shelter under circumstances that made it necessary that no one in the village should know she was there. Miss Drake was afraid, however, that Lisbeth, her old servant, would not be able to keep it secret.

She so represented the matter to Lisbeth as to rouse her heart in regard to it even more than her wonder. But her injunctions to secrecy were so earnest, that the old woman was offended. "She was no slip of a girl," she said, "who did not know how to hold her tongue. She had had secrets to keep before now," she said; and in proof of her perfect trustworthiness, was proceeding to tell some of them, when she read her folly in Miss Drake's fixed look, and ceased.

"Lisbeth," said her mistress, "you have been a friend for sixteen years, and I love you; but if I find that you have given the smallest hint even that there is a secret in the house, I solemnly vow you shall not be another night in it yourself, and I shall ever after think of you as a wretched creature who perilled the life of a poor unhappy lady rather than take the trouble to rule her own tongue."

Lisbeth trembled, and did hold her tongue, in spite of the temptation to feel herself for just one instant the most important person in the village.—*George MacDonald, LL.D.*

## A Mother's Song.

Beat upon mine, little heart! beat,  
beat!

Beat upon mine! you are mine, my  
sweet!

All mine from your pretty blue eyes to  
your feet,

My sweet.

Sleep little blossom, my honey, my  
bliss!

For I give you this, and I give you  
this!

And I blind your pretty blue eyes with  
a kiss!

Sleep!

Father and mother will watch you  
grow,

And gather the roses whenever they  
blow,

And find the white heather wherever  
you go,

My sweet.

—*Tennyson's Demeter.*

**O**NE day after dinner, when the fruit was on the table, Luther saw his children watching it with longing eyes. 'That is the way,' he said, 'in which we grown Christians ought to look for the Judgment Day.'

**I**T is pathetic to think that Jesus never possessed a Bible of His own; but there can be no doubt of the fact. The expense of such a possession in those days was utterly beyond the means of one in His condition; and, besides, the bulkiness of the rolls on which it was written would have prevented it from being easily carried about, even if He could have possessed it. Possibly in His home there may have been a

few of the precious rolls, containing the Psalms or other favourite portions of Holy Writ; but it must have been by frequenting the synagogue and obtaining access to the books lying there, perhaps through ingratiating Himself with their keeper, as an enthusiastic musician may do with an organist in order to be permitted to use his instrument, that He was able to quench His thirst for sacred knowledge.—*Stalker's Imago Christi.*

THE London Missionary Society laboured in Tahiti for fourteen years without a convert, and then one day Mr. Knott stood before a group of warriors with a new translation of the Gospel of John in manuscript in his hand, and read the 16th verse of the 3rd chapter. And a warrior stepped up and said, 'Would you

read that again? That means you,' he said; 'it does not mean us.' 'Oh,' said Mr. Knott, 'it says "Whosoever."' 'Very well,' said the warrior chief, 'if this is so, your God shall be our God, for we never heard of such love before.' That first convert in Tahiti, after fourteen years of apparently fruitless toil, is now represented by 752,000 converts in Western Polynesia.



THE state of fear of one another in which savages live is truly pitiful. They think that every stranger, and every other savage, seeks their life. The falling of a dry leaf at night, or the tread of a pig, or the passage of a bird, rouses them and they tremble with fear.—*New Guinea: Chalmers & Gill.*

## Bible Questions.

**JUNIORS.**—1. The name of a martyr mentioned in Revelation. 2. Three events in Christ's life connected with the Mount of Olives in Matthew. 3. Five things said about 'the slothful man' in Proverbs.

**SENIORS.**—1. and 2. Find texts illustrated by Emerson's two sayings on page 76. 3. and 4. Descriptions given of God's people and God's enemies in Ephes. i. and ii.

*The names of those who did the June lessons will be published in August.*

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the May number have been received from—

**JUNIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Maggie Alexander, Annie Allen, Grace Allison, Janet Barclay, Daniel M'I. Black, Alice Briggs, R. Briggs, Wm. J. Briggs, A. Chancellor, Maggie S. Craig, Lizzie Cully, Jeannie Edgar, Mary M'D. Edgar, Archie B. Finlay, John Graham, Sarah Graham, William Graham, Edward L. Grieve, Robert Grieve, Caroline Haddow, Susan A. Haddow, Beatrice Jane Hegan, Agnes Ann Higgins, Robert Andrew Higgins, Thomas Peter Higgins, William Alexander Higgins, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Maggie Kirkwood, Jessie R. Lang, Lizzie Lang, Matthew Lang, A. T. Martin, Anna Bella Martin, Elizabeth Martin, Mary H. Martin, Jane S. Martin, Farie Marshall, Harriet A. L. Marshall, William J. Marshall, Lily M'Clure, James M'Crea, Jessie M'Kinnon, Matilda M'Kinnon, Sarah M'Kinnon, W. G. M'Farlane, Jeanie M'Neil, Lizzie Moore, Willie Archie Paterson, Hugh Pattison, Minnie Preston, Robert James Rainey, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston, Lucy Robinson, William James Robinson, Marion W. Scott, James Shankland, Elizabeth S. Sloan, John D. Sloan, Robert Stevenson, John Andrew Tudhope.

**SENIORS.**—Alex. Adams, John Allen, C. H. Chancellor, Aggie Christie, Hannah Cromie, Lizzie Kean, Mary Kean, Annie H. Lang, Maggie K. W. Martin, Maggie Moore, Lily M'Clure, James Paterson, Robert Stevenson, Tom Tudhope.



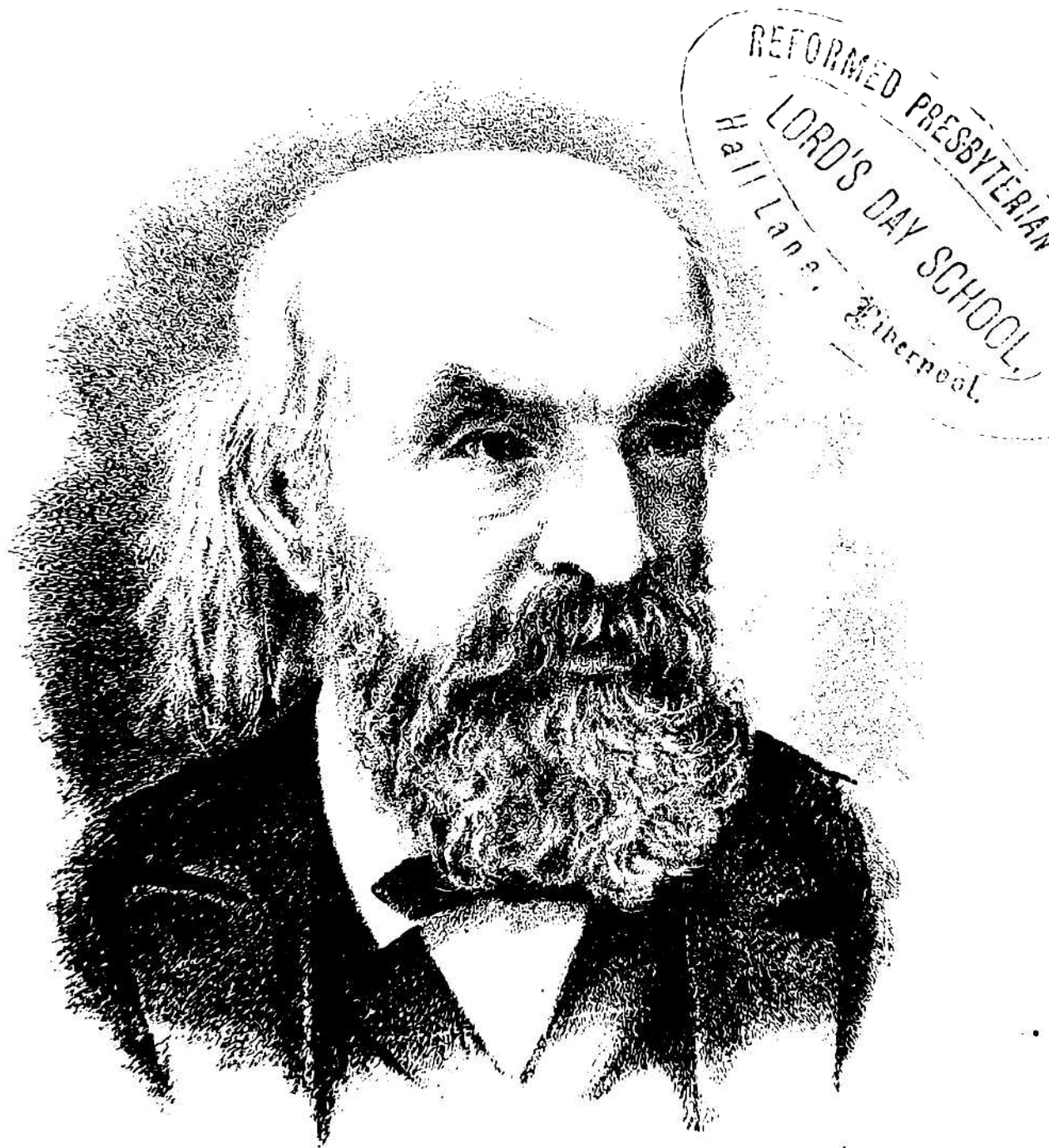
| THE MOON.      |    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |           | THE SUN RISES         |        | SETS. |
|----------------|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-----------------------|--------|-------|
| Full Moon,     | .  | .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 2nd July. | Sabbath, 6th July, at | 3.53 ; | 8.16. |
| Last Quarter,  | .  | .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 9th "     | " 13th "              | 4 ;    | 8.11. |
| New Moon,      | .  | .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 17th "    | " 20th "              | 4.8 ;  | 8.4.  |
| First Quarter, | .  | .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 25th "    | " 27th "              | 4.18 ; | 7.54. |
| Full Moon,     | .  | .                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 31st "    |                       |        |       |
| 1              | TU | The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.— <i>Psalm li. 17.</i> (Young Ensign Hayter was shot by the Sikhs, June, 1857, in both thighs and below the knee. The limb was amputated. His sufferings were very great. Before he died he asked Captain Dodgson to read him the 51st Psalm.) |           |                       |        |       |
| 2              | W  | Mine iniquities are gone over mine head.— <i>Psalm xxxviii. 4.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |           |                       |        |       |
| 3              | TH | By nature children of wrath.— <i>Eph. ii. 4.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |           |                       |        |       |
| 4              | F  | Help Thou me.— <i>Psalm cxix. 86.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |           |                       |        |       |
| 5              | S  | He healed them all.— <i>Matt. xii. 15.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |           |                       |        |       |
| 6              | S  | No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.— <i>Isaiah liv. 17.</i> (When the French King threatened to persecute the Protestants, Andrew Rivet said to him, "Sire, the Church of God is an anvil that has broken many a hammer.")                                              |           |                       |        |       |
| 7              | M  | God is our refuge and strength,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |           |                       |        |       |
| 8              | TU | A very present help in trouble — <i>Psalm xlv. 1.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |           |                       |        |       |
| 9              | W  | God is the King of all the earth.— <i>Psalm xlvii. 7.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |           |                       |        |       |
| 10             | TH | My King, and my God.— <i>Psalm v. 2.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |           |                       |        |       |
| 11             | F  | He will not suffer thy foot to be moved :                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |           |                       |        |       |
| 12             | S  | He that keepeth thee will not slumber.— <i>Psalm cxxi. 3.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |           |                       |        |       |
| 13             | S  | His name is called The Word of God.— <i>Rev. xix. 13.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |           |                       |        |       |
| 14             | M  | The words of the Lord are pure words.— <i>Psalm xii. 6.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |           |                       |        |       |
| 15             | TU | By thy words thou shalt be justified,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |           |                       |        |       |
| 16             | W  | And by thy words thou shalt be condemned.— <i>Matt. xii. 37.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |           |                       |        |       |
| 17             | TH | I am a man of unclean lips.— <i>Isaiah vi. 5.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |           |                       |        |       |
| 18             | F  | Let your speech be alway with grace.— <i>Col. iv. 6.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |           |                       |        |       |
| 19             | S  | Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth.— <i>Psalm cxli. 3.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |           |                       |        |       |
| 20             | S  | God is a God that hath indignation every day.— <i>Ps. vii. 11 (R. V.)</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                |           |                       |        |       |
| 21             | M  | O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe.— <i>Luke xxiv. 25 (R. V.)</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                               |           |                       |        |       |
| 22             | TU | There be six things which the Lord hateth.— <i>Prov. vi. 16.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |           |                       |        |       |
| 23             | W  | A God, slow to anger.— <i>Neh. ix. 17.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |           |                       |        |       |
| 24             | TH | Will He retain his anger for ever?— <i>Jer. iv. 5.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |           |                       |        |       |
| 25             | F  | Kiss the Son lest He be angry.— <i>Ps. ii. 12.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |           |                       |        |       |
| 26             | S  | Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.— <i>Eph. iv. 30.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |           |                       |        |       |
| 27             | S  | The Lord is my rock, my fortress,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |           |                       |        |       |
| 28             | M  | My deliverer ;                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |           |                       |        |       |
| 29             | TU | The God of my rock, in Him will I trust.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |           |                       |        |       |
| 30             | W  | He is my shield and the horn of my salvation ;                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |           |                       |        |       |
| 31             | TH | My high tower, and my refuge ; my Saviour.— <i>2 Sam. xxii. 3.</i> ("These words have been our stand-by." So wrote to Lord Canning, during the agony of the Indian Mutiny, Mr Henry Carre Tucker, Commissioner at Benares, a brave and godly gentleman.)                                 |           |                       |        |       |

August, 1890.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*



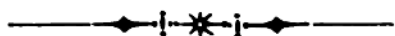
**Mr. John Couch Adams,**  
**The Discoverer of the Planet Neptune.**

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

## International Sabbath School Lessons.

*August 3.*—The Prodigal Son.—Luke xv. 11-24. Text, Luke xv. 18. Quest. 83. Psalm xxxiii. 18-22.

**T**HE most wonderful description in the Bible of the sinner's folly, misery, and helplessness; the world's cruelty; the saint's coldness and hardness; and our Father's infinite tenderness and joy.



*August 10.*—The Rich Man and Lazarus.—Luke xvi. 19-31. Text, Mark x. 24. Quest. 84. Psalm xxxiv. 1-4.

**T**HE rich man did not love his brethren. In asking God to warn *them*, he wished to make out that God had not warned *him*. Even in this world we see how brothers can hate. The bad place would cease to be the bad place if there were even one loving thought there.



*August 17.*—The Ten Lepers.—Luke xvii. 11-19. Text, Luke xvii. 17. Quest. 85. Psalm xxxiv. 5-7.

**T**HE Lepers had had to stand "afar off" from everybody since the day the priest had declared them unclean. Yet they had heard that Christ had not only touched, but healed lepers, and they were full of hope. His first demand was for faith. He did not heal them, but sent them to the priest asking them to trust that when they got there he would be able to take off the ban and declare them to be whole.

It was *as they went*, they were cleansed. It is by believing God before the answer comes that our prayers are heard; it is in resisting temptation that we get strength, just as it is in work that a man's muscles grow hard.

The Samaritan had less knowledge of God than the Jews, he had only a bit of the Old Testament, but he did better here than they. They were healed, that was all they cared for, like the people who only think of Christ as a Saviour from judgment, not of coming back to thank and live for Him.

*August 24.*—Prevailing Prayer.—Luke xviii. 1-14. Text, Luke xviii. 14. Quest. 86. Psalm xxxiv. 8-10.

**W**E must take care to make it clear that the unjust judge is here spoken of because his reasons for acting are as *unlike* God's as can be.

Christ understands how weak believers may lose heart about prayer and feel it is of no use, the answer is so delayed that they think they are not heard. God bears long too with the persecutors of His people. If He had smitten Saul when he was "mad against" the Church, how much we would have lost. But no prayer, no wrong, is unheeded.

The Pharisee could only pray "with himself." A man so pleased with himself could not come near to God. Story of the artist who despaired because his work now pleased himself. The publican could not confess this or that sin, he felt he was just "*the sinner*," without excuse and without an equal.



*August 31.*—Entering the Kingdom.—Luke xix. 1-10. Text, Luke xix. 10. Quest. 87. Psalm xxxiv. 11-13.

**I**N every case in which the disciples interfered at their own hand they went wrong. Here they thought that Christ was too gravely occupied to be disturbed, but the mothers had more truly than his disciples read Christ's character.

The disciples probably kept their children back because they were too young to be taught anything. We are always making the same mistake. They are too far off to catch the tune perhaps, but they know that it is music.

The Young Ruler only thought of Christ as a great teacher. This is why Christ corrects his formal words, "*Why* callest thou me good?" He was wanting new light, Christ refers him to the old commandments. He said he had kept them, but Christ proves that even the first of them is more than he can stand; he loves his possessions more than perfection, more than God.

Christ does not scorn the little "all" that the disciples had left. There is no disciple who shall not have his reward.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

*Continued from page 76.*

At the  
age of  
31

In 1839 James Nasmyth invented the steam-hammer which can "crack a nut or shake a parish." A steamship company wished to build a vessel, to be named *The Great Britain*, to run between Bristol and New York. The paddleshaft was to be 30 inches in diameter, but there was no hammer in the country capable of forging it. Mr. Humphries, the engineer, asked Mr. Nasmyth what was to be done? "Would it be safe to use cast iron?" Mr. Nasmyth sat down and thought, and in little more than half-an-hour had thought out and drawn the design for his steam-hammer. But it was the honesty and accuracy he had practised as an apprentice and a journeyman, the careful training he had given his eyes and fingers all his days, that made that half-hour's work possible. The steam-hammer has been one of the most useful inventions of this century. Mr. Nasmyth died only a few weeks ago.

31

General Gordon was the most powerful man in China, trusted as no foreigner ever had been before. The Taeping rebellion was of such a barbarous nature that its suppression became necessary for the sake of civilisation, and Gordon was entrusted with the task. He so trained his little army of 3,500 Chinese and his 150 European officers, who were mostly ruffians to begin with, that in less than two years he fought thirty-three battles and broke the power of the Taepings. He was always in the front of his storming parties, carrying no other weapon than a little cane which his men got to look on as a magic wand. But he left China as poor as he entered it. Some rebels to whom he had promised pardon were killed, and to show his displeasure Gordon refused to accept the £3,600 and other rewards and honours which the Emperor wished to bestow on him. "His disinterestedness," said the British Ambassador, "has elevated the character of our whole nation in the eyes of the Chinese."

31

Henry Martyn, the great scholar-missionary—he was Senior Wrangler at Cambridge—died in Persia, a lonely pilgrim's death, October, 1812, "having placed portions of the Scriptures within the reach of all who could read over one-fourth of the habitable globe." His Persian New Testament, revised by the famous Prof. Palmer, is the one still used by missionaries. His grave is unknown.

31

Stanley "found Livingstone." Dr. Livingstone had left England for the last time in August, 1865, and had arrived in Africa the April after. Then followed five years of wandering and suffering. Time after time word came home that he was murdered. (I remember the day the most serious of these rumours was contradicted. Dr. Livingstone had a son a member of our class in the old College of Glasgow, and when he answered "Adsum," that is "Present," at the calling of the roll that morning we students gave him a great cheer.) But though he was still alive, as was afterwards found out, fever,



At the  
age of  
31

hunger, and the theft of all his stores and medicines, and above all the anguish he suffered through the horrors of the slave trade, had made him "a ruckle of bones." It was in 1869 that Stanley, then a newspaper correspondent at Madrid, received a telegram from Mr. Gordon Bennett, owner of the *New York Herald*, to come to Paris. He came, and the moment he entered the room where Mr. Bennett was, was told to go and find Livingstone at any cost. It was January, 1871, when Stanley reached Zanzibar, and nine months later—months of such toil and hardship and distress that he lost count of time—before he met Livingstone at Ujiji. "I would have run to him and embraced him," says Stanley, "only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' 'Yes,' said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly. And then we both grasped hands." Stanley had come just in time. "You are the good Samaritan," said the Doctor, "and no mistake. Never was I more hard pressed; never was help more welcome." Livingstone had not seen a white man for six years; the coming of Stanley gave him new life and strengthened him for the few months of trial and pain that were before him ere he entered into his rest. They spent four months together. "I lived with him," says Stanley, "in the same house, in the same boat, in the same tent, and I never found a fault in him." They parted, after a sad breakfast and many lingering farewells, with mutual prayers and blessings, on the morning of March 15, 1872.

*To be continued.*

### Mr. J. C. Adams.

**D**O you remember what I told you about Mr. Adams in last month's *Morning Watch*? While still a young man he discovered, in his study, by mathematics, the existence, and position, and size of the planet Neptune, though it is 3,000 million miles away from the centre of our solar system.

You will remember, too, that a French astronomer, M. Le Verrier, made the same discovery, quite independently, a few months later.

The discovery of Neptune was, in many ways, one of the grandest achievements ever made by man. Indeed, I think the honour of making it was too great for any one man

to bear, and so God shared it between two.

And these two belonged to different nations, and nations that had long been enemies, as if God would say, Two nations to whom I have shown such love, such equal love, ought surely to love one another.

Mr. Adams lives at the Observatory, Cambridge, but has of late, we regret to hear, been very ill.



One poor day!

Remember Whose, and not how short it is!

It is God's day, it is Columbus's.

A lavish day! One day, with life and heart,

Is more than time enough to find a world.  
—Lowell.



## The Butterfly and the Bee.

"GOOD morning, Miss Bee; as busy as ever?"

"Busier, I think, Miss Beauty, and never more weary."

"So I thought from your look; and indeed I knew it before I saw you."

"How so?"

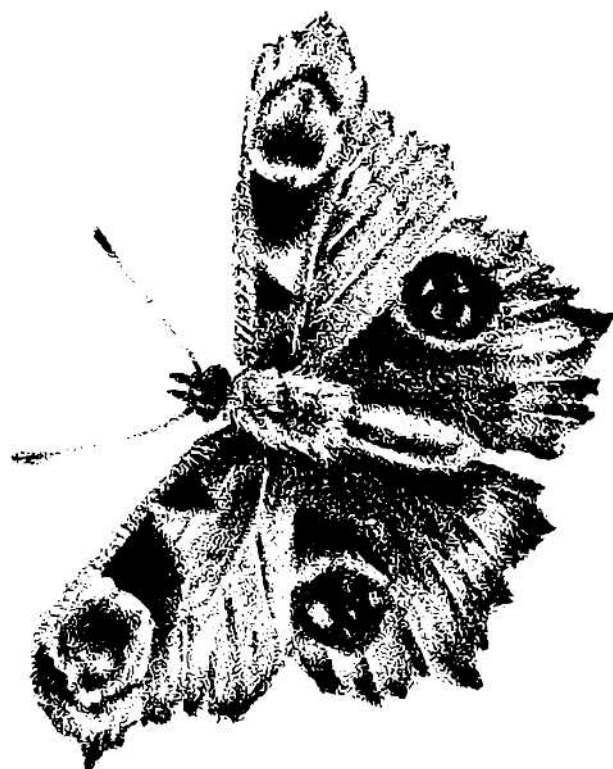
"Why, you were humming on *E* sharp. That is a sure sign that you are tired; *A* sharp is your ordinary note."

"Dear me!" said the bee, "I didn't know that. But how did you know it?"

"Oh!" said the butterfly, "it is easy knowing that; your wings were vibrating 330 times a minute."

"Ah!" said the bee; "I'm not much wiser; you girls are great at mathematics now, I hear; but it never was our forte. My cousins, the hive bees, were always geometrizing and making hexagons; we humble bees made our combs any how! But what have you beauties turned mathematicians for?"

"I never thought myself a beauty," said the butterfly.



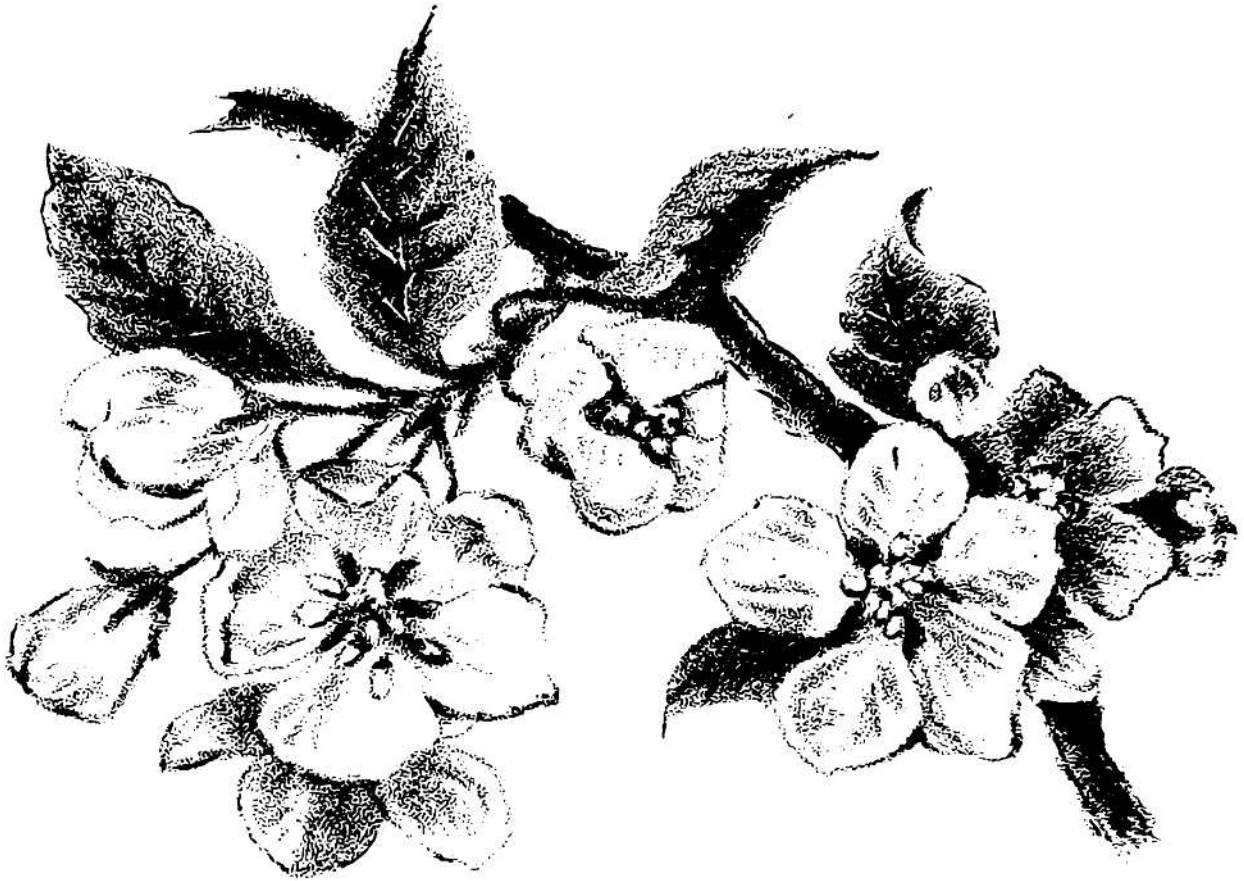
"I can hardly believe that," said the bee; "what is the use of all those thousands of facets in your eyes if you never saw your own loveliness?"

"To see the loveliness of others! I think you bees are every whit as beautiful as we, and the flowers are more beautiful than either of us. But why, dear Busy, are you so troubled looking? What's vexing you?"

"Everything is going against me. There are so many showers, and so few flowers, and summer is past, and I don't know what to do for honey."

"Oh, Busy, don't lose heart! Summer and winter, springtime and harvest, shall not cease. Be a bee, and not a man; never despair; there will be brave days yet."

To-morrow the sun may be shining,  
Although it is cloudy to-day."



"All very true," replied the bee, "but suppose that the sun did shine and I got loads of honey, some fox, or rat, or boy—I really think the boys are worst—will get it all, and my work will be in vain. Is that not enough to dishearten any one? Confess."

"No doubt," replied the butterfly, "it is one of the things one cannot understand. But it is just the mystery of life. You see it every where. You remember the lovely apple blossom a month or two ago?"

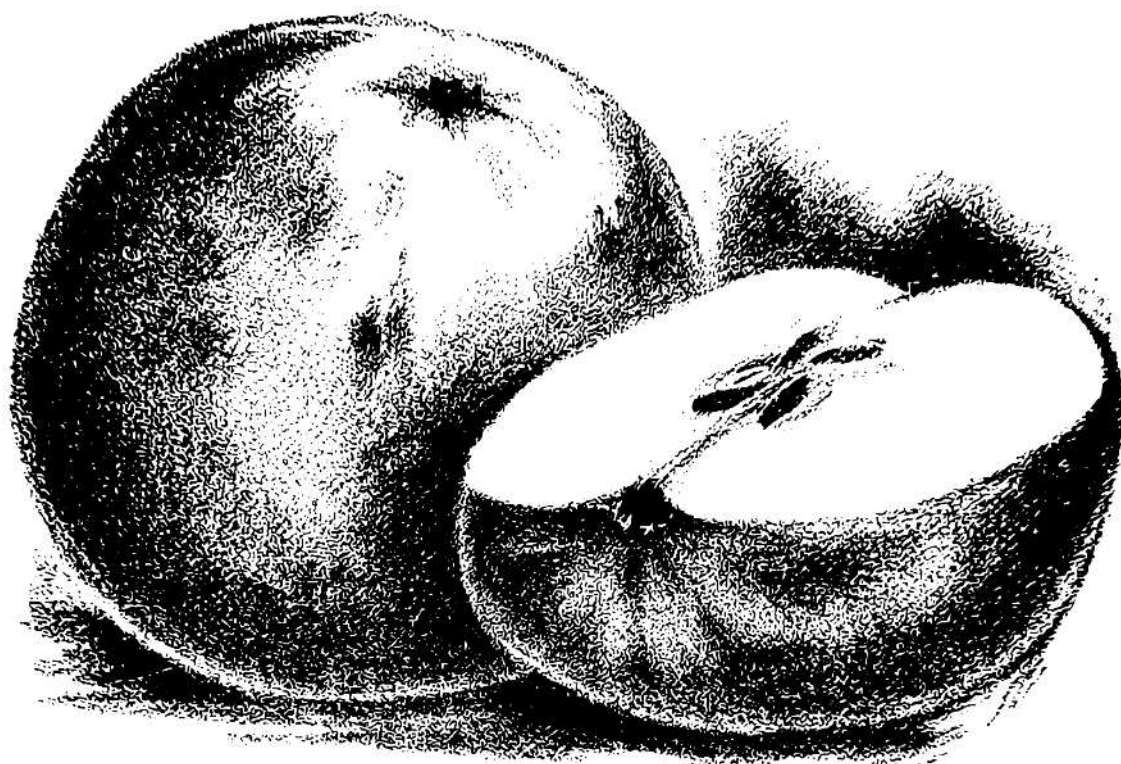
"Yes," said the bee.

"Well, where is it now? Isn't it all gone? It lived just to die for the fruit, for the apple; and in a month or two the apple will be eaten; it will die for the seed; and the seed will die for the apple-tree

that is to be; and so on to the end of time. And it is the same with you and me. We live to make honey and fertilize the flowers, and of course we die, but isn't it worth while to have lived to make honey, or to help some bee to make it? And that honey may save some great man's life. One of the greatest born of woman lived on honey."

"I never thought of all that," said the bee; "but you must own there is a terrible lot of maybe's in what you say."

"I know that," said the butterfly, "but there is no maybe in God's wisdom, and no maybe in our duty. And for myself, my own future looks dark indeed, but when I think of what God has already done for me, how dare I lose heart? I was once a loathsome worm, feasting



on rottenness, and spurned by men; and now I sip nectar and honey all day long, and you yourself have called me Beauty, and there is no man or child who sees me but stops to look at me, and says, 'Oh there's a lovely peacock butterfly;' and the ancients called me Psyche, that is Soul, because I was an emblem of immortality. It would ill become us, my bonnie busy bee, to distrust God; let us both work, and wait, and hope, all the days of our appointed time till our change come."

**D**URING the American Civil War the ports of the Southern States were closely blockaded so that no ships with cotton for manufacture in Britain could sail out. This caused a terrible state of distress in the

counties where the cotton was woven. All the mills were stopped, and there was what was known as the Cotton Famine.

Dr. W. M. Taylor tells how, after the war was over, the first waggon of cotton was received in Staleybridge where the people had been reduced almost to starvation. The operatives marched down to the station and followed the first lorry laden with cotton up to the mill. As they stood in the courtyard round it, many of them were in tears, for hope had come back. Then an old man was seen to take off his cap and his feeble voice heard trying to sing. The crowd took it up, and over a cart load of cotton sang this:—

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



## Thomas Boston's Wife.

*Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her.—Prov.xxxi.*

(Mr. Boston is best known as the author of "The Fourfold State," and "The Crook in the Lot." The following description of his wife, given by himself in his "Memoirs," is considered by some scholars to be one of the finest pieces of prose in the English language.)

**T**HUS was I by all-wise Providence yoked with my wife, with whom I have now, 1730, by the mercy of God lived thirty years complete: a woman of great worth, whom I therefore passionately loved and inwardly honoured: a stately, beautiful, and comely personage, truly pious, and fearing the Lord; of an evenly temper, patient in our common tribulations and under her personal distresses: a woman of bright natural parts, an uncommon stock of prudence; of a quick and lively apprehension in things she applied herself to; great presence of mind in surprising incidents; sagacious and acute in discerning the qualities of persons, and therefore not easily imposed upon; modest and grave in her deportment, but naturally cheerful; wise and affable in conversation, having a good faculty at speaking, and expressing herself with assurance; endowed with a singular dexterity in dictating of letters; being a pattern of frugality and wise management of household affairs, therefore entirely committed to her; well fitted for and careful of the virtuous education of her

children; remarkably useful to the country-side, both in the Merse and in Ettrick Forest, through her skill in physics and surgery, which, in many instances, a peculiar blessing appeared to be commanded upon from heaven; and finally, a crown to me in my public station and appearance.

During the time we have lived together hitherto we have passed through a sea of trouble, as yet not seeing the shore but afar off. I have sometimes been likely to be removed from her: she having had little continued health except the first six weeks, her death hath oftentimes stared us in the face, and hundreds of arrows have pierced my heart on that score; and sometimes I have gone with a trembling heart to the pulpit, laying my account with being called out of it to see her expire. And now for the third part of the time we have lived together, namely ten years complete, she has been under a particular racking distress; and for several of these years fixed to her bed; in which furnace the grace of God in her hath been brightened, her parts continued to a wonder, and her beauty, which formerly was wont, upon her recoveries, to leave no vestige of the illness she had been under, doth as yet now and then show some vestiges of itself.



AFTER the battle of Inkerman in 1855 a French Zouave saw a Russian Colonel with his foot shattered, and, supposing him from his dress to belong to the

English Rifle Brigade, called for assistance to carry him to the ambulance. The Russian said to him in French, "I am not an Englishman, I am one of your enemies."

"It is all the same," said the Zouave, "when you are wounded."

### Lucullus.

**A**LL boys and, still more, all blackbirds, should have a warm heart to Lucullus, for it was he who first brought cherries to Europe. He got them at Cerasus, in the district of Pontus, in Asia Minor, on the shores of the Black Sea, the country from which Aquila and Priscilla came. And just as the word *currant* is derived from *Corinth*, so *cherry* comes from *Cerasus*.

Lucullus was a distinguished Roman general. His greatest victories were won over two kings called Mithridates and Tigranes, about 70 B.C. But he became more famous for his luxurious mode of living. He built wonderful houses and pleasure grounds with preserves for beasts and birds and fish. Once his great rival Pompey was ordered by his physician to eat a thrush. But it was summer time, and Pompey was told that there was not a thrush in Italy unless those Lucullus had in his *menagerie*. "No, no," said Pompey, "it shall not be said I owe my life to the fact that Lucullus is an epicure; I will do without thrushes."

The dinners of Lucullus were the talk of Rome. Cicero and Pompey

tried once to catch him unprepared. "We should like to dine with you to-night," they said, "if you will let us take pot-luck with you."

"Let it be to-morrow, or the night after that," he said.

"No," they answered, "it must be to-night." Nor would they let him speak to his servant lest he should order something special. All he was allowed to say to him was, "I shall dine to-night in the Apollo Room." These words, however, were enough, for his servants knew that dinner in the Apollo Room meant a dinner on the grandest scale. The banquet that evening cost £1,700!


On another occasion some friends from Greece, seeing the preparations made for every meal, desired to be excused from staying further on account of the expense they brought upon him. "It is true," he said, "some part of all this expense is for you, but the greatest part is for myself. You forget I have to dine myself."

Another time, as no guest had been invited, his servant said he supposed his master would not wish an expensive supper. "What!" said he, "did you not know that this evening Lucullus sups with Lucullus?" These words became a proverb ever after.


I think the proverb might be applied to the table God spreads for His people. We are often ashamed at the great things He does for us; we feel that we are not worthy even of the least of His mercies. But we forget that the table is spread for God Himself as well, only He will not sit down till the banquet be

furnished with guests. He comes in and sups with us, and we with Him, and that is why "our cup overflows." He will only give us what is good enough for Himself. His glory is the measure of our need.



NE of the ruling chiefs of India once came to me in secret and begged me to close the door, and, with tears streaming down his face, spoke to me and asked me how he was to get rid of his sins. There are many such in that country, and there are many Christians who, being afraid to face the opposition of their relatives, afraid to cause them pain and sorrow, are Christians in secret. The present time is a crisis in the spiritual life of India. We need all our Christian schools and all our Christian colleges; we need the godly influence of spiritually-minded men. For the native young men of India are all being highly educated, and they cannot continue to believe their own religion. We need, therefore, missionaries of high education who will bring the intellectually proud Hindoo in humility to the foot of the Cross.—*Sir Charles Aitchison, K.C.S.I.*



S it always wrong to tell a lie? Would it not be right to tell a lie to save a man's life, as Rahab did? (Joshua ii.)

Here is what Richard Cameron the Covenanter, from whom the Cameronians got their name, said

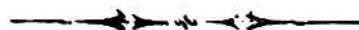
at a time when many hundreds of pounds were offered by the Government to the man who should catch him dead or alive, and when he and Donald Cargill and Alexander Peden were the only ministers in all Scotland who dared to preach in the open fields:—

"I confess folk are much to be pitied at this time who take a liberty to lie, especially when soldiers come to the house and ask if such and such a man is there. It is true ye are not bound at the very first (if ye can without sin shift it) to tell them, but beware of lying on any account. Rather tell them that such a one is there, though you and your house should be ruined by it; yea, though it should tend to the prejudice of the best ministers in Scotland. God will not give you thanks for saving one's life by a lie. Let us be strict and ingenuous both with God and man."

Cameron was killed two months afterwards.

Rahab was born and brought up a heathen, and did not know all that we know of the power and holiness of God. She showed wonderful faith in receiving the spies with peace and hiding them; but her faith and her reward would have been still more wonderful if she had either refused to answer the questions of the King of Jericho, or, answering them, had told the truth, leaving the result wholly in God's hand.

Christ is our great example in this respect (John viii. 40; Matt. xxvi. 64; Psalm xl. 10.)



**H**UMANLY speaking, it is fiendish that one can rely on no one to do the least thing. I have to look to everything myself, even to awakening people in the morning.—*General Gordon in the Soudan, 1877.*

**O**UT of the hundred officers on the Congo I can only count ten who were industrious, civil, ready, and obliging; who by mere request would seize on their duties with goodwill, and perform them. These qualities are much rarer than men imagine.—*Henry M. Stanley: Darkest Africa.*

Now, boys and girls, we can't all be geniuses, Gordons or Stanleys, but surely, by God's grace, we can

be civil and obliging, obedient, truthful, honest, willing. We can help and cheer the geniuses, lightening their burdens, prolonging their days, and, by doing our best, make it possible for them to do their best too.

—\*—  
A praying party shall go through the storm.

I remember, as I came through the country, that there was a poor widow whose husband fell at the battle of Bothwell Bridge. The bloody soldiers came to plunder her house, telling her they would take all she had. "We will leave thee nothing," they said, "either to put in thee or on thee." "I care not," said she, "I will not want as long as God is in the heavens.—*Alexander Peden, the Covenanter.*

### Bible Questions.

**JUNIORS.**—1. What was Christ's last miracle before His death? 2. A list of the wonderful things God did to Elijah.

**SENIORS.**—1. List of battles decided by the direct interference of God. 2. A list of Paul's visions. 3. How many testimonies were borne to our Saviour's sinlessness on the last day of His life?

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

*The names of those who did the July lessons will be published in September.*

Good answers to the Questions in the June number have been received from—

**JUNIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Annie Allen, Jessie L. Alston, Robert L. Alston, Janet Barclay, Daniel M'I. Black, Alice Briggs, R. Briggs, Ellen Cameron, A. Chancellor, Aggie Christie, Alexander Culton, Nellie Culton, Jeannie Edgar, Mary M'Donald Edgar, Archie B. Finlay, John Graham, Sara Graham, William Graham, Edward L. Grieve, Robert G. Grieve, Agnes Ann Higgins, Robert A. Higgins, Thomas Peter Higgins, William Alexander Higgins, Eliza G. Howie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Jeanie H. Lang, Jessie Russell Lang, Lizzie Lang, A. B. Martin, A. S. Martin, Mary H. Martin, William Murray, Lily M'Clure, James C. M'Kinnell, Matthew M'Neil, Wm. Archie Paterson, Lizzie Pomphrey, Minnie Preston, Robert James Rainey, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston, Lucy Robinson, W. J. Robinson, James Shankland, Robert R. Stevenson, Alice Stewart, Florence Mary Stewart, John Andrew Tudhope, Geo. Whitten, Gardner Blair. **SENIORS.**—Alex. Adams, John Allen, C. Hurst Chancellor, Aggie Christie, Maggie Hamilton, Lizzie Kean, Mary Kean, Maggie K. W. Martin, Lily M'Clure, Duncan M'Neil, James Paterson, Kate D. Ralston, Tom Tudhope.

*The 1889 Volume of The Morning Watch is now ready, price One Shilling (free by post 1s. 1d.) Copies of the 1888 Volume may still be had. James M'Kelvie & Sons, Greenock. May be had of all Booksellers.*



| THE MOON.            |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | THE SUN RISES         |        |  | SETS. |
|----------------------|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|--------|--|-------|
| Last Quarter, . . .  | 7th  | August.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Sabbath, 3rd Aug., at | 4.28 ; |  | 7.44. |
| New Moon, . . .      | 15th | "                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | " 10th "              | 4.39 ; |  | 7.31. |
| First Quarter, . . . | 23rd | "                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | " 17th "              | 4.50 ; |  | 7.17. |
| Full Moon, . . .     | 30th | "                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | " 24th "              | 5.1 ;  |  | 7.3.  |
|                      |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | " 31st "              | 5.12 ; |  | 6.48. |
| 1                    | F    | But the publican, standing afar off, smote upon his breast,<br>Saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.— <i>Luke xviii. 13.</i> (When Grotius,<br>the famous Dutch jurist and the greatest scholar of his day, was dying,<br>and some one read these words to him, he answered, "I am that<br>publican.")                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                       |        |  |       |
| 2                    | S    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 3                    | S    | Behold, I shew you a mystery : we shall not all sleep,<br>But we shall all be changed,<br>In a moment,<br>In the twinkling of an eye,<br>At the last trump,<br>For the trumpet shall sound. (The last four words are one word in Greek,<br><i>Salpisei</i> ; and this one word is the inscription which Dr. Prince Lee, an<br>English scholar and divine, ordered to be put on his grave.)<br>And the dead shall be raised incorruptible.— <i>1 Cor. xv. 52.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                       |        |  |       |
| 4                    | M    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 5                    | TU   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 6                    | W    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 7                    | TH   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 8                    | F    | My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer, but ye have made<br>it a den of thieves.— <i>Mark xi. 17.</i> (On this day, 1820 years ago, a<br>Roman soldier, climbing on a comrade's shoulder, threw a blazing torch<br>in at a golden lattice window and set the Temple at Jerusalem on fire.)<br>See what I did to Shiloh for the wickedness of my people.— <i>Jer. vii. 12.</i><br>They tempted and provoked the Most High God.<br>They dealt unfaithfully like their fathers.<br>God forsook the tent which He placed among men ;<br>And was wroth with His inheritance.— <i>Psalms lxxviii. 56-62.</i><br>Return, we beseech Thee, O God of hosts.— <i>Psalms lxxx. 14.</i> |                       |        |  |       |
| 9                    | S    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 10                   | S    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 11                   | M    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 12                   | TU   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 13                   | W    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 14                   | TH   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 15                   | F    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 16                   | S    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 17                   | S    | I have glorified Thee on earth.<br>I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do.<br>I have manifested Thy Name.<br>Those that Thou gavest Me I have kept.<br>I have given them Thy word.<br>I have sent them into the world.<br>The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them. (Of this chapter, John<br>xvii., John Knox said to his wife, six hours before he died, "Go, read<br>where I cast my first anchor.")                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                       |        |  |       |
| 18                   | M    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 19                   | TU   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 20                   | W    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 21                   | TH   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 22                   | F    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 23                   | S    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 24                   | S    | In those days there was no open vision.— <i>1 Sam. iii. 1.</i><br>And Saul said, God answereth me no more.— <i>1 Sam. xxviii. 15.</i><br>Your sins have hid His face from you, that He will not hear.— <i>Isaiah lix. 2.</i><br>Adam and Eve hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God.— <i>Gen. iii. 8.</i><br>Depart from us ; we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways.— <i>Job. xxi. 14.</i><br>Oh that My people would hearken unto Me.— <i>Psalms lxxxi. 13 (R. V.).</i><br>I stand at the door and knock.— <i>Rev. iii. 20.</i>                                                                                                                                                     |                       |        |  |       |
| 25                   | M    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 26                   | TU   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 27                   | W    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 28                   | TH   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 29                   | F    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 30                   | S    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |  |       |
| 31                   | S    | Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.— <i>Matthew v. 8.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                       |        |  |       |

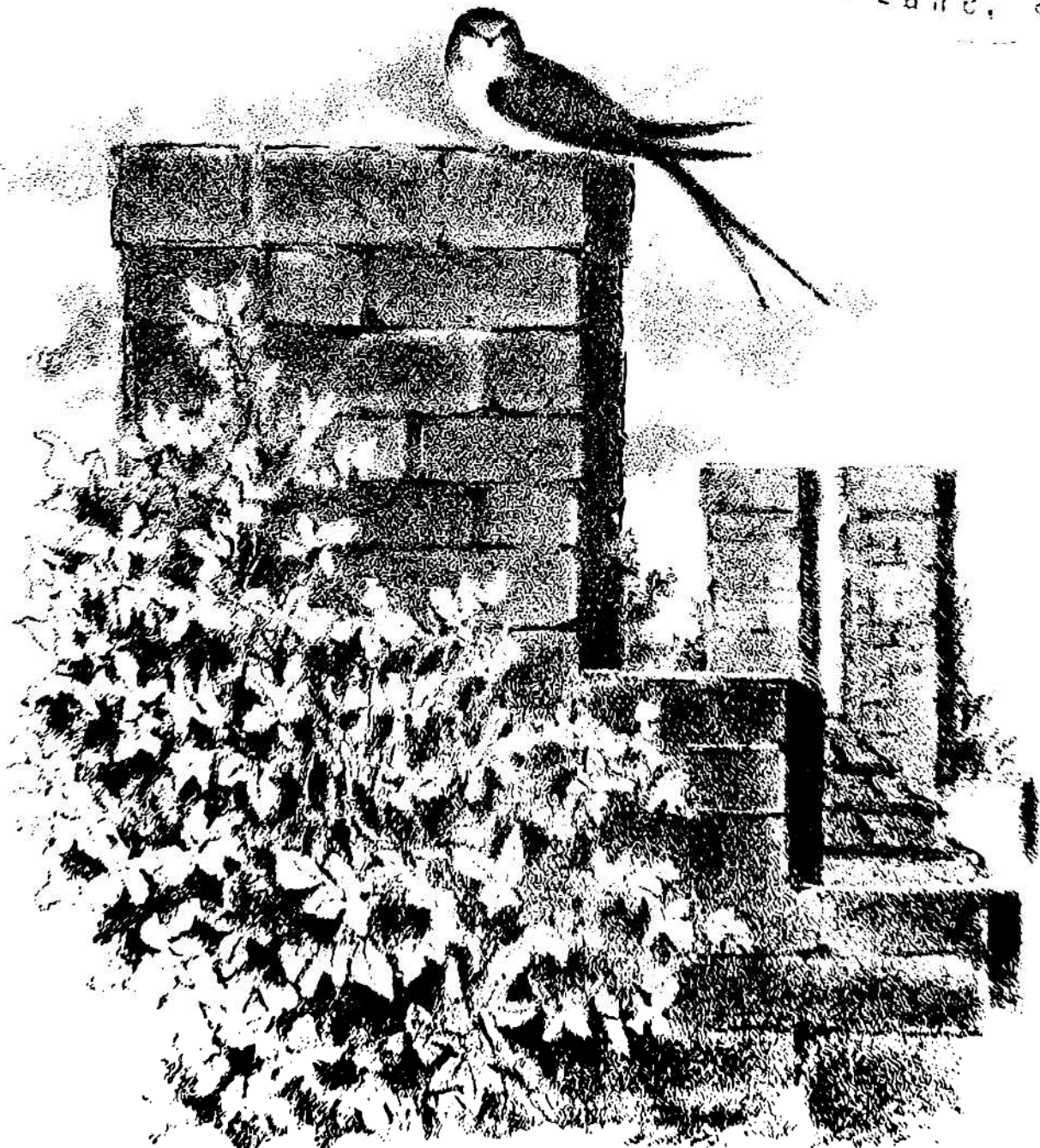
September, 1890.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*

REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN  
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## International Sabbath School Lessons.

*Sept. 7.* — Zacchæus. — Luke xix. 1-10. Text, Luke xix. 10. Quest. 88. Ps. xxxiv. 14-16.

**J**ERICHO had been laid under a curse in old times, but Christ brought blessing to it. The blessing came to the one man whom all his townsmen would have cursed. He wished to see Jesus, and at the cost of his dignity, saw Him. Jesus also saw him; and, like a king, invited Himself to stay at his house. He trusted the unpopular publican; His kingly goodness melted his heart; and in one moment the extortioner was a just and generous man. It was an hour of joy for Jesus, but of disappointment too; He had only a week to live, and the Jews had never learned yet that He came to seek and save the lost, to be good to the bad, that they also might become good.

*Sept. 14.* — Parable of the Pounds. — Luke xix. 12-27. Text, Luke xix. 26. Quest. 89. Ps. xxxiv. 17, 18.

**F**ROM v. 11 we see that this parable was spoken for those who were expecting the immediate appearance of the kingdom. There are such people now. Our Lord says time is not to be spent in forecasting the future but in present duty.

"Occupy" means "trade herewith." Do the best you can with your present talents and opportunities. The lord of the parable did not give a great sum to his servants, but he only asked for a good use of what they had got. It was not a great return he sought, but the making and the testing of his servants' character.

*Sept. 21.* — Jesus entering Jerusalem. — Luke xix. 37-48. Text, Luke xix. 38. Quest. 90. Ps. xxxiv. 19, 20.

**C**HRIST'S royal entry was a fulfilment of His Father's eternal decree (Psalm ii.); a proclamation of the gospel to the people of Jerusalem; a proof of His owner-

ship and dominion over the creatures, and of His love to them; a sign of His meekness, yet of His inherent majesty, for He needed no robes or ornaments to lend Him dignity. The owners would not lose by lending Christ their ass; both they and it would get a blessing. Let Christ "hansel" every new thing you get. Give Christ the beginning of your life, the beginning of each new day and year; the first week's wages that you earn, the first part of every wage; "cut off the first end for God." — 1 Kings xvii. 13, 14. He counts all gifts as loans to be repaid, and with right good interest.

Christ's triumph ended in tears. Jerusalem had centuries of sin on it, but even one day of true repentance would have cleared its whole past away.

*Sept. 28.* — Review of the Lessons. Text, Matt. vii. 29. Ps. xxxiv. 21, 22.

*October 5.* — Parable of the Vineyard. — Luke xx. 9-19. Text, Isa liii. 3. Quest. 91. Ps. xxxvi. 1, 2.

## French Soldiers & English.

**T**HE COMTE de PERSIGNY once in conversation described French soldiers as "the bravest in the world."

"I cannot say the same of our men," replied Lord Palmerston; "all other soldiers are as brave, but ours are brave a quarter of an hour longer than others."

It is to the last quarter of an hour that victory belongs. When you are tempted and feel that you must give in, and are saying that God has forgotten you, remember that the devil is just about yielding too. Another quarter of an hour, another minute, and you will be more than conquerors. Having done all, stand! "The devil hath great wrath because he knoweth he hath but a short time."

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

*Continued from page 88.*

At the  
age of  
31

Yoshida-Torajiro was executed in Japan, 23 years ago; a poet, patriot, scholar, martyr; a man whose name, says Mr. R. L. Stevenson, should become a household word like that of Garibaldi or John Brown. So eager was he to see foreign lands, and so introduce civilisation into Japan, that he journeyed on foot from end to end of the empire again and again in the hope of getting on board some Dutch or other foreign ship. Time after time he arrived too late, but at last succeeded—all this, remember, at a time when it was treason for a Japanese to leave his country—rowing out to a man-of-war, his clothes stuffed with paper that he might take notes, and kicking away his boat, as he leapt on board, to make return impossible; only, however to be sent ashore and cast into prison. So keen a student was he that in summer, when he grew drowsy at his books, he would put mosquitoes up his sleeve, and in winter ran out barefooted into the snow; so inspiring in his mission that, though his face was ugly and disfigured, even common men who met him once could not rest till they found him out again; so unsuccessful in his efforts at reform that he was put to death; yet so successful that all he strove for was gained by others, and the little boys he taught became, and are to-day, the cabinet ministers and leading statesmen of Japan.

32 Augustine, the greatest of the Latin Fathers of the Church, found rest by accepting Christ. He was born in Algiers in the year 354. In his boyhood he fell into dreadful sin. The years that followed were full of struggle and sorrow. But his mother Monnica never lost faith or love, praying daily for him with many tears, and at last she got the answer. The words that specially decided him were Romans xiii. 13-14. No single name has ever exercised such power over the Christian Church, and no one mind ever made such an impression upon Christian thought. It is to Augustine and Calvin that we owe our knowledge of the great doctrines of the sovereignty of God's grace and the utter helplessness of fallen man.

32 William Carey landed in India, and so began the great era of modern missions. He was born at Pury, Northamptonshire, 17th August, 1761. His father was a schoolmaster, but he himself was brought up a shoemaker. In his childhood it was remarked that "whatever he began he finished." He was trained in the English Church, owing much to the ministry of Mr. Scott, the Commentator, but, when 22, became a Baptist. It was the reading of *Cooke's Voyages Round the World* that first stirred up in him a love to the heathen. Once kindled, that flame burned night and day. He talked of nothing else. On his workshop wall he had a large map hung up, made up of several sheets pasted together, on which he wrote down all the particulars he could find out as to the people, products,







(From a drawing in Berthoud's *Stories of Bird Life*. Nelson & Sons.)

Mr. Twitters, unhappy bird, toiled harder all to please her, caught the choicest gnats, and brought them by hundreds to her in his mouth, refusing often to eat even one himself.

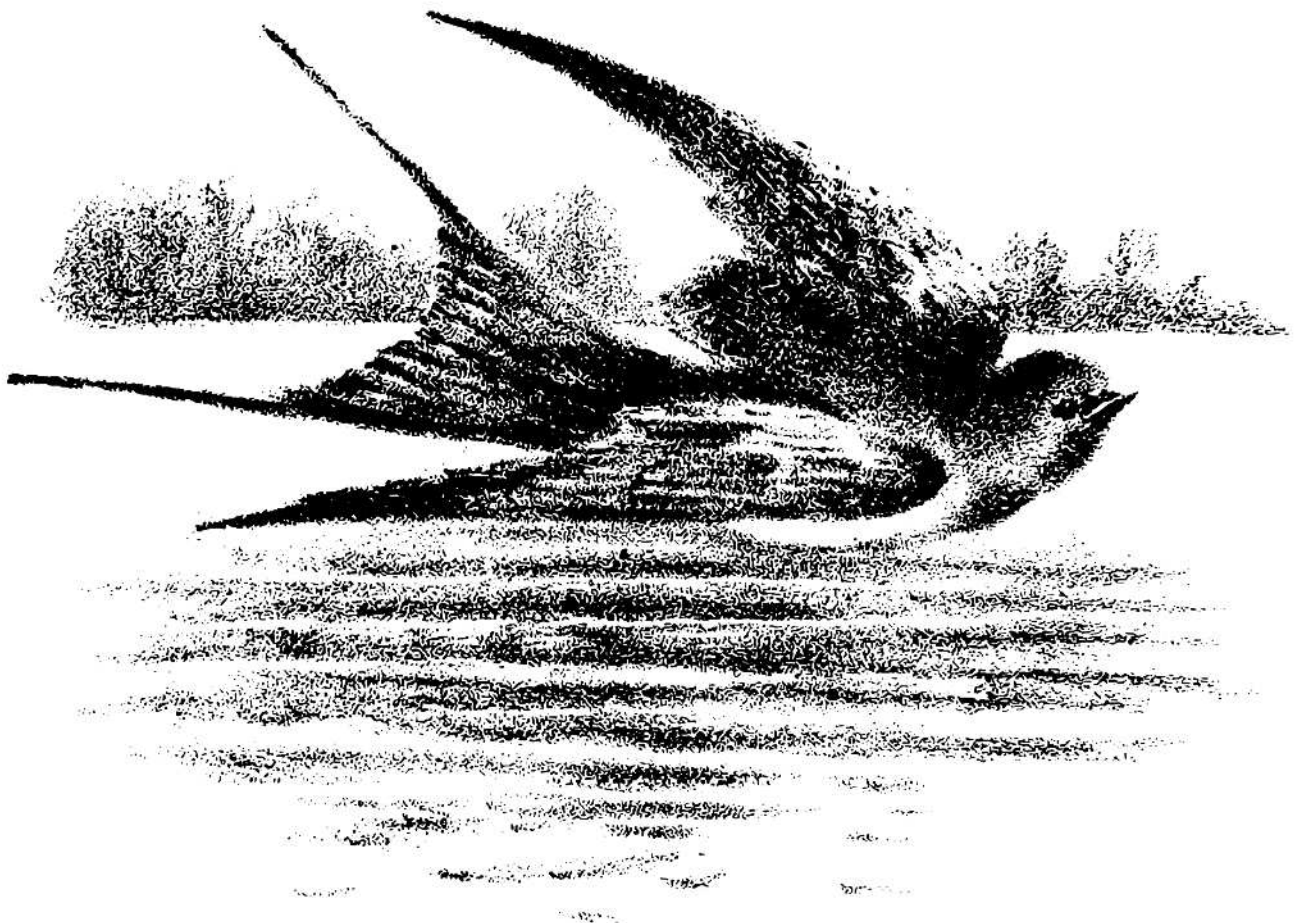
It was now far on in autumn, and the chimney-swallows were preparing to fly away south. The young ones were dancing and diving in the air, showing how they would do in

Africa, asking their elders if the boys in Tunis and Tripoli would throw stones at them as boys in Britain did—not that it mattered much to them, only it was a pity for the boys' own sakes. They loved too to hear about the strange horses that had humps on their backs, and the towns that had no big chimneys belching out black smoke. They were actually going off their food and sleep with impatience to be gone.

The day appointed came at last, and the swallows with tremendous clamour arranged themselves in rows on the roof of the village church. The captains of tens and hundreds gave in their reports: there were in all 474. There should have been one more; Rus Twitters was absent. The other birds were anxious to go without him for he was no favourite; his wife the most anxious of them all, for she dreaded the prospect not of his death, but of the troublesome illness that seemed likely to precede his death. She came forward to explain, for she could make up a story in no time.

"Silence, madam," said the chief of the swallows, "I wish to hear no lies; come with me to your house."

They found the poor husband very ill. His wife, in preparation for the journey southwards, had of late demanded from him a thousand gnats twice every day, and three times on Sabbath, and his strength had been overtaxed. He asked pardon for his absence, and begged to be left behind, for, said he, "I am a dying



bird." But the chief refused to listen to him, and leaving some orders in the meantime, returned to the church.

"I am sorry to tell you, birds, that Mr. Twitters is unwell. I know no truer-hearted swallow. Happen what may, our departure must be postponed till this day week. By that time he will be better."

Once more the birds assembled on the roof. The numbers were counted up; this time 475. The chief, who seemed thoughtful, said a few words about the order and the rate of flight, and then off they flew.

They were nearing the coast of Africa, and indeed were only twenty miles from it, when that happened which the chief had feared. A sudden storm arose and drove them, all wearied as they were, well out to sea. They made a gallant struggle. A few got safe to Italy; some scores took refuge in the rigging and on the decks of a steamer, the *City of Edinburgh*, bound for Port Said, ninety stood out the gale and reached the coast of Africa after many hours. The chief of the swallows was one of these last. But his exertions to save life, and his sorrow for the loss of so many in his keeping, had brought him very low.

He tossed in fever for three days, and then he fell asleep; an unbroken sleep was his only chance of life.

A great chattering awoke him; he recognised the voice of Mrs. Twitters; she was complaining of the quality of the Tunis gnats. The poor chief roused himself and commanded her to be brought.

"Woman," he said, "your husband, your five sons, eight score and fifteen swallows have been drowned, and yet you will talk of gnats! Will *nothing* touch your heart?"

"What do you mean?" she said. "It was yourself who——"

But before the sentence was finished, the chief of the swallows was dead. And then came swift retribution. For his faithful comrade and successor, with a fierce look and gesture, cried out "Birds!" and almost in one moment Mrs. Twitters had been torn into shreds



## About the Comfort of God's Name.

**W**HEN you grow older I hope you will read the First Book of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*; it is one of the grandest things in English literature. It tells us how the Red Cross Knight fought his way, through many dangers and defeats, to the House of Holiness at last. But there is another English book which surely you know already, for the youngest of you should love it—the *Pilgrim's Progress*. You remember the story about the man whose name was Graceless at first,

but Christian by-and-by, who set out for the Celestial City. He had a rough and uphill road to travel; but by the grace of God he endured to the end and was saved.

Now, God wants every one of you to be the Red Cross Knight, every girl and boy to be the Pilgrim with the changed name and the face stedfastly set to go up to the New Jerusalem. But the road is difficult, and perhaps you shrink from it. Your shoes must be stout and strong, the path is so stony. Your cap must be fastened well down on your head, your helmet rather I should say. You must make up your mind that it will not matter though the wind blows and the snow drifts, though your companions do all they can to turn you away from Christ, though you have to go through fire and through water. "For you intend to get to God."

Let me tell you how one of the Old Testament saints, the prophet Micah, encouraged himself when he thought of the risks and the roughness of the road. "We will walk," he said, "in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever" (Micah iv. 5). There never was a wiser resolution than that. Let us take the name of God with us for our staff and our sword and our shield.

### I.

**JEHOVAH ROPHI**—that is His name, such a sweet and pleasant name. It means "I am the Lord That healeth thee."

Can you say that about God? "He has forgiven me; He has



healed all my diseases." Sometimes, on a summer afternoon, you have seen the black clouds cover the sky, and then the lightning flashes out, and the rain comes down in torrents. But afterwards how soft the sunlight is, and what coolness and freshness there is everywhere! So it may be that the thunder-clouds crept over your soul. You saw that God was angry with you for your sin. You were afraid. But then the sunshine of this blessed name came streaming in—Jehovah Rophi; and the dark clouds disappeared. Jesus became your Good Physician. You felt that He had borne your sin in His own body on the tree. You trusted Him, and all was well. And if God has done that for you, will He ever leave you? Will He not help you to walk and not to faint?

## II.

Then here is another of His names—JEHOVAH JIREH, "the Lord will provide." That name carries us away back to the time of Abraham, and to Isaac bound on the altar, and to the ram which the Lord prepared in the lad's stead for an offering. Its message is, "In all your difficulties God will interpose. He will provide."

So many helps He does provide for those who are walking in His ways. There is the Sabbath, sent to us every week like an angel from heaven to strengthen us. There is the house of the Lord; blessed are they that dwell in it. There is the Bible, with its precepts, with its shining examples, with its great and precious promises. There is prayer;

such a fountain of refreshment it should be in the thirsty wilderness. Yes, you may count up all your needs, and over against each you may write this inspiring and glorious name: Jehovah Jireh, the Lord sees me and provides.

## III.

And this is His name—JEHOVAH NISSI, "the Lord is my Banner."

You are soldiers as well as pilgrims—soldiers with terrible enemies to fight, the world and the flesh and the devil. I daresay you wonder at that. "Why does not God make me perfectly holy at once?" you ask. "Why does He not keep me from the noise of the archers, from the attack of the Amalekites, from the hour and the power of darkness?" One reason is that you may learn that His name is Jehovah Nissi; that He goes in front of you into every battle, your Banner, your Leader; that He sustains you in the battle, and more than sustains—confirms and strengthens your grace by means of it. Once Frederick the Great wrote to one of his generals, "I send you against the enemy with 60,000 men." But, when the troops were numbered, it was found that there were only 50,000; and the officer was surprised and displeased. "There is no mistake," Frederick replied, "I counted you for 10,000 men." But who will say for how many God counts? He is the Lord of Hosts; and with Him on our side, we may well walk at liberty.

## IV.

Here is one name more. God is

JEHOVAH SHALOM, "the Lord our Peace."

He keepeth him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Him. Five years ago, a good man, a missionary of Christ, Bishop Hannington, was marching with a few companions through Central Africa. He was going by a road that he had never travelled before. There were fierce savages, the Masai, all round him. He was marching to his death, as it turned out—a martyr's death. But he felt no fear. He used to make the deserts echo and ring with his favourite song :

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round !  
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found ;  
Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown !  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Yes, what does it matter, when God is the Lord our Peace !

Dear children, if this God is our God, we may be "exceeding bold." We need not hesitate to promise, like Micah, that we shall walk in His name, not for a day, nor for a year, nor for our earthly lifetime, but "for ever and ever."

### A Lullaby.

Sweet baby, sleep ! what ails my dear,  
What ails my darling, thus to cry ?  
Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,  
To hear me sing thy lullaby :  
My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear,  
For whosoever thee offends  
By thy Protector threatened are,  
And God and angels are thy friends.  
Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He ;  
And strength in weakness then was laid

Upon His Virgin Mother's knee,  
That power to thee might be conveyed.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when He was born,  
Had not so much for outward ease ;  
By Him such dressings were not worn,  
Nor such-like swaddling clothes as these.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

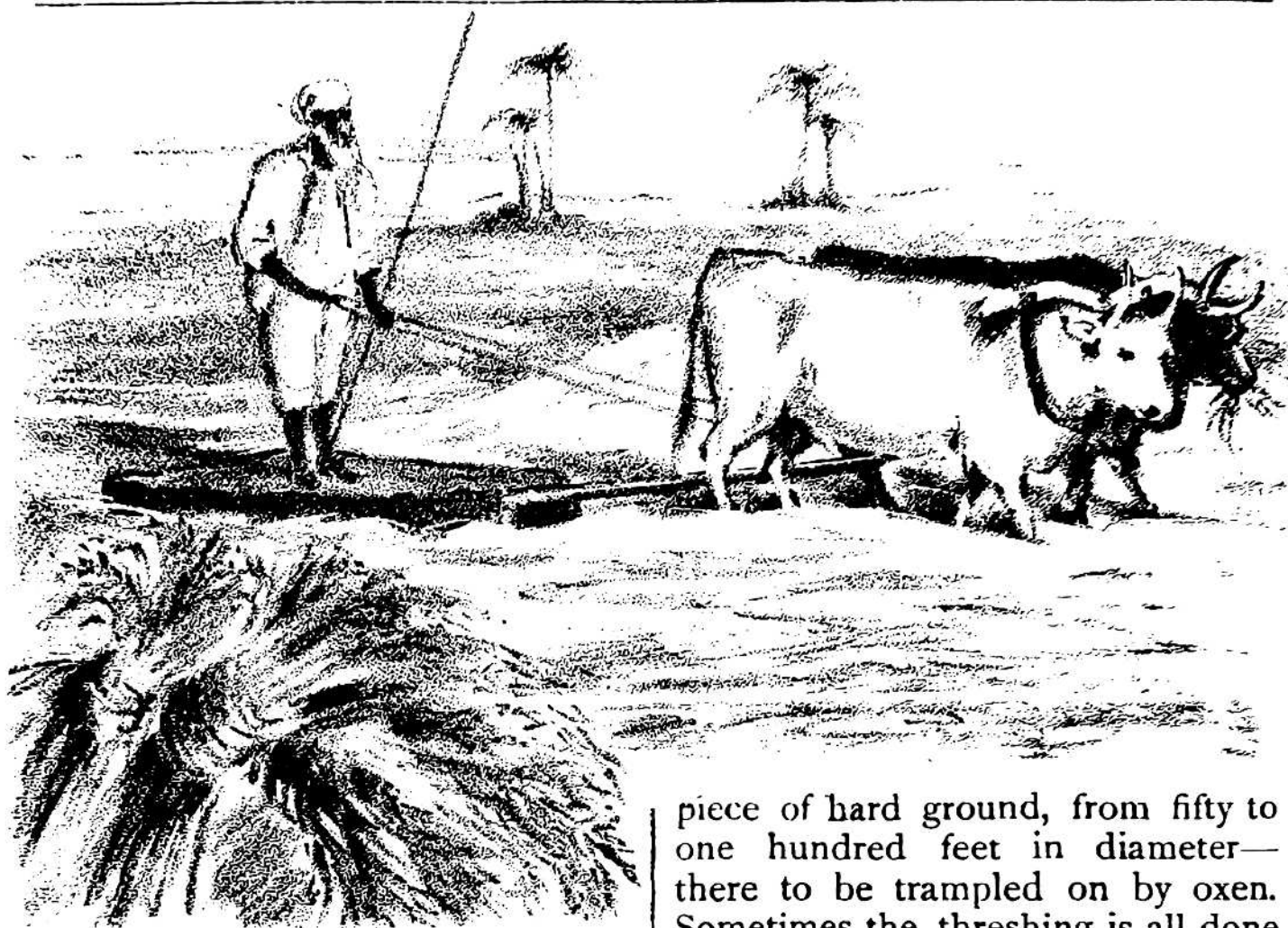
Within a manger lodged thy Lord,  
Where oxen lay, and asses fed :  
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,  
An easy cradle or a bed.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;  
Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

*George Wither, 1588-1667*

### The Little Captive Maid.

**D**URING one of the many wars made on the outlying tribes by the old cruel queen of Madagascar, Ranavalona I., a little Ibara girl was taken captive and sold into slavery at the capital. While serving there she became acquainted with some persecuted Christians, was influenced by them, and at last became a Christian herself. After many years her father, who was principal chief of his district, managed to procure her freedom, and she returned with him to her home in the far south. She was the only Christian there, the nearest Christian community being the infant church at Fianarantsoa, about sixty miles distant. But such was her zeal, that once every two months she used to travel on foot all that way to communion—three days' journey each way. She would start on Thursday, and now one



night on her journey northwards, and another night on her journey homeward, she was accustomed to sleep at Ambrohimandroso, and it was she on her two-monthly visit that was the chief instrument, in God's hands, of winning the first souls for Christ there, and laying the foundation of what has now become the mother church of a large and rapidly increasing mission district.

*Rev. T. Rowlands.*

*Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn.—Deut. xxv. 4; 1 Cor. ix. 9; 1 Tim. v. 18.*

**I**N harvest time in the East the sheaves are taken to the "threshing-floor," a circular

piece of hard ground, from fifty to one hundred feet in diameter—there to be trampled on by oxen. Sometimes the threshing is all done by their feet, but usually the oxen draw a rough sledge after them, on whose under-side bits of stone or iron have been fastened. By this means the grain is crushed out, and the straw is cut or torn, and so made fit for fodder. While this is being done, the oxen, God says, are not to be muzzled. The driver is to let them take a mouthful as they go round and round. The oxen, however, are to thresh as well as eat. In the same way, when a boy is sent into the garden to pull the gooseberries or currants, he is to get taking a berry or a stalk now and again, provided always he makes pulling, and not eating, his chief work. For the harvest is a time of special mercy, seeing God gives us,

For our bushel sown,  
Twice ten for one.

We are to share the joy of harvest  
with all who help to gather it in.

This rule is meant to apply to every branch of work. Some of you girls will be mistresses some day. If ever you have something specially good prepared for your own table, your maids are to have a share. And some of you boys will be masters. Remember, if some contract turns out unusually well, or if your week has been prosperous beyond your hopes, you must give a little present to all your clerks and workmen.

It is a rule, also, by which God has graciously bound Himself. He is a good Master. His yoke is easy. He wishes us to work in hope. If we do anything for God, He will give us a share in His joy. Our

rest and our supper will not be given us

Till the close of the day,  
And the last load's home.

But we shall get a "bite in the by-going"—a foretaste to cheer and strengthen us, and prove to us that our work is not in vain.



Every misery that I miss is a new mercy.—*Izaak Walton.*



**L**ET not the sluggish sleep  
Close up thy waking eye,  
Until with judgment deep  
Thy daily deeds thou try :  
He that one sin in conscience keeps  
When he to quiet goes,  
More venturous is than he that sleeps  
With twenty mortal foes !

*Anonymous.*



## Bible Questions.

**JUNIORS.**—1. A list of persons in the gospels who are spoken of as weeping. 2. A list of God's titles and attributes given in 1 Timothy.

**SENIORS.**—A list of bad people in the Bible who saw angels. 2. A list of kings and queens who died violent deaths.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

*The names of those who did the August lessons will be published in October.*

Good answers to the Questions in the July number have been received from—

**JUNIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Annie Allen, Jessie L. Alston, Robert Alston, Gardner Blair, David Blair, Daniel M'I. Black, M. M. Black, R. Briggs (1 and 3), W. G. Briggs (1 and 3), A. Chancellor, Aggie Christie, Alexander Culton, Nellie Culton, Gavin Drinnan, John Graham, Sara Graham, William Graham, Robert Hardie, Agnes Ann Higgins, Robert Higgins, Thomas Peter Higgins, William Alex. Higgins, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Amelia H. Lang, Jessie Russell Lang, Lizzie Lang, A. T. Martin, Anna B. Martin, Mary H. Martin, William M'K. M'Crea, James M'Crea, Lily M'Clure, Mary A. M'Kail, Lizzie Pomphrey, William Archie Paterson, Robert James Rainey, Lucy Robinson, W. J. Robinson, Alice Stewart, Robert R. Stevenson. **SENIORS.**—John Allen, C. H. Chancellor (2, 3, and 4), Aggie Christie (3 and 4), Mary Kean, Lizzie Kean, Maggie K. W. Martin, Lily M'Clure (3 and 4), James Paterson.

*The 1889 Volume of The Morning Watch is now ready, price One Shilling (free by post 1s. 1d.) Copies of the 1888 Volume may still be had. James M'Kelvie & Sons, Greenock. May be had of all Booksellers.*



| THE MOON.            |      |            |  | THE SUN RISES          |        | SETS. |
|----------------------|------|------------|--|------------------------|--------|-------|
| Last Quarter, . . .  | 6th  | September. |  | Sabbath, 7th Sept., at | 5.24 ; | 6.32. |
| New Moon, . . .      | 14th | "          |  | " 14th "               | 5.35 ; | 6.16. |
| First Quarter, . . . | 21st | "          |  | " 21st "               | 5.46 ; | 6.    |
| Full Moon, . . .     | 28th | "          |  | " 28th "               | 5.57 ; | 5.44. |

|   |    |                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|---|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | M  | The hope set before us ;                                                                                                                                                               |
| 2 | TU | Which we have as an anchor of the soul,                                                                                                                                                |
| 3 | W  | A hope both sure and steadfast                                                                                                                                                         |
| 4 | TH | And entering into that which is within the veil ;                                                                                                                                      |
| 5 | F  | Whither as a forerunner Jesus entered for us,                                                                                                                                          |
| 6 | S  | Having become a high priest for ever.— <i>Heb. vi. 18-20 (R. V.).</i> (The end of the anchor tow is in Christ's ten fingers. Who dare pull if He hold?— <i>Rutherford's Letters.</i> ) |

|    |    |                                                                                                                                 |
|----|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 7  | S  | Inquire at the word of the Lord to-day.— <i>1 Kings xxii. 5.</i>                                                                |
| 8  | M  | The will of the Lord be done.— <i>Acts xxi. 14.</i> (Let God steer His own helm.— <i>Rutherford.</i> )                          |
| 9  | TU | Thou art the guide of my youth.— <i>Jer. iii. 4.</i>                                                                            |
| 10 | W  | Let the wicked forsake his way,                                                                                                 |
| 11 | TH | And let him return unto the Lord.                                                                                               |
| 12 | F  | As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways,                                                 |
| 13 | S  | And My thoughts than your thoughts.— <i>Isaiah lv. 8.</i> (Your thoughts are no part of the new covenant.— <i>Rutherford.</i> ) |

|    |    |                                                                         |
|----|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 14 | S  | Ye shall reverence My sanctuary.— <i>Lev. xxvi. 1.</i>                  |
| 15 | M  | Your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost.— <i>1 Cor. vi. 19 (R. V.).</i> |
| 16 | TU | He went in to tarry with them.— <i>Luke xxiv. 29.</i>                   |
| 17 | W  | Be tenderly affectioned one to another ;                                |
| 18 | TH | In honour preferring one another ;                                      |
| 19 | F  | In diligence not slothful ; fervent in spirit ;                         |
| 20 | S  | Serving the Lord.— <i>Romans xii. 10 (R. V.).</i>                       |

|    |    |                                                                                            |
|----|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 21 | S  | In His temple everything saith, Glory.— <i>Psalms xxix. 9 (R. V.).</i>                     |
| 22 | M  | Father, glorify Thy name.— <i>John xii. 28.</i>                                            |
| 23 | TU | The Spirit of glory and of God resteth on you.— <i>1 Peter iv. 14.</i>                     |
| 24 | W  | A multitude of the heavenly host, saying, Glory to God in the highest.— <i>Luke ii. 13</i> |
| 25 | TH | His glory is great in Thy salvation.— <i>Psalms xxi. 6.</i>                                |
| 26 | F  | Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.— <i>John xv. 8.</i>                |
| 27 | S  | Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether by life or death.— <i>Phil. i. 20.</i>       |

|    |    |                                                                                                                 |
|----|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 28 | S  | He shall see of the travail of His soul.— <i>Isaiah liii. 11.</i>                                               |
| 29 | M  | He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed (Weeping must not hinder sowing.— <i>Philip Henry</i> ), |
| 30 | TU | Shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves.— <i>Psalms cxviii. 6.</i>                      |

October, 1890.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A.

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

RECORDED.  
LORD'S DAY SCHOOL.  
Hall Lane, Liverpool.



Thomas Carlyle's Mother.

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## International Sabbath School Lessons.

*October 5.*—Parable of the Vineyard.—Luke xx. 9-19. Text, Isa liii. 3. Quest. 91. Ps. xxxvi. 1, 2.

**T**HIS parable of the vineyard is for the Jewish nation what Nathan's parable of the ewe lamb was for David. Those who heard it betrayed their own guilt, declared themselves to be the wicked husbandmen who murdered the servants and the son of their lord, by exclaiming at the end, God forbid. They felt that they deserved to be destroyed and have the Kingdom of God taken from them. When Jesus fixed His eyes on them (v. 17) he bound them down to that confession. "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee." It teaches the severity of God (v. 18) against those who persist in disobedience; there is no possible escape for them; but how much more it dwells on His goodness, telling how He sends again and again and again, and spares not His Own Son, to bring the disobedient to their duty.

*Oct. 12.*—The Lord's Supper.—Luke xxii. 7-20. Text, 1 Cor. xi. 26. Quest. 92. Ps. xxxvi. 5-7.

**T**HE day of unleavened bread was not itself a day of the feast so much as a day when all the preparations for the passover were completed. It was like what a Scotch Saturday evening used to be in preparation for the Sabbath. Ten persons must be present at the passover, and so most families would invite strangers to join them. But no one had asked Christ or the disciples. Peter and John felt as if preparation had been overlooked too long, but no! Christ had everything arranged, though the host, I suppose, did not know for whom he was preparing.

Christ was eager to eat this passover with the disciples, for it was his last, and in a sense their last also. He gave them the new passover to be the memorial of their redemption. The old covenant and the new were sealed in blood. The Lord's

Supper is a feast of remembrance of the Lord's love, and a sign of constant acceptance of Him as our life.

*Oct. 19.*—The Spirit of True Service.—Luke xxii. 24-37. Text, Phil. ii 5. Quest. 93. Ps. xxxvi. 8, 9.

**W**E have here the worldliest spirit shown at the most solemn meeting in history, and shown by good men, too. Pride is often one of the last sins to get killed in disciples still.

In face of such conduct Christ praises them. With all their faults they have "continued with" Him—they have meant to be faithful. He overlooks shortcomings to speak of what is good in them, and tells them of their reward. Christ speaks of His life as "His temptations." It was not in the wilderness alone that He was tempted, but "in all points like as we are" all through.

The warning to Peter leaves him as self-confident as ever. He would not have said that Christ was not right in what He said, and yet he was sure it could never be true of Him. It has been said that if a man would draw a map of his own heart it must be like the old maps of Africa—a few mountains and seaports and a coast line marked, but the great interior—a blank.

*Oct. 26.*—Jesus in Gethsemane.—Luke xxii. 39-53. Text, Isa. liii. 3. Quest. 94. Ps. xxxvi. 10, 11.

**T**HE great crisis found Jesus doing as "He was wont." The Mount of Olives was an accustomed place of prayer, and he knew that the traitor would seek Him there. The advice to the disciples shows that even then He was most concerned for them.

The prayer of Christ's agony was offered when He was quite alone. He was only "a stone's cast" away, and yet the disciples knew nothing of the great conflict going on so near, involving their and the world's redemption. Tragedies in life go on beside us and we know nothing. But the disciples felt that a great sorrow was hanging over them, and it had preyed on them till they were worn out. But Christ by prayer was in victorious calm again thinking still of them.

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

*Continued from page 100.*

At the  
age of  
33

Miss Florence Nightingale went out to the Crimea to take care of the sick and wounded, Oct., 1854. The British army was in terrible distress. Our soldiers, worn down by hard toil, numbed by cold and wet, assailed by scurvy, by cholera, by dysentery, by fevers, were removed, after unspeakable sufferings in the field hospitals and in the journeys from the camp to shipboard, to hospitals frightfully overcrowded, unventilated, appallingly unclean, where there was neither sufficient attendance nor proper food. Out of an average strength of 29,000 men, 11,600 died in less than six months, of whom only 1,500 had been slain or wounded in battle. At this crisis, when the doctors were helpless, Miss Nightingale offered to go out and organise a nursing staff. No words can describe the change she brought about. It was as if an angel had come down. The effects of her work are to be seen in every hospital and infirmary to this day. "From her early years," says Mr. Kinglake, "a steadfast impassioned benevolence had impelled her to devote great powers of mind and unconquerable energies to the object of becoming well practised in the conduct of hospital business. But the gift, without which she never could have achieved what she did, was her faculty of conquering dominion over the minds of men—who were always wanting "more time" to do things—and this was the force which lifted her from out of the ranks of those who are only "able" to the height reached by those who are "great." At the close of the war a sum of £50,000 was raised as a testimonial to her, but the gift so nobly won she as nobly spent in establishing a fund for training nurses.

33

Sir Philip Sidney died, 7th Oct., 1586. He was born in Kent and studied at Oxford and Cambridge. In his 18th year, while on his travels, he narrowly escaped death on the night of St. Bartholomew, 24th Aug., 1572, in the massacre of the Protestants in Paris. He soon became one of the most conspicuous figures at Elizabeth's Court, and was known to the leading men of Europe as a soldier and statesman of the highest promise. He has taken a permanent place in history and legend as a hero. He met his death at the battle of Zutphen, helping Holland against Spain. He had lent the thigh plates of his mail to Sir W. Pelham, and after riding three times through and through the Spanish squadrons, was returning from his last charge when a musket ball struck him on his exposed thigh, a little above the left knee. Though the bone was shattered he sate his horse till he reached the English entrenchments. Thence he was carried to Arnheim, where the wound mortified, and "in musical discourses on the immortality of the soul, on poetry, Plato, and the Bible, his spirit sang itself swan-like away." There is a beautiful story told of him as he was riding wounded from the battle-field. It is Lord Brooke, one of his companions, who tells it. "In which sad progress,



At the  
age of  
33

passing along by the rest of the army, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for some drink, which was presently brought to him ; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Which Sir Philip perceiving took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words : 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'"

Sir Philip Sidney wrote a translation of the Psalms which Mr. Ruskin has described as "better written than any other rhymed version of the Psalms known to me."

- 34 Sir Francis Drake crossed the Isthmus of Darien. When he reached the highest point of the dividing ridge, his Indian guide pointed out a tree from whose top he might see the "north" sea from which he had come, and the "south" sea to which he was going. Drake climbed the tree and was the first Englishman who ever saw the Pacific Ocean. The Spaniards at that time claimed all the lands and seas of the New World. With his eyes fixed on the great waters that opened up before him, it is said, Drake prayed to God to grant him life and leave once to sail an English ship on these seas, which, five years afterwards, by God's grace he did.

*To be continued.*

## Thomas Carlyle's Mother.

**T**HERE have been few Scotchmen more notable than Thomas Carlyle. I hope you will all read his *Cromwell* and many other of his books as you get older. His father was a man of rare ability and still rarer integrity ; whatever he did, doing it with all his might. But his mother was a still nobler character. Her people were poor, very poor, but "pious, just, and wise." Like her husband she used to say things that were not easily forgotten. One day, for example, meeting one Agg Buyers she said, "Weel, Agg, lass, I've never spoken t'ye sin' ye stole our coals. I'll gie ye an advice : never steal nae mair."

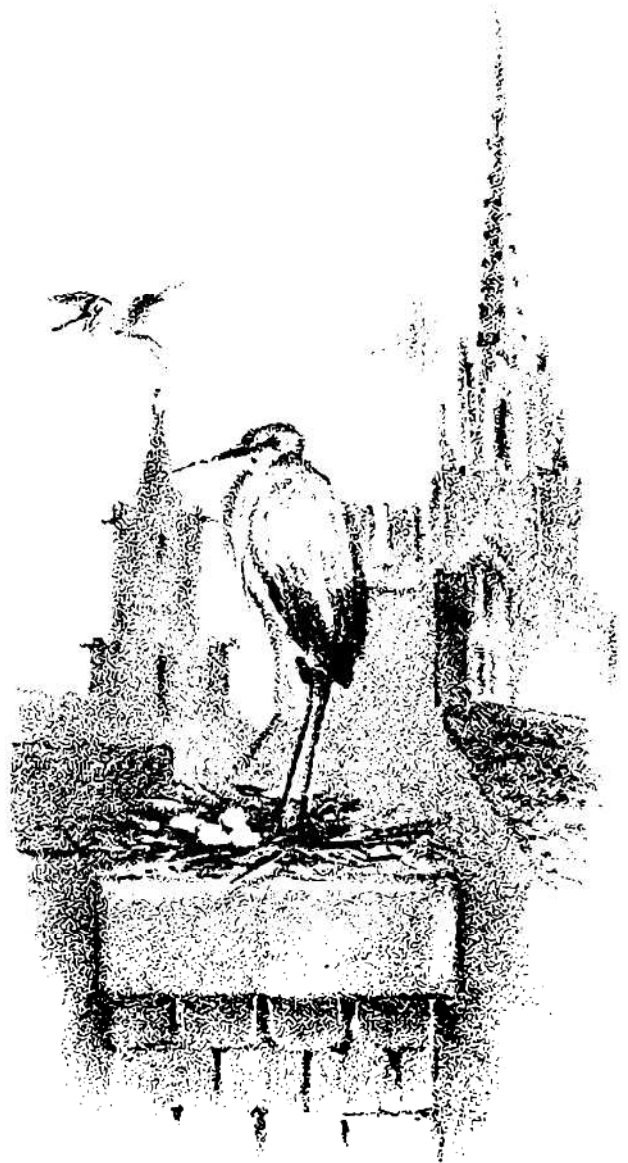
Mrs. Carlyle had been taught to read, but she taught herself to write, chiefly for the pleasure of sending

letters to her famous son. Many of these are given in Mr. Froude's books, and wonderful letters they are. Several of her children lived far away, but her heart went out after every one of them. "The first road I go every morning," she says, "is to London, then to Italy, then to Craigenputtock, then to Mary's, and then I begin to think them at hame are, maybe, no safer than the rest." Her one wish was that they might be saved, her one cry to them, "Seek God." She was specially anxious about Thomas. Here is a New Year's greeting to him—"May this be the best year you have ever seen, and the worst you ever may see." Most earnestly she pleads with him to take hold of Christ. "Have you got through the Bible yet ? If you have, read it again." "I pray for a blessing on your learning." "Tell me about

your chapters." "Do make religion your great study, Tom; if you repent it, I will bear the blame for ever." When her husband died, after thirty-eight years of married life, she sent this message to her family—"It is God that has done it; be still, my dear children."

Her son did all for her that a son could do. "I am proud of my mother," he wrote, "though she is neither rich nor learned." He used to send her gifts, but none so acceptable as his books, which she read through and through with all a mother's pride. When he was writing his "French Revolution," she made him a dressing-gown which was to be his when the book was finished. "But what," she added, "is it all compared with the one thing needful!" And there is little doubt that it was her prayers and entreaties that kept him from making utter shipwreck of the faith. How much the world owes to her no tongue can tell. "If," said her son in the last letter she ever got from him, "if there has been any good in the things I have uttered in the world's hearing, it was your voice essentially that was speaking through me; essentially what you and my brave father meant and taught me to mean. And if, in the few years that may remain to me, I am to get any more written for the world, the essence of it, so far as it is worthy and good, will still be yours."

She died in 1853, aged 84.



### Mother Stork's Birthday.

**T**HERE were four of them, father, mother, son, and daughter, and they lived on the top of a tower in Delft, a town in Holland, once famous, as its name shows us, for its pottery. It was the 17th July, and, being the day of new moon, was Mrs. Stork's birthday, for the Storks kept their birthdays every month, not year, as we do. The

children were very young, but they seemed born astronomers, or perhaps it was that they kept their eyes open; but no matter how, they never made a mistake about the moon. If it was like the letter D, they knew it was getting bigger; if like C, that it was getting smaller.

The Storks were fond of their mother, and it grieved them that they had no present for her. They talked a great deal, wondering if nothing could be done. I am sorry I can't give you their very words, but the truth is, Storks have a strange language, much harder for us to learn than even Chinese would be. They have no voices; but just as two telegraph operators can talk in a room to one another, even when other people are speaking, by tapping the floor with their heels or the table with their knuckles, or just as a boy can play a tune on two bits of bone, so Storks talk by snapping their bills.

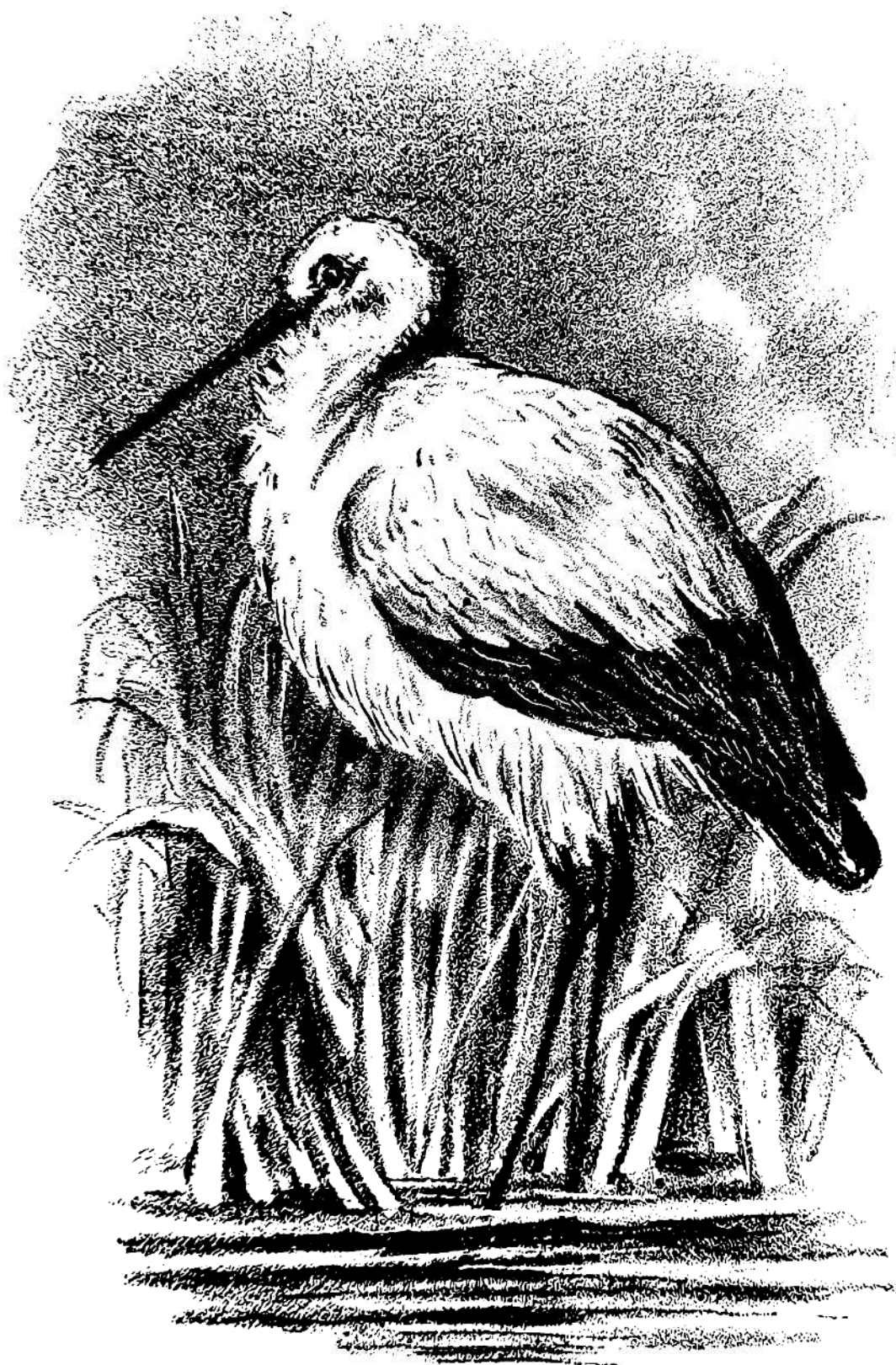
"I fear we can't do anything," said the boy.

"Well then," said his sister, "we must just be good, and that will please mother as much as a present maybe, but a present would have been so nice."

But that very moment a way out of their difficulty was opened up. It was a market day in Delft, and their mother had much work on hand. She had the cleaning of one of the busiest streets to do! But you will not think the less of her on that account, for she did her work well, and George Herbert has told us how such drudgery may be made "divine." So she marched about

among the people, up and down. She was a lovely bird, three feet seven inches high, her wings black, her bill and legs red, her head and neck and body a spotless white. And she carried herself so gracefully that it was no wonder her husband stood and feasted his eyes on her. "I think," she said to him, "you should go and see how the children are." So off he went, but when he was half-way home, he wheeled round and flew to a marsh two miles off, hoping to get some dainty for them. To his delight he found the biggest frog he had ever seen! You and I wouldn't have cared much for it, but neither would Storks care for some things we eat. It took him three minutes to get home, and when his children saw him and the frog, the girl clasped his long legs with her wings, and the boy cut such a caper that he nearly fell off the nest, while both snapped their bills so loudly that I thought they had broken them.

"O father," they cried out together, "will you let us give the frog to mother for a birthday gift?" He was only too well pleased, but he made them promise not to tell her till supper-time. Their mother came home at five and they had dinner. It was all the children could do to keep their secret. The boy looked very happy and important and once nearly outwitted himself by saying, "I wish it was supper-time," while his sister once said loud out, "Don't be afraid, father; I shan't tell what we——," and doubtless would have told, had not her father put his foot down gently but firmly on her neck.





Before supper the children said their questions. The question this night was, "Honour thy father and thy mother." They said it nicely, and their mother explained it very beautifully. Then the girl, unable to restrain herself, cried out, "O mother, we both love you and father, and we have got a present for you. Guess what it is! You never saw such a beauty frog!" And really she never had; and then there was such joy in the nest, and such a snapping of bills, that the people in the street stopped and looked up and said the storks were fighting!

"Did you ever give your mother a birthday present?" said the boy at last.

"No," she said.

"But surely you loved her?"

"Yes, my dear child," she said, "but she died when I was ten days old. I have often wished to tell you about her. We didn't live here then. We lived in a house where the Town Hall stands. Father was from home, and mother had left my sister and me to go and gather food. When she came back the house was on fire. We were too young to fly, and nothing could be done to save us. So mother covered us with her wings and bade us lie still and keep close to her and be good. O it was dreadful; the noise and heat and smoke! It seems now like a terrible dream. I must have swooned. 'Be good,' that was the last thing I heard; when I came to myself I was in a strange nest, my father bending over me saying, 'My poor wee storkie, you are now all I have, my poor wee motherless storkie!'"

## The Story of Maria Peabody.

**T**HAT was the name, though you will hardly believe it, of a little orphan girl, a native of Ceylon, many years ago. And this is what she did. The native Christians where she lived resolved to build a church. Each gave what he could, but Maria gave the land on which to build. It was a little piece, but it was enough. It was her marriage portion, all she had, and, in making the gift, she renounced, in the eyes of every native, all hope of being married. Her friends tried hard to make her change her mind. "No," she said, "I have given it to Jesus, and as He has accepted it, you must." So the church, the first built by native Christians in Ceylon, stands to-day on Maria's land.

Some time after a young student, who like Maria had been brought up by the missionaries at Oodooville, and was now training for the ministry, heard what she had done, and, loving her for it, never rested till he had sought and won her hand in marriage.

Some one unknown in the United States had for many years sent twenty dollars to support and educate this Hindu girl. Dr. Poor, a missionary in Ceylon, visiting America about that time, longed to find out who the unknown sower was that he might tell him about the wonderful harvest. One day, after preaching at Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, he heard some one speak of a Mrs. Peabody. "Peabody!" he said,

"what Peabody?" "Mrs. Maria Peabody, who lives here, a Professor's widow."

He sought her out at once and told her the story. "Alas!" said the lady, "although the girl bears my name the honour of educating her belongs not to me, but to Louisa Osborne, my poor coloured cook. Some years ago in Salem, Mass., she said to me one night, 'I have just heard that anyone by giving twenty dollars a year may support and educate a child in Ceylon, and I have decided to do it. They say that, along with the money, I can send a name, and I have come to ask if I may send yours.' At that time," continued the lady, "a servant's wages ranged from a dollar to a dollar and a half a week, yet Louisa had for a long time given half a dollar every month at the Foreign Missions meeting, and when expostulated with for giving so much, would only say, 'I have thought it all over.'"

The missionary learned that the last thing known of Louisa was that she had gone to live in Lowell, Mass. Soon after, he reached that city, and, addressing a crowded meeting, told the story of Maria Peabody. Before closing he added, "If there is any one present who knows anything of that good woman, Louisa Osborne, and will lead me to her, I shall be much obliged."

The benediction was pronounced and the crowd dispersed, but as Dr. Poor was passing down the aisle he saw a quiet little figure apparently waiting for him. "Are you Louisa Osborne?" he said. "Yes," was

the calm reply. "Well," he said, "God bless you; you have heard my report and know all, but answer me one question, What made you do it?" "I do not know," she replied, with downcast eyes and in a low and trembling voice, "I do not know, but I guess it was my Lord Jesus."

Dr. Poor returned to Ceylon to die. Louisa Osborne still lives and does not lack friends in her old age. —*Seven Years in Ceylon. By M. and M. W. Leitch.*

A farmer once said to me during a spell of wet weather, "But what's the use of grumbling? Grumbling would only make things worse, *for it would make me worse.*" —*Rev. Dr. Jessopp.*

IF I had sons I certainly would teach them trades, amongst others bootmaking. Even a little carpentering, blacksmithing, tinsmithing, shoemaking, tailoring, would be a real gift to a young man. He would be prouder of himself, feeling, "Let the worst come to the worst," I am not useless. —*General Gordon.*

### Inscription in the Parsonage.

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

IF thou chance for to find  
A new house to thy mind,  
And built without thy cost,  
Be good to the poor,  
As God gives thee store,  
And then my labour's not lost.

*George Herbert.*

## Drink and Think.

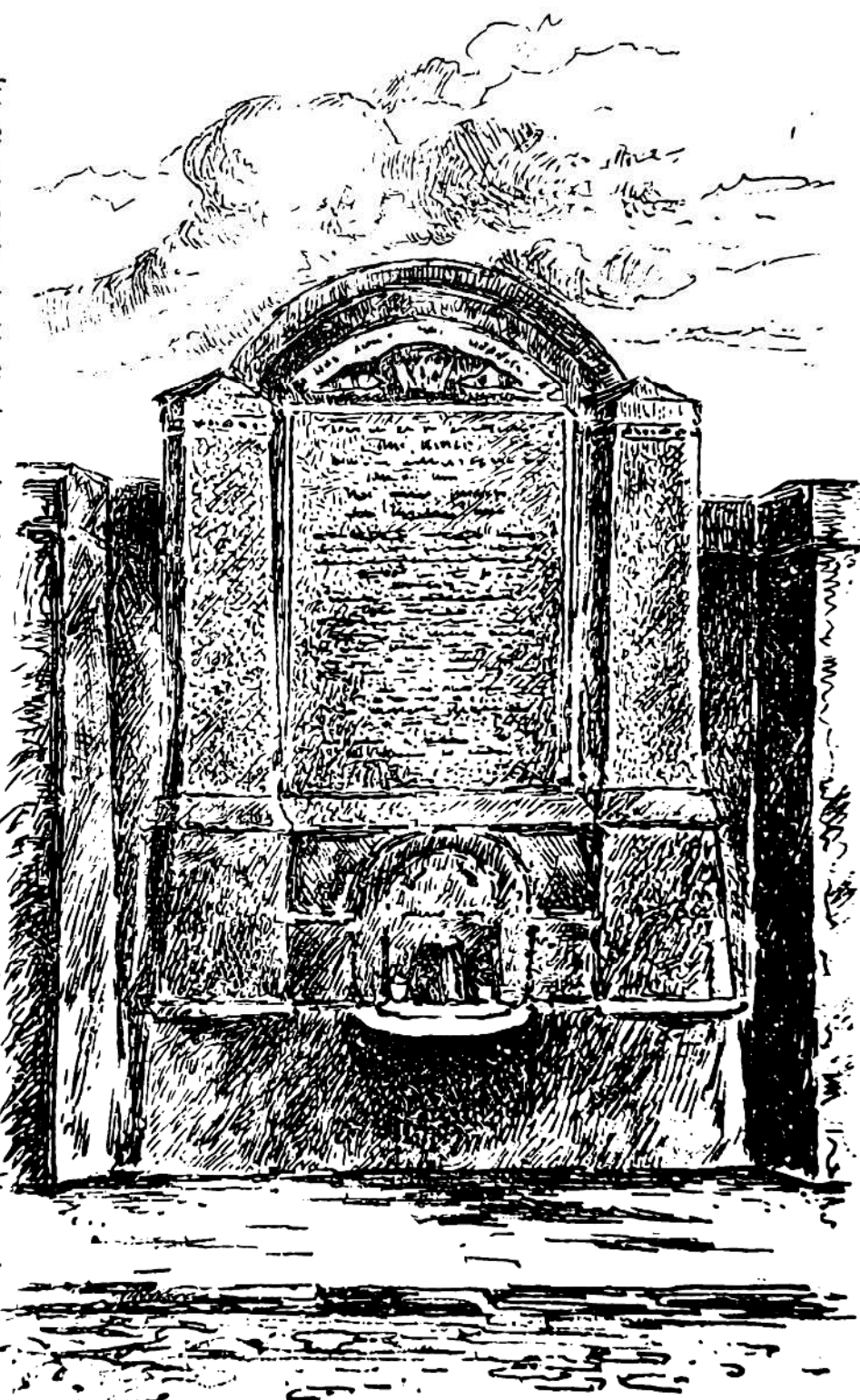
**S**UCH is part of the legend on the monument and drinking fountain set up by the citizens of Glasgow in 1862 to replace a previously existing stone that marked the resting-place of three Covenanting martyrs. The monument, which is getting very black and grimy, is in Castle Street, at the end of Parliamentary Road, a few hundred yards north of the Cathedral.

The full Inscription is :—

### THE DEAD YET SPEAKETH.

Behind this stone lies James Nisbet, who suffered martyrdom at this place, June 5, 1684. Also James Lawson and Alexander Wood, who suffered martyrdom, Oct. 24, 1684, for their adherence to the Word of God, and Scotland's Covenanted Work of Reformation.

*Here ly martyrs three,  
Of memory,  
Who for the Covenants did die :  
And witness is  
'Gainst all the nation's perjury  
'Gainst the Covenanted cause  
Of Christ, their royal King.  
The British rulers made such laws,  
Declar'd 'twas Satan's reign.*




*As Britain lies in guilt, you see,  
'Tis ask'd, Oh! reader, art thou free.*

DRINK AND THINK.

THE MARTYRS' MONUMENT.

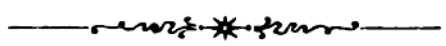


 ONE of Mr. Browning, the poet's, particular pleasures was to lie beside a hedge, or deep in meadow grasses, or under a tree, and there to give himself up so absolutely to the life of the moment that even the shy birds would alight close by, and sometimes venturesomely poise themselves on suspicious wings for a brief space upon his body. I have heard him say that his faculty of observation at one time would not have appeared despicable to an Iroquois Indian; he saw and watched everything—the bird on the wing, the snail dragging its shell up the pendulous woodbine, the bee adding to his golden treasure as he swung in the bells of the campanula, the green fly darting hither and thither like an

animated seedling, the spider weaving her gossamer from twig to twig, the woodpecker heedfully scrutinising the lichen on the gnarled oak-bole, the passage of the wind through leaves or across grass, and the motions and shadows of the clouds.

And his own words are: "Keep but ever looking, whether with the body's eye or the mind's, and you will soon find something to look on!"—*William Sharp.*

### The Martyrs.

 IF the martyrs had not been flesh and blood, they could not have been burnt; and if they had been no more than flesh and blood, they would not have been burnt.—*Thomas Fuller.*

## Bible Questions.

**JUNIORS.**—1. A list of happy deaths, and 2. Of miserable deaths, in the New Testament.

**SENIORS.**—1. Famous men in the Bible who were delivered out of great danger in their childhood. 2. A list of the lame men of the Bible.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

*The names of those who did the September lessons will be published in November.*

Good answers to the Questions in the August number have been received from—

**SENIORS.**—Alex, Adams (1 and 2), John Allen, Maggie Hamilton, Mary Hamilton, Annie H. Lang, Maggie K. W. Martin, Lily M'Clure, Archibald M'Neil, James Paterson, Tom Tudhope.  
**JUNIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Annie Allen, Janet Barclay, Daniel M'I. Black, Alice Briggs, Alex. Culton, Nellie Culton, John Graham, William Graham, Sara Graham, Edward L. Grieve, Jessie K. Lang, Lizzie Lang, Matthew Lang, Anna B. Martin, A. T. Martin, Mary H. Martin, Lily M'Clure, James C. M'Kinnell, Mary M'Neill, William Archie Paterson, Robert James Rainey, Lucy Robinson, W. J. Robinson, James Shankland (2), Robert Stevenson, John Andrew Tudhope.

*The 1889 Volume of The Morning Watch is now ready, price One Shilling (free by post 1s. 1d.) Copies of the 1888 Volume may still be had. James M'Kelvie & Sons, Greenock. May be had of all Booksellers.*



| THE MOON.            |      |          | THE SUN RISES         |        | SETS. |
|----------------------|------|----------|-----------------------|--------|-------|
| Last Quarter, . . .  | 5th  | October. | Sabbath, 5th Oct., at | 6.9 ;  | 5.28. |
| New Moon, . . .      | 13th | "        | " 12th "              | 6.21 ; | 5.12. |
| First Quarter, . . . | 21st | "        | " 19th "              | 6.33 ; | 4.57. |
| Full Moon, . . .     | 27th | "        | " 26th "              | 9.45 ; | 4.43. |

|   |    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|---|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | W  | Faint, yet pursuing.— <i>Judges viii. 4.</i> (Coriolanus, a great Roman, being urged by his men after he had won a battle to rest a little owing to his wounds, replied, "It is not for conquerors to be tired.") |
| 2 | TH | The Lord of hosts is for strength to them that turn back the battle at the gate.— <i>Isa. xxviii. 6 (R. V.).</i>                                                                                                  |
| 3 | F  | For the battle is the Lord's — <i>1 Sam. xvii. 47.</i>                                                                                                                                                            |
| 4 | S  | He went forth conquering, and to conquer.— <i>Rev. vi. 2.</i>                                                                                                                                                     |

|    |    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|----|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 5  | S  | He remembered us in our low estate.— <i>Ps. cxxxvi. 23.</i>                                                                                                                                                            |
| 6  | M  | Even Christ pleased not Himself.— <i>Rom. xv. 3.</i>                                                                                                                                                                   |
| 7  | TU | Thy law is my delight.— <i>Ps. cxix. 174.</i>                                                                                                                                                                          |
| 8  | W  | Seekest thou great things for thyself?— <i>Isa. xlv. 5.</i>                                                                                                                                                            |
| 9  | TH | David served his generation.— <i>Acts xiii. 36.</i>                                                                                                                                                                    |
| 10 | F  | There remaineth a Sabbath rest for the people of God.                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 11 | S  | Give diligence to enter into that rest.— <i>Heb. iv. 9, 11 (R. V.).</i> ("I should have had my leave by this time; but self is out of the question when I am after the enemy.— <i>Letter of Lord Nelson's, 1805.</i> ) |

|    |    |                                                                  |
|----|----|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 12 | S  | Why stand ye here all the day idle?— <i>Matt. xx. 6.</i>         |
| 13 | M  | My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.— <i>John v. 17.</i>      |
| 14 | TU | My yoke is easy.— <i>Matt. xi. 30.</i>                           |
| 15 | W  | The night cometh, when no man can work.— <i>John ix. 4.</i>      |
| 16 | TH | I come quickly, and My reward is with Me.— <i>Rev. xxii. 12.</i> |
| 17 | F  | Son, go work to-day.— <i>Matt. xxii. 28.</i>                     |
| 18 | S  | That no man take thy crown.— <i>Rev. iii. 11.</i>                |

|    |    |                                                                                                                                                            |
|----|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 19 | S  | Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom.                                                                                                       |
| 20 | M  | Yea, with all thou hast gotten, get understanding.— <i>Prov. iv. 7.</i>                                                                                    |
| 21 | TU | Buy the truth, and sell it not.— <i>Prov. xxiii. 23.</i>                                                                                                   |
| 22 | W  | He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.— <i>Prov. xiii. 20.</i>                                                                                       |
| 23 | TH | The lips of the wise disperse knowledge.— <i>Prov. xv. 7.</i>                                                                                              |
| 24 | F  | Ready to distribute.— <i>1 Tim. vi. 18.</i> ("The winter in which I communicated all my results to classes I was full of new thoughts."— <i>Emerson.</i> ) |
| 25 | S  | By reason of the time ye ought to be teachers.— <i>Heb. v. 12 (R. V.).</i>                                                                                 |

|    |    |                                                                             |
|----|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 26 | S  | He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,                     |
| 27 | M  | That bringeth forth his fruit in his season :                               |
| 28 | TU | His leaf also shall not wither ;                                            |
| 29 | W  | Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper,                                          |
| 30 | TH | The ungodly are not so ;                                                    |
| 31 | F  | But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.— <i>Psalms i. 3, 4.</i> |

November, 1890.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

*Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.*



REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN  
LORD'S DAY SCHOOL  
Hall Lane, Greenock

**Lord Nelson.**

*(From a drawing in Clark Russell's Life of Nelson.)*

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

## THE MORNING WATCH

*Volume for 1890*

*WILL BE READY SHORTLY,*

*In Stiff Boards, Printed in Colours.*

### International Sabbath School Lessons.

*Nov. 2.* — Jesus Accused. — Luke xxii, 54-71. Text, Isa. liii. 5 Quest. 95. Ps. xxxvii. 1, 2.

ALL that we read in these verses took place in the dead of night, or in the earliest hours of the morning. There are three scenes. First, Peter's denial of Jesus. It began without words when Peter loitered at the fire, and saw Jesus bound and beaten without giving any sign that he cared for Him. He seems to have avoided looking at Jesus, who could have kept him from falling even there as He kept him from sinking on the sea; and when the cock crow startled him, and made him look that way without his will, his eye met the Lord's only to see how deeply he had wounded His love. Yet the Lord's look broke his heart, and saved him even as he fell.

The second scene is the mockery of Jesus by the attendants. They amused themselves in the dark cold hours before daybreak by blindfolding, buffeting, and spitting on Him: so heartless men can be; yet He opened not His mouth, and He died for them.

The third scene is the Jewish trial of Jesus. The only witness against Him was Himself. Standing there alone, with the cords on His hands, He tells them of His coming glory and acknowledges Himself to be the Son of God. But they were not of the truth, and therefore did not believe Him; but condemned as a blasphemer Him with whom the Father was well pleased.

*Nov. 9.* — Before Pilate and Herod. — Luke xxiii. 1-12. Text, Luke xxiii. 4. Quest. 96. Ps. xxxvii. 3-5.

PILATE alone had the power to pass a sentence of death, and the Jews brought a new charge—treason—against Christ as more likely to influence the Roman governor. He was anxious to spare Christ, but when they threatened his own position he yielded. He *must* keep his governorship whatever happened to Jesus.

Herod's desire to see Jesus suggests how often strange reasons make men interested in religious things, and keep them connected with the church.

*Nov. 16.* — Jesus Condemned. — Luke xxiii. 13-25. Text, Isa. liii. 8. Quest. 97. Ps. xxxvii. 6, 7.

THE heathen testimonies to the innocence of Christ. Here His judge pleads for Him. Pilate's proposal to chastise Him and then let Him go was in the hope that the sight of His suffering might touch their hearts.

*Nov. 23.* — Jesus Crucified. — Luke xxiii. 33-47. Text, Isa. liii. 6. Quest. 98. Ps. xxxvii. 21, 22.

EVEN on the Cross Christ was not thinking of Himself. Besides the salvation of the penitent thief there was intercession for His murderers. He saw their hearts, pitied them, and showed His divine compassion for their wicked ignorance. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

*Nov. 30.* — Jesus Risen. — Luke xxiv. 1-12. Text, I Cor. xv. 20. Quest. 99. Ps. xxxvii. 23, 24.

THE women were perplexed because that had happened which Christ had told them would happen. They were believers, but the angels explained everything by reminding them of forgotten words of Christ, which they had not believed. So with many a trial and many an answer to prayer that comes to us.

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

*Continued from page 112.*

At the  
age of  
34

Luther began his work as a Reformer. Roman Catholics are taught by their priests from their childhood that Luther left their church because he was a bad man and wished to marry, and could not do it unless he ceased to be a monk. But that is a shameless falsehood.

The Reformation began in this way. Pope Leo X., being in need of money, had sent agents through Germany to sell *Indulgences*, that is, pardons for sin. One of them, John Tetzel, a Dominican monk, came to Saxony. Luther, after long struggling under the burden of sin, had now, like Christian, found peace at the Cross of Christ. Eternal life could not be bought with money; it was the free gift of God; and God was ready to forgive. Luther therefore preached with all his might against the Indulgences from his pulpit in Wittenberg. Then he wrote to the princes and bishops entreating them to refuse the seller of pardons a passage through their territories, but he wrote in vain. On Tetzel came, nearer and nearer, till at last Luther could stand it no longer. "God willing," he said, "I shall beat a hole in that man's drum." He wrote out 95 theses or propositions denouncing Indulgences, and proclaiming the free grace of God, and on the evening of 31st October, 1517, nailed the paper to the door of the Castle Church. In a few days all Germany was in a blaze. It was these theses and Luther's sermons in defence of them that were the beginning of the Reformation.

35

Richard Baxter wrote *The Saint's Everlasting Rest*, "with one foot in the grave." It is one of the great books of the 17th century. It was the second book Elliot, the Apostle of the Indians, translated into their language, the first of course being the Bible, and it was one of the three books that always lay on the table of the Duke of Wellington by his camp-bed at Walmer Castle. There is a statue of Baxter, faithfully reproducing his tall commanding figure and gaunt features, at Kidderminster, where he preached for several years. When he went there, the decent people in the parish could have been counted on the ten fingers, but ere long a traveller passing along the streets at a certain hour could hear the sound of praise and prayer in every house. Baxter was the first who used the phrase "preaching as a dying man to dying men." He suffered greatly from ill health; at one time for 14 years he had scarcely one waking hour free from pain, being twenty several times near to death, and in constant expectation of his final change. Yet few men have done more work. As Judge Jeffreys said, "he wrote enough books to fill a cart." "Weakness and pain," he himself says, "helped me to study how to die, and that set me on studying how to live, and now at the close of my life I am going to see that for which I have lived and studied." His cruel trial before Lord Jeffreys when he was 70 years of age is a famous story in English history. Jeffreys proposed to have him whipped through London at the cart's tail. Baxter asked time to



At the  
age of  
35

prepare his defence. "Not a minute," said the Judge; "I can deal with saints as well as with sinners. There stands Oates on one side of the pillory, and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together." He died in 1691, aged seventy-five. Amongst his last words were, "Where Thou wilt, what Thou wilt, how Thou wilt."

35 Nelson wrote to his sister, April 6, 1794: "They have not done me justice in the affair of Calvi (a town in Corsica); but never mind, I'll have a gazette of my own some day." At the siege of that town he had lost his right eye, but neither Admiral Lord Hood nor General Stuart, who had charge of the operations, had taken any notice of the circumstance in their official despatches. Five years afterwards Nelson was made Baron Nelson of the Nile, for his victory over the French in Aboukir Bay, in which two only of the enemy's thirteen men-of-war escaped.

*To be continued.*

## About the best Friendship in the World.

**S**OME words in the forty-first chapter of Isaiah tell us what that is—"Abraham, my friend." It is good to have an earthly friend who is wise and kind; but to have God with us, as John Wesley said when he lay dying, is the best of all. And they are not patriarchs only like Abraham, and prophets like Isaiah, who enjoy God's friendship. The children may have it. God wants to call you His friends.

We can be quite sure of it. Jesus blessed the children, did He not?

"The Master has come over Jordan,"  
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;  
'He is healing the people who throng Him  
With a touch of His finger, they say.  
And now I shall carry the children,  
Little Rachel, and Samuel, and John;  
I shall carry the baby Esther  
For the Lord to look upon.'"

She was a wise mother, and she was not disappointed. He took Esther

in His arms, and He set Rachel on His knee, and He laid His hands on the boys, and He said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Clearly the children are friends of Jesus. But Jesus is God, God like the Father. And so you see **you** may have the great and blessed name given to Abraham long ago.

How great and how blessed the name is!

If God is your Friend, you **will** walk

## Hand in Hand

with **Him**. It is just as if you went out **one** day with your father; and by-and-by you began to get weary, for the **road** was long and the sun was hot **and** the dust was flying; but your **father** saw the tiredness and the **trouble**; and He gave you His hand. **And** when you felt that strong **hand** holding you up, the weariness vanished, and your heart was light again, and you marched bravely on. The way of life is often difficult and rough. You are finding that out

already, and you will find it out more and more. But if God's hand grasp yours, if God's everlasting arms are round about you, you will scarcely remember the distresses of the way. "It grows brighter all the time," an old Christian said once about the road; and he was right. They go from strength to strength whom God holds by the hand.

And if God and you are Friends, you will see

### **Eye to Eye**

with Him. Many of you are back at school after the holidays. Suppose that you have a particularly hard sum to do; you feel as if you never could manage it. But the teacher sits down beside you, and takes your slate, and you look on as he shows you how to work the puzzling sum. When your eyes and his study the same thing, it is wonderful how soon the mysteries disappear. There are many things which will grow clear to you only when God's eyes and yours study them together. Just take one of them—the page of the Bible. You will never see its blessed meaning till you let God sit down beside you and teach you; rather, I should say, till you let God, the Holy Spirit, into your hearts. But the verses will be bright and glorious then, even the hardest of them; they will be your meditation all the day.

And if you are God's friend, you will feel

### **Heart to Heart**

with him. That will make you sorry sometimes. God is sorry when he sees the sin of the

world, the people who do not care for Christ, the bad things that are done every day. But it will bring you joy, too. God has joy when one sinner repents. Once a gentleman asked his class, "What is the sweetest thing in the world?" And one little girl gave such a good answer, for she said, "Mother." And a rosy-cheeked boy said, "A splendid game of play." But at last the shyest and quietest girl in the class said, "The tear of repentance, sir." That is the sweetest thing in the world to God, to know that a poor wanderer has come home to Him, weeping for grief and shame, and asking His forgiveness. And if you feel heart to heart with Him, that will give you joy. Yes, and you will help God in His work of saving sinners. You will try to win your brothers and sisters and companions for Christ.

Then, if God calls you His friend you will stand

### **Face to Face**

with Him one day. You will see the King in His beauty, as Isaiah says in another chapter. That will be the real blessedness of heaven. Not the foundations of precious stones; not the gates of glittering pearls; not the streets of gold. Not even the bright companies of the angels, and the great multitude which no man can number of those who have been redeemed from the earth. It will be a wonderful delight to look on these. But better than them all will be the presence of God, our God and Saviour. We shall behold His face in righteousness. You and

I "will not gaze on glory, but on our King of Grace."

Hand in hand, eye to eye, heart to heart, face to face—it is good and pleasant to be God's friend. Is the name yours? This is how you get it, not by your gifts or your services, but by trusting Jesus to save you from your sins, by coming to Him just as you are that He may lead you to God. A missionary was preaching once to some North American Indians, and their chief, Long Arrow, was touched by the sermon. One evening he came to the missionary, leading his beautiful horse by the bridle. "I am going to buy the friendship of God," he said, "I will give my horse for it." But the missionary replied, "That friendship is not to be bought." Then next day Long Arrow came again, with a fine boy, six years old. "I will give my firstborn son," he said, "if God will forgive me." But the missionary shook his head and answered, "Forgiveness is free." And then the chief cried, "I have nothing left; I have no dearer thing. But stay! will He take me and my sinful heart? I will give myself to Him." "A broken heart He will not despise," the missionary said, "He will take you just as you are." Yes, that is the way into God's friendship—the only way.

### The Vain Rhinoceros.

**H**E lived in Assam in the north-east of India, a province famous for its tea. Some parts of it are very rainy, and indeed one district boasts to have

had the greatest rainfall recorded for a year since the flood, 550 inches. That was the year our friend was born. There was water everywhere, and he was just in his glory. There were few sportsmen out that year, and life to him, therefore, was a long holiday. Only I should not forget to tell that once an ill-natured lion bit a piece out of his hind-quarters. But that only made him a greater hero than ever, so that when he was two years old he was intolerable in rhinoceros society.

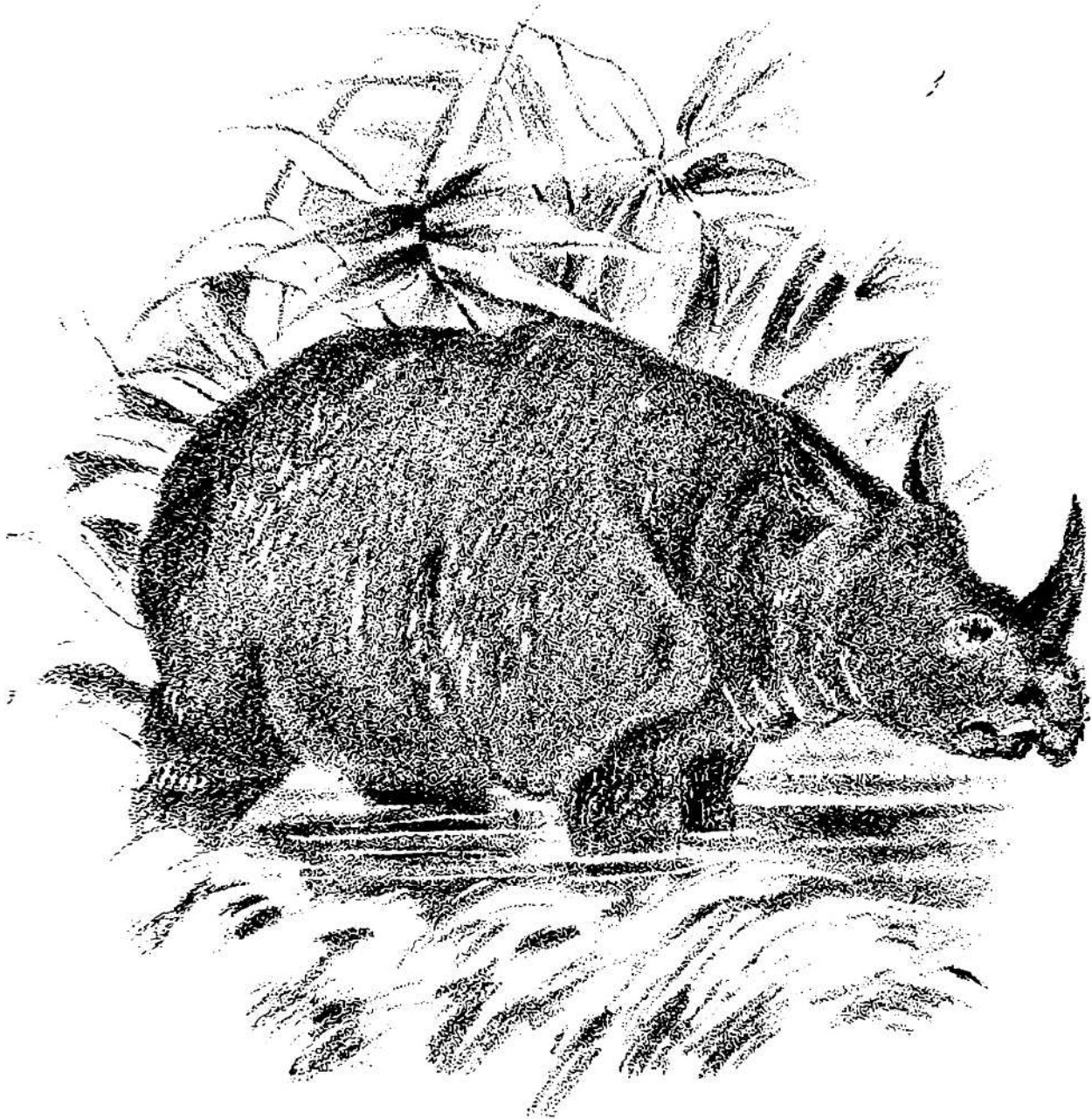
It was when they were bathing in the early evening that he used to tell stories about his strength, which sounded so childish when told in his penny-tin-trumpetty kind of a voice. His father always encouraged him, and tried to draw him out.

"How many yards was it," he would say, "that you ploughed up with your horn at one rush the day you lost your temper because you saw the old lion that bit you? Was it 14 yards?"

"14 yards? It was 24 yards and 2½ inches. But I could easily beat that."

"My child," his mother would say, "I think we all have those figures pretty well off by heart now. More shame to us if we haven't, for we have heard them often enough."

But no telling would he take. And really he was very strong. He weighed nearly two tons, and to see him crashing through the jungle, snapping off the thickest dead branches and bending aside the living ones in his course, was a great sight. And his eating! Branches,



wood, twigs, leaves, all gone in a moment! He got more boastful every day, specially after he heard a lamentation in the forest over the death of the old lion that bit him. "I meant," he used to say on all occasions, "to let him feel the point of my horn, but he took care to keep out of my way."

"Now, Rhino," said his mother, "don't talk nonsense. Don't be always talking about your horn."

We have always reckoned ourselves the most beautiful and handsome of all wild beasts, and I think with great reason, a face looks so bare that has no horn, but your horn is not a specially large one, and is not for a moment to be compared with those of our African cousins. For they have two horns, and much longer than yours. But it is our horns that bring us our death. They make shields of our skins, and



drinking-cups and sword-handles of our horns. And it is a very humbling sight to see how easily our horns come off after we are dead. I saw the way they did with my poor brother two days after he was dead. A man just struck the horn with a stick, and it came off! That cured me of all pride in that respect."

"Oh, but they'll never catch me," said her son. "I have outrun galloping horses before now. I once did seven miles in a rough country, with two men on horse-back after me, in 34 minutes."

"I know you are a good runner, Rhino."

"And one or two bullets struck me and did almost no harm. I'm not afraid of any man alive; the thin little insignificant creatures that they are."

"Oh! Rhino, Rhino, take care what you say. They look little, and their heads are not much bigger than our three toes, but they are clever, clever. Do you know this that there are only two animals in the whole world that have heavier brains than these little men? The one is our friend the elephant, and he doesn't quarrel with man, and the other is the whale that lives in the bottom of the sea. But I don't know much about him. A man in proportion to the size of his body has 300 times the weight of brain we rhinoceroses have."

"I don't believe that a man has a brain 300 times heavier than mine."

"I never said so, you stupid creature. But if his body were to grow as big as ours, and his brain to

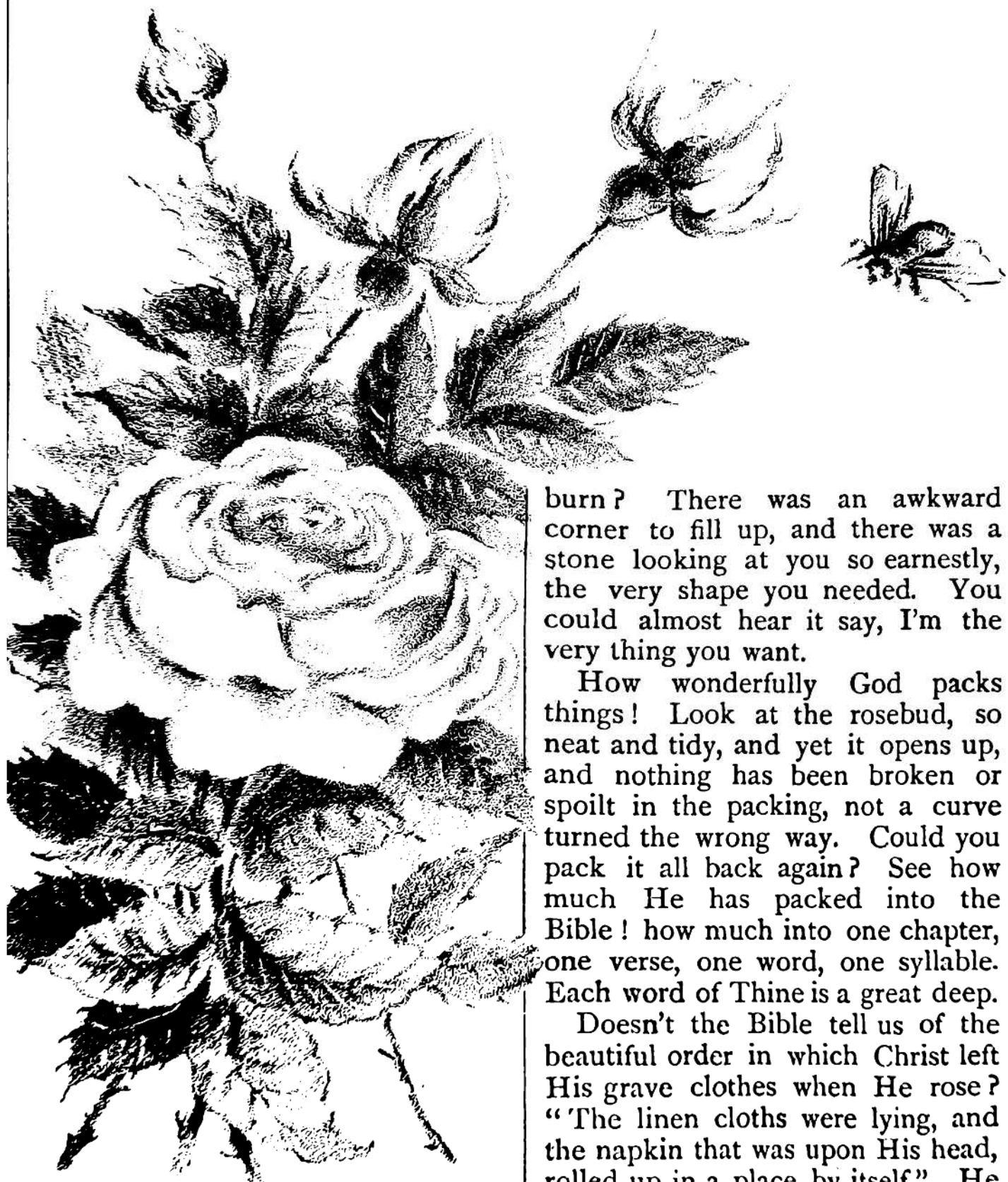
stand always in the same proportion of weight to his body that it now does, it would be 300 times heavier than ours. And besides, my poor Rhino, there's something quite different in their brains from anything in ours. They were made to be our masters."

"They'll not be my masters, then; I'm not afraid of a score of them."

But, alas for poor Rhino! He was shot through the shoulder that very afternoon, three hours after, by a young English officer who had never seen a rhinoceros before; killed by a young sportsman's first ball!

### On Packing.

**A**RE you good at packing, packing up things? Can you make a great many things of different shapes and sizes into a neat little parcel? Some people can't do it, or rather don't try enough to do it. We see them coming into railway carriages with their pockets full of things, and their hands full, and everybody has to help them to do what they should have done themselves. And the going out of the carriage is even worse than the coming in. So try to put things into little bulk. I had a companion once who could put into one bag what another companion and I had with difficulty got into two. Such a good pair of hands he had, and so much common sense! For things in this world are made to



burn? There was an awkward corner to fill up, and there was a stone looking at you so earnestly, the very shape you needed. You could almost hear it say, I'm the very thing you want.


How wonderfully God packs things! Look at the rosebud, so neat and tidy, and yet it opens up, and nothing has been broken or spoilt in the packing, not a curve turned the wrong way. Could you pack it all back again? See how much He has packed into the Bible! how much into one chapter, one verse, one word, one syllable. Each word of Thine is a great deep.

Doesn't the Bible tell us of the beautiful order in which Christ left His grave clothes when He rose? "The linen cloths were lying, and the napkin that was upon His head, rolled up in a place by itself." He didn't leave the grave hurriedly, or impatiently, or excitedly. Oh, no! it was one of the many mansions He was preparing for us. It was the place where the glory of His

fit into one another, and if we keep our eyes open we shall soon see how. Haven't you noticed that, when you tried to build a dry dyke, or to make a waterfall across a

ascension began—God's House, the very gate of heaven. He saw and marvelled at the fine linen and the exceeding precious spices, "aloes, myrrh, and cassia," that loving hands had wrapped Him in when He was dead. He would not toss aside those marks of love even though it had been almost too long delayed.

And surely Peter and John must have recognised the daintiness, the perfection of Christ's touch, in the way the cloths were left. Christ's Godhead was seen even in the smallest things He did. Men had but to look at Him breaking bread to know that their guest was none other than the King of Glory.


 **L**ORD, I find the genealogy of my Saviour strangely chequered with four remarkable changes in four immediate generations.

1. "Rehoboam begat Abiam;" that is, a bad father begat a bad son.
2. "Abiam begat Asa;" that is, a bad father a good son.
3. "Asa begat Jehosaphat;" that is, a good father a good son.
4. "Jehosaphat begat Joram;" that is, a good father a bad son.



I see, Lord, from hence, that my father's piety cannot be entailed; that is bad news for me.

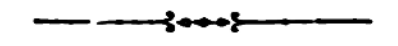

But I see also that actual impiety is not always hereditary; that is good news for my son.—*Thomas Fuller.*

## The Light Behind.

 **T**HE night is mother of the day;  
The winter of the spring;  
And ever upon old decay  
The greenest mosses cling.  
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,  
Through showers the sunbeams fall;  
For God, who loveth all His works,  
Has left His hope with all.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

  
 **T**HE Hindus often argue with the sole purpose of ruffling one's temper. If they succeed in so doing, you fall greatly in their estimation; if not, they consider you to be a virtuous man. On one occasion I was arguing with some Brahmins who were doing their utmost to provoke me. I managed, however, to keep calm. Afterwards a man in the crowd said to his friend, "He does not get angry." "No," said the other, "they do not send out people who get angry."  
—*Rice's South India.*

  
 **F**OURTEEN years ago, on 25th April, 1876, the Church Missionary Society Committee, at one of their ordinary meeting, quietly and unostentatiously took leave of five members of the first missionary expedition to the Victoria Nyanza. After Mr. Wright, then honorary secretary, had delivered the instructions, the five brethren successively replied, in accordance with the usual custom. We vividly remember one of those five little speeches. It was Alexander Mackay's. He was the youngest of the band, and was

called upon last. "There is one thing," were his words in substance, "which my brethren have not said, and which I want to say. I want to remind the Committee that within six months they will probably hear that one of us is dead." The words were startling, and there was a silence that might be felt. Then he went on—"Yes; is it at all likely that eight Englishmen should start for Central Africa and all be alive six months after? One of us at least—it may be I—will surely fall before that. But," he added, "what I want to say is this: when that news comes, do not be cast down, but send some one else immediately to take the vacant place."—*Eugene Stock in "Mackay of Uganda."*

**L**ORD, I discover an arrant laziness in my soul; for when I am to read a chapter in the Bible, before I begin it, I look where it endeth. And if it endeth not on the same side, I

cannot keep my hands from turning over the leaf, to measure the length thereof on the other side; if it swells to many verses I begin to grudge. Surely my heart is not rightly affected. Were I truly hungry after heavenly food I would not complain of meat. Scourge, Lord, this laziness out of my soul; make the reading of Thy word not a penance, but a pleasure unto me; teach me that as amongst many heaps of gold, all being equally pure, that is the best which is the biggest, so I may esteem that chapter in Thy word the best which is the longest.—*Thomas Fuller.*

**T**HIS only when they spring to  
heaven that angels  
Reveal themselves to you; they sit  
all day  
Beside you, and lie down at night by  
you,  
Who care not for their presence, muse  
or sleep,  
And all at once they leave you, and  
you know them.

—*Robert Browning.*

## Bible Questions.

**JUNIORS.**—1. What events connected with our Saviour's crucifixion are spoken of in the 22nd Psalm? 2. Mention a few things in which Moses was "like unto Christ."

**SENIORS.**—1. Events in the Bible that prove that "casting lots" is a direct appeal to God. 2. Passages which prove the sinfulness of gambling and betting.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the September number have been received from—

**SENIORS.**—Alex. Adams, John Allen, Aggie Christie, Maggie Hamilton, Mary Hamilton, Lizzie Kean, Mary Kean, Annie H. Lang, Maggie K. W. Martin, Lily M'Clure, James Paterson.

**JUNIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Annie Allen, M. M. Black, A. Chancellor, Aggie Christie, John Crawford, Alex. Culton, Nellie Culton, John Graham, Sara Graham, William Graham, Beatrice Jane Hegau, Annie Kean, Jeanie H. Lang, A. T. Martin, Anna B. Martin, Mary H. Martin, Lily M'Clure, James M'Crea, Agnes M'Harg, Mary A. M'Kail, Jeanie H. M'Neil, Willie Archie Paterson (1), Robert James Rainey, Lucy Robinson, W. J. Robinson, Robert R. Stevenson, John Andrew Tudhope.

*The names of those who did the October lessons will be published in December.*



| THE MOON.            |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | THE SUN RISES         |        | SETS. |
|----------------------|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|--------|-------|
| Last Quarter, . . .  | 4th  | November.                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | Sabbath, 2nd Nov., at | 6.57 ; | 4.30. |
| New Moon, . . .      | 12th | "                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | " 9th "               | 7.10 ; | 4.18. |
| First Quarter, . . . | 19th | "                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | " 16th "              | 7.22 ; | 4.8.  |
| Full Moon, . . .     | 26th | "                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | " 23rd "              | 7.34 ; | 3.59. |
|                      |      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | " 30th "              | 7.45 ; | 3.53. |
| 1                    | S    | Thou hast made winter.— <i>Ps. lxxiv. 17.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                           |                       |        |       |
| 2                    | S    | The Lord is a man of war.— <i>Exodus xv. 3.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                         |                       |        |       |
| 3                    | M    | I came not to send peace, but a sword.— <i>Matt. x. 34.</i>                                                                                                                                                                             |                       |        |       |
| 4                    | TU   | Who is on the Lord's side?— <i>Ex. xxxii. 26.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                       |                       |        |       |
| 5                    | W    | Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.— <i>Gal. i. 16.</i> ("I hate councils between military men; for if a man consults whether he is to fight, it is certain that his opinion is against fighting."— <i>Lord Nelson.</i> ) |                       |        |       |
| 6                    | TH   | O Israel, ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies :                                                                                                                                                                       |                       |        |       |
| 7                    | F    | Fear not, and do not tremble ;                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                       |        |       |
| 8                    | S    | For the Lord your God is He that goeth with you.— <i>Deut. xx. 3.</i>                                                                                                                                                                   |                       |        |       |
| 9                    | S    | But he, desiring to justify himself.— <i>Luke x. 29 (R. V.).</i>                                                                                                                                                                        |                       |        |       |
| 10                   | M    | In Thy sight shall no man living be justified.— <i>Ps. cxliii. 2.</i>                                                                                                                                                                   |                       |        |       |
| 11                   | TU   | How then can man be just with God?— <i>Job xxv. 4.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                  |                       |        |       |
| 12                   | W    | A man is not justified by the works of the law.— <i>Gal. ii. 16.</i>                                                                                                                                                                    |                       |        |       |
| 13                   | TH   | Being justified by faith we have peace with God.— <i>Rom. v. 1.</i>                                                                                                                                                                     |                       |        |       |
| 14                   | F    | There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.— <i>Rom. viii. 1.</i>                                                                                                                                          |                       |        |       |
| 15                   | S    | Whom He justified them He also glorified.— <i>Rom. viii. 30.</i>                                                                                                                                                                        |                       |        |       |
| 16                   | S    | Christ Jesus became obedient unto death.— <i>Phil. ii. 8.</i>                                                                                                                                                                           |                       |        |       |
| 17                   | M    | Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that do His commandments.— <i>Ps. ciii. 20.</i>                                                                                                                                                          |                       |        |       |
| 18                   | TU   | His commandments are not grievous.— <i>1 John v. 3.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                 |                       |        |       |
| 19                   | W    | Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me,                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                       |        |       |
| 20                   | TH   | For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.— <i>Matt. xi. 29.</i>                                                                                                                                                                      |                       |        |       |
| 21                   | F    | I will delight myself in Thy statutes.— <i>Ps. cxix. 16.</i>                                                                                                                                                                            |                       |        |       |
| 22                   | S    | I am now ready to be offered.— <i>2 Tim. iv. 6.</i> ("To be happy, a man must be like a well-broken, willing horse, ready for anything."— <i>Gen. Gordon.</i> )                                                                         |                       |        |       |
| 23                   | S    | The grave is naked before Him,                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                       |        |       |
| 24                   | M    | And destruction hath no covering.                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                       |        |       |
| 25                   | TU   | He stretcheth out the north over empty space,                                                                                                                                                                                           |                       |        |       |
| 26                   | W    | And hangeth the earth upon nothing.                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                       |        |       |
| 27                   | TH   | He bindeth up the waters in His thick clouds, and the cloud is not rent under them.                                                                                                                                                     |                       |        |       |
| 28                   | F    | By His Spirit the heavens are garnished.                                                                                                                                                                                                |                       |        |       |
| 29                   | S    | Lo, these are but the outskirts of His ways :                                                                                                                                                                                           |                       |        |       |
| 30                   | S    | And how small a whisper do we hear of Him ! But the thunder of His mighty deeds who can understand?— <i>Job xxvi. 6-14 (R. V.).</i>                                                                                                     |                       |        |       |

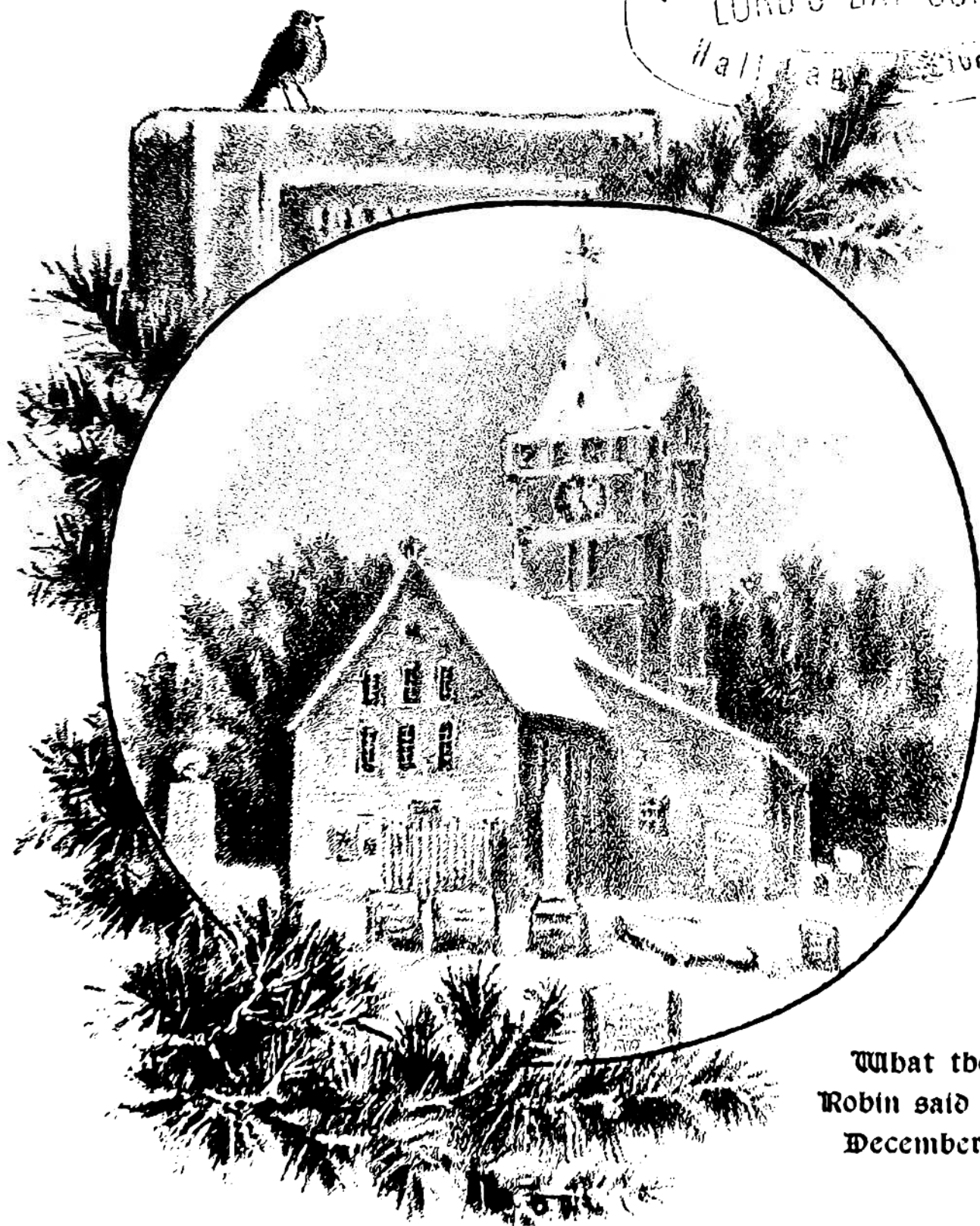
December, 1890.

One Halfpenny.

# The Morning Watch.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

RECORDED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
LORD'S DAY SCHOOL  
Hall & Co. Liverpool



What the  
Robin said in  
December.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

**NOW READY,**

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**THE MORNING WATCH**

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**International Sabbath  
School Lessons.**

—:o:—

*Dec. 7.—Luke xxiv. 13—27. The walk to Emmaus. Text, Luke xxiv. 26. Quest. 100. Ps. xxxvii. 25-27.*

THE two men of this story were disciples, but not of the twelve. They had heard vague talk of the Resurrection early in the day; but it was quite outweighed by the terrible realities of the Cross and the grave. Their hope was dead and buried. But their love clung to Jesus; they could think and speak of nothing but Him; and they "reasoned," because they felt there must be something in these great events they did not yet understand. Because they loved and sorrowed Christ came to them; because they were absorbed and perplexed, and the Resurrection had made some change on Him (Mark xvii. 12), they did not know Him. He lightens their hearts by getting them to tell Him all that burdens them. The words "besides all this, to-day is the third day," vividly express their bewilderment; dim memories of Jesus teaching made them feel that it must be a crisis of some kind, they could not tell what. All their fluttering hopes sink into death in "Him they saw not." Then Jesus has pity on their despairing love, and shows how all that has happened is in accordance with God's purpose. The whole Bible, from Genesis onwards, teaches that the Captain of our salvation must be made perfect through sufferings; first crucified, and not till after that, crowned.

*Dec. 14—Jesus made known.—Luke xxiv. 28-43. Text, Luke xxiv. 31. Quest. 101. Ps. xxxvii. 34-36.*

CHRIST would of course really have gone further unless they had "constrained" Him. That they did so proved their eagerness to have hope and faith. To such a spirit was given the greater blessing of seeing the risen Lord. They knew then how much their hearts had been revived on the way, how they "burned within them."

Christ was their guest, yet He acted as their host, and asked the blessing. What a wonderful prayer it must have been, the first He had got offering with His people since His exaltation had begun. No wonder they knew Him then.

But it was news too good to keep. It changed all their plans, they must be back with it to the Church in the instant. There they were met with the confirmation that the Lord had appeared to Simon also. To him He had come first as in the sorest need, with him He had met alone, not to "break the bruised reed."

Then He appeared in the midst of them. They were ready to be alarmed and have theories. But He wishes to silence all these, offering the soberest tests that His presence is a solid fact, the actual and historical victory of God's love over death and sin.

*Dec. 21.—Jesus' parting words.—Luke xxiv. 44-53. Text, John xiv. 3. Quest. 102. Ps. xxxvii. 37, 38.*

CHRIST'S words were just an "opening" of the Scriptures to hearts now opened to believe them. All the facts that had perplexed them had been foretold, but they had ideas of their own as to what the Messiah should do, and they leant on their own understanding. It was no new revelation. It had been there, but they had not been fit to see it. So God's will for us is all in the Bible, but it is when our understanding is opened that we see it. The Gospel was to be first preached in Jerusalem, the city that had rejected and slain Him. "It is not wonderful. It is just like Him."

*Dec. 28.—Review of the Lessons.—Text, Heb. v. 8. Ps. xxxvii. 39, 40.*

**How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.**

**How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.**

*Continued from page 112.*

At the  
age of  
36

Lord Dalhousie was made Governor-General of India, ruler of a hundred millions of men. He was very small in stature, but he had a mighty spirit, and was undoubtedly one of the greatest men of this century. He died thirty years ago.

Forty-five years ago he succeeded Mr. Gladstone as President of the Board of Trade. It was at that time most of the railways in our country were planned and made, but before they could be made the Government had to examine and approve the plans. This work fell to Lord Dalhousie. In one year he passed, after careful study, 332 projects for railways, the making of which cost more than £250,000,000. We should think of him sometimes when we travel by rail, for we owe more to him than we know. It was his hard work then that sowed the seeds of the disease that shortened his life.

In 1848 he went out to India, the "boy-Governor-General" as he was called. When he returned eight years after, he had nearly doubled the empire. Yet in the 180 paragraphs of the history of his administration which he drew up, only three are taken up with the great wars he waged; the remaining 177 recount the triumphs of peace—the making of great roads and bridges and railways and canals; the construction of lines of telegraph; the improvement of education. One thing we should specially remember; it was he who put an end to the shameful law the British had made in India, "that if a Hindu became a Christian he should hold no office under Government and should forfeit all his property." No Viceroy ever worked harder. He traversed India from end to end and saw everything with his own eyes, says Mr. Bosworth Smith, "suffering all the time from a disease that made it a torture for him even to put on his clothes or walk across a room." And he had other trials. His wife, who had gone home to recruit her health, died of the effects of sea-sickness just as she came in sight of the English shore. When the news of her death reached him he shut himself up for weeks, refusing to see any one whom it was not absolutely needful that he should see, yet conscientiously transacting all Government business as well as he had ever done.

When the hour came for him to give up his high office to Lord Canning, as he was standing at the window waiting for the first signs of his successor's approach, Mr. John Lawrence, afterwards Lord Lawrence and Viceroy nine years later, asked him what his feelings were in giving up the government. Drawing himself up and speaking with great fire he answered: "I wish that I were Canning and Canning I, and then wouldn't I govern India!" Then of a sudden the fire died away, and with a sorrowful look he said, "No, I don't, I would not wish my greatest enemy, much less my friend Canning, to be the poor, miserable, broken-hearted, dying man that I am."



## "What the Robin said in December."

**A** H ! What note is that I hear,  
Soft, inquisitive, and clear?  
Wistful music trembling shed,  
Poet, from thy breast of red—  
Robin fair, by Shirley Church,  
Marble headstone for a perch !  
"Man of dolour, wait awhile—  
See the morns of April smile,  
Mist shall pass, and skies be blue,  
May shall roof these woods anew,  
Pave them with unfolding fern,  
June's long sunsets through them burn,  
And this leafy realm be stirred  
With the joy of every bird  
Mounts the ether, haunts the glen,  
Making glad the hearts of men.  
Time is but prefiguring sign—  
Buried seed, of worlds divine ;  
Can aught here seem wondrous fair,  
And no answer echo there ?  
Shall spring brighten earthen sod,  
And no life be—nearer God ?"  
This, and more, the Robin said,  
As he sang where rest the dead,  
In the stillness round the church,  
Marble headstone for a perch.

—Truman.



**W**HEN the Apostolic John Williams left England in 1838, the Duke of Devonshire presented him with some boxes of plants for the benefit of the mission. These were landed in Samoa till Mr. Williams should have time to dispose of them. They remained unopened till after his martyrdom on Erromanga, when they were opened by the Rev. W. Mills, a man of eminent scientific tastes ; but every plant was dead, except one shoot of the Chinese banana. But this proved to be a priceless treasure. Mr. Mills planted it out, and tended it with great care. At the end of a year it produced a

bunch weighing nearly a hundred pounds. When its value was discovered, every chief in Samoa, and every missionary on the group, was eager to obtain shoots. In a short time this new banana was known in every part of Samoa ; and thenceforth every teacher that was sent forth to any heathen island carried with him a small basket with a few shoots of this banana as part of his outfit, till they were introduced into every group, from the Society Islands on the east to the New Hebrides and the Loyalty Islands on the west, from Savage Islands on the south to the groups of islands on the line ; and I have no doubt that by this time they are to be found along the whole of the



south-west coast of New Guinea. The Chinese bananas possess two advantages over the native bananas. They are of a finer quality, and they grow to little more than half the height of the native banana, and hence are not so easily blown down and destroyed by hurricanes.—*Dr. Inglis' Bible Illustrations from the New Hebrides.*

### A Good Boy.

**B**EFORE going into his house, Mr. Bowstead (a farmer in Westmoreland) walked with me round his garden and orchard. I observed under one of the apple trees a stone with the word **BOY** deeply cut on it. Mr. Bowstead saw that I was looking at it with some curiosity, and told me the following story:—"I am becoming an old man now," he said,

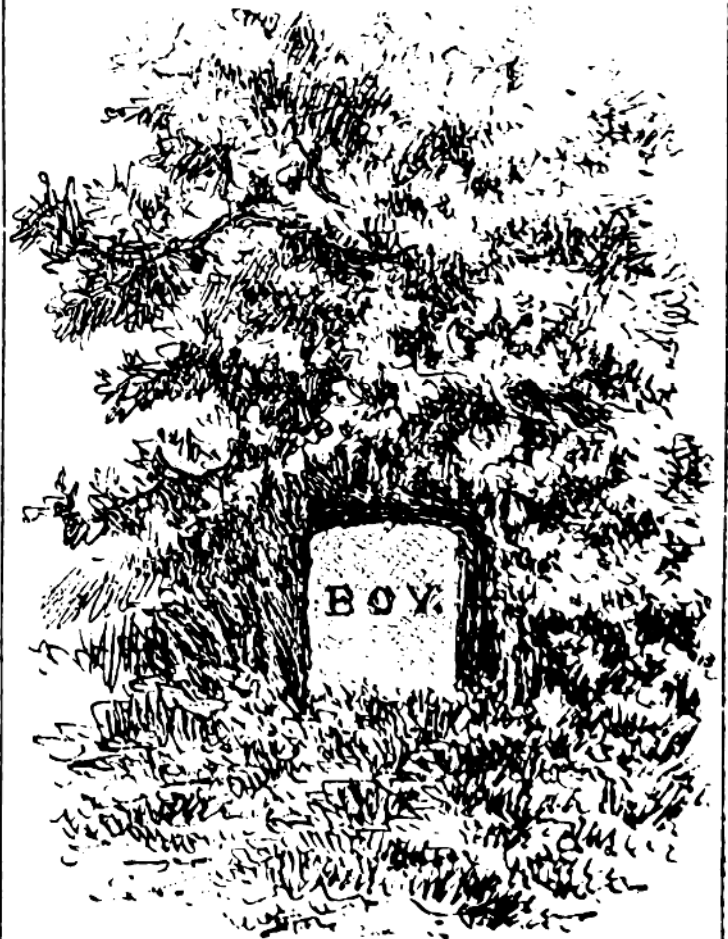
"and *Boy* was my favourite dog many years ago when I was young. He was a handsome, long-haired collie. When he was four or five years old, the winter had begun earlier than usual. In the first days of December we had frost and snow showers, and the cold increased as the month went on. One morning heavy clouds were driving across the sky, and I knew that the short winter's day would be followed by a wild and tempestuous night. So, early in the afternoon, I set off with *Boy* and a younger dog to see after the sheep on the moors. I went alone, as the men were busy about the farm work. I had a hard afternoon on the fells, but at last I collected the sheep into a little sheltered mountain valley, and turned to go home. It had been freezing hard, and was beginning to snow, and daylight was nearly gone. In jumping down from the top of a high wall, I slipped and fell, dragging some heavy stones after me. I must have been stunned, for when I came to myself and tried to get up, I found my leg was broken. I tried to drag myself along the ground, but that was impossible, and in great anguish I realised that I could get no help, for I was more than three miles from human habitation.

"I knew my father would send to seek me when the hours passed and I did not return home; but I knew also that it was unlikely I should be found before morning, when I should be beyond human aid. The two dogs sat at a little distance watching me. I called *Boy* to me. He

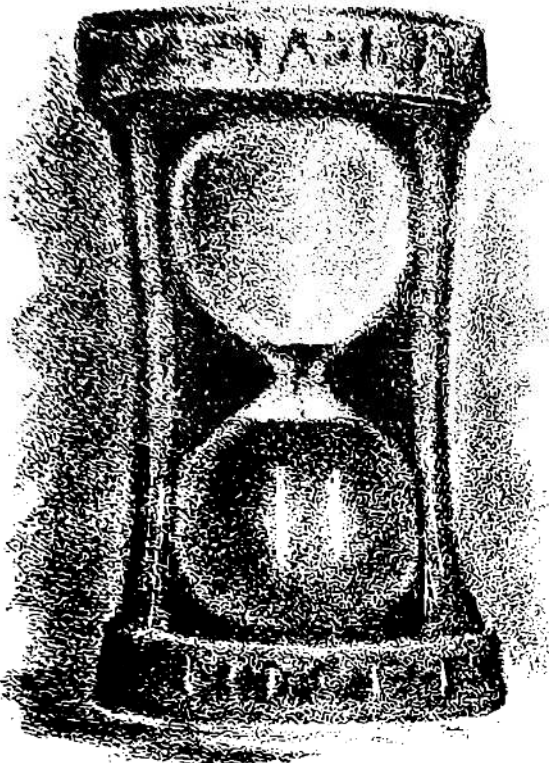
licked my face and hands, but when I pointed to my broken leg and said, 'Gang hame and tell 'em,' and tried to drive him away, he would not go, but sat down and sorrowfully watched me. At last a thought struck me. I pulled off my woollen mitten, soaked it in the blood which was oozing from my fractured leg, called *Boy* again to me, showed him my bleeding leg and the bloody mitten, tied it securely round his neck by a strip torn from my neckerchief, and again said, 'Gang hame, Boy, and fetch 'em.' In one moment he bounded off, the young dog following. I then knew, if *Boy* could save me, I should be saved, so I had a gleam of hope; and having commended my soul to the care of Almighty God, I waited with patience.

"My father thought I was late in returning, and my mother had been watching the heavy snow clouds through the gathering darkness with some anxiety, when they heard *Boy* at the door barking to be let in. They supposed I was not far behind him. But the dog did not as usual lie down by the fire, but whined and moaned, and at last ran up to my mother, put his paws on her knee, and looked her earnestly in the face. In a moment she saw the mitten tied round his neck, knew it was mine, and found it was bloody. The dog continued whining and pulled at her gown. My father and mother saw at once that I had met with an accident, and that *Boy* had come for help. My father called the men together, lighted the lanterns, my mother got blankets, and in a few

minutes the party set out, *Boy* leading the way. He had waited patiently while they were making ready, but now he trotted on in front, looking back occasionally to see that they were following, so took them straight to where I was lying—a white heap in the snow. I was aroused to consciousness by *Boy* whining and licking my face. He seemed satisfied when I was lifted up on a rude litter made of the blankets and poles the men had brought, trotted home beside me, and for many days could scarcely be persuaded to leave my bedside.



"*Boy* lived for many years after with us as a much loved friend, and when he died was buried in the orchard, and the stone you saw was put over his grave."—*Life and Letters of Professor Sedgwick.*



## 1890.

**S**IX hundred years ago the republics of Genoa and Pisa were at war. Their two navies met and fought close to Meloria, a little island four miles distant from Leghorn, and the Pisans gained the day. But the Genoese would not give in, and their admiral, Oberto d'Oria, resolved to fight another battle. So

he ordered his ships to sail straight back to Meloria. "Why are you taking us there," his captains said to him, "to the very place where we were beaten?"

"Because," said he, "a Genoese defeat has made Meloria famous, and I wish a Genoese victory to make it immortal!"

And a Genoese victory did make it immortal, for from that day the glory of Pisa passed away.

You and I have made 1890 famous—infamous—by our sins. How much there has been in it to be ashamed of. Shall we not seek grace from God to make the year, before it ends, immortal, a year ever to be remembered for our repentance, love, and new obedience? So shall it be said, where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. And why should not 1890 even yet be made a new year and a happy year? Though far spent, it is not all spent. There is still sand in the glass, and the sun has not yet gone down. "Yet there is room." "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

### Bible Questions.

**JUNIORS.**—1. What different *hours* are mentioned in John's Gospel? 2. A list of names given to the *tongue* in the Epistle of James.

**SENIORS.**—1. A list of names and epithets applied to David in the Old Testament. 2. In what different places did the Ark of God rest?

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 20th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the October number have been received from—

**SENIORS.**—Alex. Adams, John Allen, Maggie Hamilton, Mary Hamilton, Lizzie Kean, Mary Kean, Annie H. Lang, Lily M'Clure, Maggie K. W. Martin, James Paterson, John Stitt, Lizzie H. Stitt. **JUNIORS.**—Alexander Adams, Annie Allen, Gardner Blair, M. M. Black, A. Chancellor, John Crawford, Alex. Culton, Nellie Culton, John Graham, Sara Graham, William Graham, Beatrice Jane Hegan, Eliza G. Howie, Jessie Y. Howie, Annie Kean, Tillie Kean, Amelia H. Lang, Lily M'Clure, A. T. Martin, Anna B. Martin, Mary H. Martin, Willie Archie Paterson, Lucy Robinson, W. Robinson, Robert R. Stevenson, John Stitt, Lizzie H. Stitt.

*The names of those who did the November lessons will be published in January.*



| THE MOON.      |   |      |           | THE SUN RISES         |       | SETS. |
|----------------|---|------|-----------|-----------------------|-------|-------|
| Last Quarter,  | . | 4th  | December. | Sabbath, 7th Dec., at | 7.53; | 3.50. |
| New Moon,      | . | 12th | "         | " 14th "              | 8.1;  | 3.49. |
| First Quarter, | . | 18th | "         | " 21st "              | 8.6;  | 3.50. |
| Full Moon,     | . | 26th | "         | " 28th "              | 8.8;  | 3.55. |

|   |    |                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|---|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | M  | My sin is ever before me.— <i>Ps. li. 3.</i> ("There are some wounds of that nature that their bleeding must not be soon stopped. Ye must take a house beside the Physician."— <i>Rutherford.</i> ) |
| 2 | Tu | Presumptuous sins.— <i>Ps. xix. 13.</i>                                                                                                                                                             |
| 3 | W  | He heard, and took not warning.— <i>Ezek. xxxiii. 5.</i>                                                                                                                                            |
| 4 | Th | Covenant-breakers.— <i>Rom. i. 31.</i>                                                                                                                                                              |
| 5 | F  | Them that were entering in ye hindered.— <i>Luke xi. 52.</i>                                                                                                                                        |
| 6 | S  | Deliver me from blood guiltiness.— <i>Ps. li. 14.</i>                                                                                                                                               |

|    |    |                                                                                                                                                                   |
|----|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 7  | S  | They found Jesus in the temple, asking the doctors questions.— <i>Luke ii. 64.</i>                                                                                |
| 8  | M  | Walk with wise men, and thou shalt be wise.— <i>Prov. xiii. 20 (R. V.)</i> ("Study to know that man; he is acquaint with Christ."— <i>Rutherford's Letters.</i> ) |
| 9  | Tu | That the shadow of Peter might overshadow some of them.— <i>Acts v. 15.</i>                                                                                       |
| 10 | W  | Elisha took up the mantle of Elijah.— <i>2 Kings ii. 13.</i>                                                                                                      |
| 11 | Th | Thou art good in my sight as an angel of God.— <i>1 Sam. xxix. 9.</i>                                                                                             |
| 12 | F  | O thou man of God!— <i>1 Kings xvii. 18.</i>                                                                                                                      |
| 13 | S  | He seeth Abraham, and Lazarus in his bosom.— <i>Luke xvi. 23.</i>                                                                                                 |

|    |    |                                                                                            |
|----|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 14 | S  | The triumphing of the wicked is short,                                                     |
| 15 | M  | And the joy of the godless but for a moment.— <i>Job xx. 5 (R. V.).</i>                    |
| 16 | Tu | My people have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters,                                 |
| 17 | W  | And hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.— <i>Jer. ii. 13.</i> |
| 18 | Th | The devil was a murderer from the beginning;                                               |
| 19 | F  | The devil is a liar.— <i>John viii. 44.</i>                                                |
| 20 | S  | I am the way, and the truth, and the life.— <i>John xiv. 6.</i>                            |

|    |    |                                                                                                                                              |
|----|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 21 | S  | O remember how short my time is.— <i>Ps. lxxxix. 47.</i>                                                                                     |
| 22 | M  | Is My hand shortened at all?— <i>Is. l. 2.</i>                                                                                               |
| 23 | Tu | He is faithful.— <i>Heb. x. 23.</i> ("I shall not believe that Christ will put His Amen and ring upon an imagination."— <i>Rutherford.</i> ) |
| 24 | W  | He remembered His holy promise.— <i>Ps. cv. 42.</i>                                                                                          |
| 25 | Th | There failed not ought of any good thing; all came to pass.— <i>Josh. xxi. 45.</i>                                                           |
| 26 | F  | O Lord, Thou art my God;                                                                                                                     |
| 27 | S  | For Thou hast done wonderful things.— <i>Is. xxv. 1.</i>                                                                                     |

|    |    |                                                                                    |
|----|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 28 | S  | Both the Spirit and the bride say, Come.                                           |
| 29 | M  | And he that heareth, let him say, Come.                                            |
| 30 | Tu | And he that is athirst, let him come:                                              |
| 31 | W  | He that will, let him take the water of life freely.— <i>Rev. xxii. 17 (R. V.)</i> |